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LORD BEACONSFIELD

MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE

FAMOUS ORATIONS OF GREAT WORLD LEADERS FROM EARLY GREECE TO THE PRESENT TIME

EDITED BY

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ORATIONS

NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, a distinguished English theologian, was born in London, February 21, 1801, and was educated at Trinity College, Oxford University. He was made a Fellow of Oriel College in 1822, took orders in the Established Church in 1824, was given the living of St. Mary's, Oxford, in 1828, and appointed preacher to the University in 1831. Soon after 1830, Newman and his friend, Hurrel Froude, began to be looked upon as leaders in the Anglo-Catholic movement within the Anglican Church, and in 1835 this phase of religious thought began to crystallize in the famous "Tracts for the Times," begun in that year. In 1835 the "Oxford Movement," as it came to be called, was joined by Pusey, and the appointment in the following year of Hampden as regius professor of divinity at Oxford gave fresh stimulus to the movement, exciting as it did the heated indignation of the High Churchmen. In 1841 Newman published "Tract No. 90," which, from its "advanced" religious doctrines, gave great offence to many who had gone along with him up to that point. In 1843 he resigned his post at St. Mary's and after a prolonged mental struggle entered the Roman communion in October, 1845, leaving Oxford shortly after. Taking up his residence at Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, he established there the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. In 1864 appeared his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," a rejoinder to certain assertions made by Charles Kingsley, and the entire candor displayed in this remarkable book completely changed the public attitude towards its author and induced a general belief in his sincerity. In 1877 he was made an honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and the next year visited that city for the first time since leaving it, almost a generation previously. He was created cardinal in 1879, with exemption from residence at the papal court, and died at Edgbaston, August 11, 1890. Newman was one of the greatest preachers of his time, and his sermons are recognized models of English style. His principal writings include "The Arians of the Fourth Century" (1833); 29 of the "Tracts for the Times" (1833-41); "Verses on Various Occasions" (1834); "The Prophetical Office of the Church" (1837); "Parochial Sermons," six volumes (1837-42); "Lectures on Justification" (1838), and many other works. See E. A. Abbott's "Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman" (1892); W. S. Lilly's "Essays and Speeches" (1897); W. Ward's "Witnesses to the Unseen" (1893); R. W. Church's "Oxford Movement" (1891); "Early History of Newman," by F. W. Newman (1891); Gates's "Three Studies in Literature" (1899); "Lives" by Jennings (1882), Hutton (1890), and Fletcher (1890).

COMMUNION WITH GOD

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require: even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple."—Psalm xxvii, 4.

WHAT the Psalmist desired, we Christians enjoy to the full,—the liberty of holding communion with God in his temple all through our life. Under the law the presence of God was but in one place; and therefore could be approached and enjoyed only at set times. For far the greater part of their lives the chosen people were in one sense "cast out of the sight of his eyes;" and the periodical return to it which they were allowed was a privilege highly coveted and earnestly expected. Much more precious was the privilege of continually dwelling in his sight which is spoken of in the text. "One thing," says the Psalmist, "have I desired of the Lord . . . that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple." He desired to have continually that communion with God in prayer, praise, and meditation, to which his presence admits the soul; and this, I say, is the portion of Christians. Faith opens upon us Christians the temple of God wherever we are; for that temple is a spiritual one, and so is everywhere present. "We have access," says the Apostle,—that is, we have admission or introduction, "by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." And hence, he says elsewhere, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice." "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks." And St. James,

"Is any afflicted? let him pray: is any merry? let him sing psalms." Prayer, praise, thanksgiving, contemplation, are the peculiar privilege and duty of a Christian, and that for their own sakes, from the exceeding comfort and satisfaction they afford him, and without reference to any definite results to which prayer tends, without reference to the answers which are promised to it, from a general sense of the blessedness of being under the shadow of God's throne.

I propose, then, in what follows to make some remarks on communion with God, or prayer in a large sense of the word; not as regards its external consequences, but as it may be considered to affect our own minds and hearts.

What, then, is prayer? It is (if it may be said reverently) conversing with God. We converse with our fellow men, and then we use familiar language, because they are our fellows. We converse with God, and then we use the lowliest, awfullest, calmest, concisest language we can, because he is God. Prayer, then, is divine converse, differing from human as God differs from man. Thus St. Paul says, "Our conversation is in heaven,"—not indeed thereby meaning converse of words only, but intercourse and manner of living generally; yet still in an especial way converse of words or prayer, because language is the special means of all intercourse. Our intercourse with our fellow men goes on, not by sight, but by sound, not by eyes, but by ears. Hearing is the social sense and language is the social bond. In like manner, as the Christian's conversation is in heaven, as it is his duty, with Enoch and other saints, to walk with God, so his voice is in heaven, his heart "inditing of a good matter," of prayers and praises. Prayers and praises are the mode of his intercourse with the next world, as the converse of business or recreation is the mode in which this world is car-

ried on in all its separate courses. He who does not pray, does not claim his citizenship with heaven, but lives, though an heir of the kingdom, as if he were a child of earth.

Now, it is not surprising if that duty or privilege, which is the characteristic token of our heavenly inheritance, should also have an especial influence upon our fitness for claiming it. He who does not use a gift, loses it; the man who does not use his voice or limbs, loses power over them, and becomes disqualified for the state of life to which he is called. In like manner, he who neglects to pray not only suspends the enjoyment, but is in a way to lose the possession of his divine citizenship. We are members of another world; we have been severed from the companionship of devils and brought into that invisible kingdom of Christ which faith alone discerns,—that mysterious presence of God which encompasses us, which is in us, and around us, which is in our heart, which enfolds us as though with a robe of light, hiding our scarred and discolored souls from the sight of divine purity, and making them shining as the angels; and which flows in upon us too by means of all forms of beauty and grace which this visible world contains, in a starry host or (if I may so say) a milky way of divine companions, the inhabitants of Mount Zion, where we dwell. Faith, I say, alone apprehends all this; but yet there is something which is not left to faith,—our own tastes, likings, motives, and habits. Of these we are conscious in our degree, and we can make ourselves more and more conscious; and as consciousness tells us what they are, reason tells us whether they are such as become, as correspond with, that heavenly world into which we have been translated.

I say then it is plain to common sense that the man who has not accustomed himself to the language of heaven will be

no fit inhabitant of it when in the last day it is perceptibly revealed. The case is like that of a language or style of speaking of this world; we know well a foreigner from a native. Again, we know those who have been used to kings' courts or educated society from others. By their voice, accent, and language, and not only so, by their gestures and gait, by their usages, by their mode of conducting themselves and their principles of conduct, we know well what a vast difference there is between those who have lived in good society and those who have not. What indeed is called "good society" is often very worthless society. I am not speaking of it to praise it; I only mean that, as the manners which men call refined or courtly are gained only by intercourse with courts and polished circles, and as the influence of the words there used (that is, of the ideas which those words, striking again and again on the ear, convey to the mind), extends in a most subtle way over all that men do, over the turn of their sentences, and the tone of their questions and replies, and their general bearing, and the spontaneous flow of their thoughts, and their mode of viewing things, and the general maxims or heads to which they refer them, and the motives which determine them, and their likings and dislikings, hopes, and fears, and their relative estimate of persons, and the intensity of their perceptions towards particular objects; so a habit of prayer, the practice of turning to God and the unseen world, in every season, in every place, in every emergency (let alone its supernatural effect of prevailing with God),—prayer, I say, has what may be called a natural effect in spiritualizing and elevating the soul. A man is no longer what he was before; gradually, imperceptibly to himself, he has imbibed a new set of ideas and become imbued with fresh principles. He is as one coming from

kings' courts, with a grace, a delicacy, a dignity, a propriety, a justness of thought and taste, a clearness and firmness of principle, all his own. Such is the power of God's secret grace acting through those ordinances which he has enjoined us; such the evident fitness of those ordinances to produce the results which they set before us. As speech is the organ of human society, and the means of human civilization, so is prayer the instrument of divine fellowship and divine training.

I will give, for the sake of illustration, some instances in detail of one particular fault of mind, which among others a habit of prayer is calculated to cure.

For instance: many a man seems to have no grasp at all of doctrinal truth. He cannot get himself to think it of importance what a man believes, and what not. He tries to do so; for a time he does; he does for a time think that a certain faith is necessary for salvation, that certain doctrines are to be put forth and maintained in charity to the souls of men. Yet though he thinks so one day, he changes the next; he holds the truth and then lets it go again. He is filled with doubts; suddenly the question crosses him, "Is it possible that such and such a doctrine is necessary?" and he relapses into an uncomfortable sceptical state, out of which there is no outlet. Reasonings do not convince him; he cannot be convinced; he has no grasp of truth. Why? Because the next world is not a reality to him; it only exists in his mind in the form of certain conclusions from certain reasonings. It is but an inference; and never can be more, never can be present to his mind, until he acts instead of arguing. Let him but act as if the next world were before him; let him but give himself to such devotional exercises as we ought to observe in the presence of an Almighty, All-

holy, and All-merciful God, and it will be a rare case indeed if his difficulties do not vanish.

Or again: a man may have a natural disposition towards caprice and change; he may be apt to take up first one fancy, then another, from novelty or other reason; he may take sudden likings or dislikings, or be tempted to form a scheme of religion for himself, of what he thinks best or most beautiful out of all the systems which divide the world.

Again: he is troubled perhaps with a variety of unbecoming thoughts, which he would fain keep out of his mind if he could. He finds himself unsettled and uneasy, dissatisfied with his condition, easily excited, sorry at sin one moment, forgetting it the next, feeble-minded, unable to rule himself, tempted to dote upon trifles, apt to be caught and influenced by vanities, and to abandon himself to languor or indolence.

Once more: he has not a clear perception of the path of truth and duty. This is an especial fault among us nowadays: men are actuated perhaps by the best feelings and the most amiable motives, and are not fairly chargeable with insincerity; and yet there is a want of straightforwardness in their conduct. They allow themselves to be guided by expediency, and defend themselves, and perhaps so plausibly, that though you are not convinced you are silenced. They attend to what others think more than to what God says; they look at Scripture more as a gift to man than as a gift from God; they consider themselves at liberty to modify its plain precepts by a certain discretionary rule; they listen to the voice of great men and allow themselves to be swayed by them; they make comparisons and strike the balance between the impracticability of the whole that God commands, and the practicability of effecting a part, and think they may consent to give up something, if they can secure the rest.

They shift about in opinion, going first a little this way, then a little that, according to the loudness and positiveness with which others speak; they are at the mercy of the last speaker, and they think they observe a safe, judicious, and middle course by always keeping a certain distance behind those who go furthest. Or they are rash in their religious projects and undertakings, and forget that they may be violating the lines and fences of God's law while they move about freely at their pleasure. Now, I will not judge another; I will not say that in this or that given case the fault of mind in question (for anyhow it is a fault), does certainly arise from some certain cause which I choose to guess at: but at least there are cases where this wavering of mind does arise from scantiness of prayer; and if so, it is worth a man's considering, who is thus unsteady, timid, and dimsighted, whether this scantiness be not perchance the true reason of such infirmities in his own case, and whether a "continuing instant in prayer,"—by which I mean, not merely prayer morning and evening, but something suitable to his disease, something extraordinary, as medicine is extraordinary, a "redeeming of time" from society and recreation in order to pray more,—whether such a change in his habits would not remove them?

For what is the very promise of the New Covenant but stability? what is it but a clear insight into the truth, such as will enable us to know how to walk, how to profess, how to meet the circumstances of life, how to withstand gainsayers? Are we built upon a rock or upon the sand? are we after all tossed about on the sea of opinion, when Christ has stretched out his hand to us, to help and encourage us? "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Such is the word

of promise. Can we possibly have apprehensions about what man will do to us or say of us, can we flatter the great ones of earth, or timidly yield to the many, or be dazzled by talent, or drawn aside by interest, who are in the habit of divine conversations? "Ye have an unction from the Holy One," says St. John, "and ye know all things. I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it, and that no lie is of the truth. . . . The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you. . . . Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." This is that birth by which the baptized soul not only enters, but actually embraces and realizes the kingdom of God. This is the true and effectual regeneration, when the seed of life takes root in man and thrives. Such men have accustomed themselves to speak to God, and God has ever spoken to them; and they feel "the powers of the world to come" as truly as they feel the presence of this world, because they have been accustomed to speak and act as if it were real. All of us must rely on something; all must look up, to admire, court, make themselves one with something. Most men cast in their lot with the visible world; but true Christians with saints and angels.

Such men are little understood by the world because they are not of the world; and hence it sometimes happens that even the better sort of men are often disconcerted and vexed by them. It cannot be otherwise; they move forward on principles so different from what are commonly assumed as true. They take for granted, as first principles, what the world wishes to have proved in detail. They have become familiar with the sights of the next world, till they talk of

them as if all men admitted them. The immortality of truth, its oneness, the impossibility of falsehood coalescing with it, what truth is, what it should lead one to do in particular cases, how it lies in the details of life,—all these points are mere matters of debate in the world, and men go through long processes of argument, and pride themselves on their subtleness in defending or attacking, in making probable or improbable, ideas which are assumed without a word by those who have lived in heaven, as the very ground to start from. In consequence, such men are called bad disputants, inconsecutive reasoners, strange, eccentric, or perverse thinkers, merely because they do not take for granted, nor go to prove, what others do,—because they do not go about to define and determine the sights (as it were), the mountains and rivers and plains, and sun, moon, and stars, of the next world. And hence, in turn, they are commonly unable to enter into the ways of thought or feelings of other men, having been engrossed with God's thoughts and God's ways. Hence, perhaps, they seem abrupt in what they say and do; nay, even make others feel constrained and uneasy in their presence. Perhaps they appear reserved, too, because they take so much for granted which might be drawn out, and because they cannot bring themselves to tell all their thoughts from their sacredness, and because they are drawn off from free conversation to the thought of heaven, on which their minds rest. Nay, perchance they appear severe, because their motives are not understood, nor their sensitive jealousy for the honor of God and their charitable concern for the good of their fellow Christians duly appreciated. In short, to the world they seem like foreigners. We know how foreigners strike us; they are often to our notions strange and unpleasing in their manners; why is this? merely because they

are of a different country. Each country has its own manners,—one may not be better than other; but we naturally like our own ways and we do not understand other. We do not see their meaning. We misconstrue them; we think they mean something unpleasant, something rude, or overfree, or haughty, or unrefined, when they do not. And in like manner, the world at large, not only is not Christian, but cannot discern or understand the Christian. Thus our Blessed Lord himself was not recognized or honored by his relatives, and (as is plain to every reader of Scripture) he often seems to speak abruptly and severely. So too St. Paul was considered by the Corinthians as contemptible in speech. And hence St. John, speaking of "what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God," adds, "therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." Such is the effect of divine meditations: admitting us into the next world, and withdrawing us from this; making us children of God, but withal "strangers unto our brethren, even aliens unto our mother's children." Yea, though the true servants of God increase in meekness and love day by day, and to those who know them will seem what they really are; and though their good works are evident to all men, and cannot be denied, yet such is the eternal law which goes between the church and the world—we cannot be friends of both; and they who take their portion with the church, will seem, except in some remarkable cases, unamiable to the world, for the "world knoweth them not," and does not like them though it can hardly tell why; yet (as St. John proceeds) they have this blessing, that "when he shall appear, they shall be like him, for they shall see him as he is."

And if, as it would seem, we must choose between the two,

surely the world's friendship may be better parted with than our fellowship with our Lord and Saviour. What indeed have we to do with courting men, whose faces are turned towards God? We know how men feel and act when they come to die; they discharge their worldly affairs from their minds, and try to realize the unseen state. Then this world is nothing to them. It may praise, it may blame; but they feel it not. They are leaving their goods, their deeds, their sayings, their writings, their names, behind them; and they care not for it, for they wait for Christ. To one thing alone they are alive, his coming; they watch against it, if so be they may then be found without shame. Such is the conduct of dying men; and what all but the very hardened do at the last, if their senses fail not and their powers hold, that does the true Christian all life long. He is ever dying while he lives; he is on his bier, and the prayers for the sick are saying over him. He has no work but that of making his peace with God and preparing for the judgment. He has no aim but that of being found worthy to escape the things that shall come to pass and to stand before the Son of Man. And therefore day by day he unlearns the love of this world, and the desire of its praise; he can bear to belong to the nameless family of God, and to seem to the world strange in it and out of place, for so he is.

And when Christ comes at last, blessed indeed will be his lot. He has joined himself from the first to the conquering side; he has risked the present against the future, preferring the chance of eternity to the certainty of time; and then his reward will be but beginning, when that of the children of this world is come to an end. In the words of the wise man, "Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no

account of his labors. When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This is he whom we had sometimes in derision and a proverb of reproach; we fools counted his life madness, and his end to be without honor. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!"

LECTURE ON THE USE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT

BY the right of private judgment in matters of religious belief and practice, is ordinarily meant the prerogative considered to belong to each individual Christian, of ascertaining and deciding for himself from Scripture what is gospel truth and what is not. This is the principle maintained in theory, as a sort of sacred possession or palladium, by the Protestantism of this day. Romanism, as is equally clear, takes the opposite extreme, and maintains that nothing is absolutely left to individual judgment; that is, that there is no subject in religious faith and conduct on which the church may not pronounce a decision, such as to supersede the private judgment and compel the assent of every one of her members. The English church takes a middle course between these two. It considers that on certain definite subjects private judgment upon the text of Scripture has been superseded, but not by the mere authoritative sentence of the church, but by its historical testimony delivered down from the apostles. To these subjects nothing more can be added, unless, indeed, new records of primitive Christianity or new uninterrupted traditions of its teaching were discoverable.

The Catholic doctrines, therefore, of the Trinity, incarnation, and others similar to these, are, as we maintain, the true interpretations of the notices contained in Scripture concerning those doctrines. But the mere Protestant considers that on these as well as on other subjects the sacred text is left to the good pleasure or the diligence of private men; while the Romanist, on the contrary, views it as in no degree subjected to individual judgment, except from the accident of the church having not yet pronounced on this or that point an authoritative and final decision.

Now these extreme theories and their practical results are quite intelligible; whatever be their faults, want of simplicity is not one of them. We see what they mean, how they work, what they result in. But the middle path adopted by the English church cannot be so easily mastered by the mind, first, because it is a mean and has in consequence a complex nature, involving a combination of principles and depending on multiplied conditions; next, because it partakes of that indeterminateness which, as has been already observed, is to a certain extent a characteristic of English theology; lastly, because it has never been realized in its fulness in any religious community, and thereby brought home to the mind through the senses. What has never been fairly brought into operation lies open to various objections. It is open to the suspicion of not admitting of being so, that is, of being what is commonly understood by a mere theory of fancy. And besides, a mean system really is often nothing better than an assemblage of words; and always looks such, before it is proved to be something more. For instance, if we knew only of the colors white and black, and heard a description of brown or gray, and were told that these were neither white nor black, but something like both, yet between them, we

should be tempted to conceive our informant's words either self-contradictory or altogether unmeaning; as if it were plain that what was not white must be black, and what was not black must be white. This is daily instanced in the view taken by society at large of such persons, now, alas! a comparatively small remnant, who follow the ancient doctrines and customs of our church, who hold to the creeds and sacraments, keep from novelties, are regular in their devotions, and are what is sometimes called almost in reproach, "orthodox." Worldly men, seeing them only at a distance, will class them with the religionists of the day; the religionists of the day, with a like superficial glance at them, call them worldly and carnal. Why is this? Because neither party can fancy any medium between itself and its opposite, and each connects them with the other, because they are not its own.

Feeling, then, the disadvantages under which the Anglican doctrine of private judgment lies, and desirous to give it something more of meaning and reality than it popularly possesses, I shall attempt to describe it, first in theory, and then as if reduced to practice.

1. Now, if man is in a state of trial, and his trial lies in the general exercise of the will, and the choice of religion is an exercise of will, and always implies an act of individual judgment, it follows that such acts are in the number of those by which he is tried, and for which he is to give an account hereafter. So far all parties must be agreed, that without private judgment there is no responsibility; and that in matter of fact a man's own mind, and nothing else, is the cause of his believing or not believing, and of his acting or not acting upon his belief. Even though an infallible guidance be accorded, a man must have a choice of resisting it or not;

he may resist it if he pleases, as Judas was traitor to his Master. Romanist, I consider, agrees with Protestant so far; the question in dispute being, what are the means which are to direct our choice, and what is the due manner of using them. This is the point to which I shall direct my attention.

The means which are given us to form our judgment by, exclusively of such as are supernatural, which do not enter into consideration, are various, partly internal, partly external. The internal means of judging are common sense, natural perception of right and wrong, the affections, the imagination, reason, and the like. The external are such as Scripture, the existing church, tradition, Catholicity, learning, antiquity, and the national faith. Popular Protestantism would deprive us of all these external means, except the text of holy Scripture; as if, I suppose, upon the antecedent notion that when God speaks by inspiration all other external means are superseded. But this is an arbitrary decision, contrary to facts; for unless inspiration made use of an universal language, learning at least must be necessary to ascertain the meaning of the particular language selected; and if one external aid be adopted, of course all antecedent objection to any other vanishes. This notion, then, though commonly taken for granted, must be pronounced untenable, nay, inconsistent with itself; yet upon it the prevailing neglect of external assistances and the exaltation of private judgment mainly rest. Discarding this narrow view of the subject, let us rather accept all the means which are put within our reach, as intended to be used, as talents which must not be neglected; and, as so considering them, let us trace the order in which they address themselves to the minds of individuals.

Our parents and teachers are our first informants concerning the next world; and they elicit and cherish the innate

sense of right and wrong which acts as a guide co-ordinately with them. By degrees they resign their place to the religious communion, or church, in which we find ourselves, while the inward habits of truth and holiness which the moral sense has begun to form, react upon that inward monitor, enlarge its range, and make its dictates articulate, decisive, and various. Meantime the Scriptures have been added as fresh informants, bearing witness to the church and to the moral sense, and interpreted by them both. Last of all, where there is time and opportunity for research into times past and present, Christian antiquity and Christendom, as it at present exists, become additional informants, giving substance and shape to much that before existed in our minds but in outline and shadow.

Such are the means by which God conveys to Christians the knowledge of his will and providence; but not all of them to all men. To some he vouchsafes all, to all some; but, according to the gifts given them, does he make it their duty to use them religiously. He employs these gifts as his instruments in teaching, trying, converting, advancing the mind, as the sacraments are his imperceptible means of changing the soul. To the greater part of the world he has given but three of them, conscience, reason, and national religion; to a great part of Christendom he gives no external guidance but through the church; to others only the Scriptures; to others both church and Scriptures. Few are able to add the knowledge of Christian antiquity; the first centuries of Christianity enjoyed the light of Catholicity, an informant which is now partially withdrawn from us. The least portion of these separate means of knowledge is sufficient for a man's living religiously; but the more of them he has, the more of course he has to answer for; nor can he escape

his responsibility, as most men attempt in one way or other, by hiding his talent in a napkin.

Most men, I say, try to dispense with one or other of these divine informants; and for this reason,—because it is difficult to combine them. The lights they furnish, coming from various quarters, cast separate shadows and partially intercept each other; and it is pleasanter to walk without doubt and without shade, than to have to choose what is best and safest. The Romanist would simplify matters by removing reason, Scripture, and antiquity, and depending mainly upon church authority; the Calvinist relies on reason, Scripture, and criticism, to the disparagement of the moral sense, the church, tradition, and antiquity; the Latitudinarian relies on reason, with Scripture in subordination; the mystic on the feelings and affections, or what is commonly called the heart; the politician takes the national faith as sufficient and cares for little else; the man of the world acts by common sense, which is the oracle of the careless; the popular religionist considers the authorized version of Scripture to be all in all.

But the true Catholic Christian is he who takes what God has given him, be it greater or less, despises not the lesser because he has received the greater, yet puts it not before the greater, but uses all duly and to God's glory.

I just now said that it was difficult to combine these several means of gaining divine truth, and that their respective informations do not altogether agree. I mean that at first sight they do not agree, or in particular cases; for abstractedly, of course, what comes from God must be one and the same in whatever way it comes; if it seems to differ from itself, this arises from our weakness. Even our senses seem at first to contradict each other, and an infant may have difficulty in

knowing how to avail himself of them, yet in time he learns to do so, and unconsciously makes allowance for their apparent discordance; and it would be utter folly on account of their differences, whatever they are, to discard the use of them. In like manner, conscience and reason sometimes seem at variance, and then we either call what appears to be reason sophistry, or what appears to be conscience weakness or superstition. Or, the moral sense and Scripture seem to speak a distinct language, as in their respective judgments concerning David; or Scripture and antiquity, as regards Christ's command to us to wash each other's feet; or Scripture and reason as regards miracles, or the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation; or antiquity and the existing church, as regards immersion in baptism; or the national religion and antiquity, as regards the church's power of jurisdiction; or antiquity and the law of nature, as regards the usage of celibacy; or antiquity and scholarship, as at times perhaps in the interpretation of Scripture.

This being the state of the case, I make the following remarks; which, being for the sake of illustration, are to be taken but as general ones, without dwelling on extreme cases or exceptions:

That Scripture, antiquity, and Catholicity cannot really contradict one another:

That when the moral sense or reason seems to be on one side, and Scripture on the other, we must follow Scripture, except Scripture anywhere contained contradictions in terms, or prescribed undeniable crimes, which it never does:

That when the sense of Scripture, as interpreted by reason, is contrary to the sense given to it by Catholic antiquity, we ought to side with the latter:

That when antiquity runs counter to the present church in

important matters, we must follow antiquity; when in unimportant matters, we must follow the present church:

That when the present church speaks contrary to our private notions, and antiquity is silent, or its decisions unknown to us, it is pious to sacrifice our own opinion to that of the church:

That if, in spite of our efforts to agree with the church, we still differ from it, antiquity being silent, we must avoid causing any disturbance, recollecting that the church, and not individuals, "has authority in controversies of faith."

I am not now concerned to prove all this, but am illustrating the theory of private judgment, as I conceive the English church maintains it. And now let us consider it in practice.

2. It is popularly conceived that to maintain the right of private judgment, is to hold that no one has an enlightened faith who has not, as a point of duty, discussed the grounds of it and made up his mind for himself. But to put forward such doctrine as this rightly pertains to infidels and sceptics only; and if great names may be quoted in its favor, and it is often assumed to be the true Protestant doctrine, this is surely because its advocates do not weigh the force of their own words. Every one must begin religion by faith, not by reasoning; he must take for granted what he is taught and what he cannot prove; and it is better for himself that he should do so, even if the teaching he receives contains a mixture of error. If he would possess a reverent mind, he must begin by obeying; if he would cherish a generous and devoted spirit, he must begin by venturing something on uncertain information; if he would deserve the praise of modesty and humility, he must repress his busy intellect, and forbear to scrutinize. This is a sufficient explanation, were there no other, for the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, which

is in this place exacted of those who come hither for education. Were there any serious objections lying against those articles, the case would be different; were there immorality or infidelity inculcated in them, or even imputed to them, we should have a warrant for drawing back; but even those who do not agree with them will not say this of them. Putting aside then the consideration that they contain in them chief portions of the ancient creeds, and are the form in which so many pious men in times past have expressed their own faith, even the circumstance of their constituting the religion under which we are born is a reason for our implicitly submitting ourselves to them in the first instance. As the mind expands, whether by education or years, a number of additional informants will meet it, and it will naturally, or rather it ought, according to its opportunities, to exercise itself upon all of these, by way of finding out God's perfect truth. The Christian will study Scripture and antiquity as well as the doctrine of his own church; and may perhaps, in some points of detail, differ from it; but, even if eventually he differs, he will not therefore put himself forward, wrangle, protest, or separate from the church. Further, he may go on to examine the basis of the authority of Scripture or of the church; and if so, he will do it, not, as is sometimes irreverently said, "impartially" and "candidly," which means sceptically and arrogantly, as if he were the centre of the universe, and all things might be summoned before him and put to task at his pleasure, but with a generous confidence in what he has been taught; nay, not recognizing, as will often happen, the process of inquiry which is going on within him. Many a man supposes that his investigation ought to be attended with a consciousness of his making it; as if it were scarcely pleasing to God unless he all along reflects upon it,

tells the world of it, boasts of it as a right, and sanctifies it as a principle. He says to himself and others, "I am examining, I am scrutinizing, I am judging, I am free to choose or reject, I am exercising the right of private judgment." What a strange satisfaction! Does it increase the worth of our affections to reflect upon them as we feel them? Would our mourning for a friend become more valuable by our saying, "I am weeping; I am overcome and agonized for the second or third time; I am resolved to weep?" What a strange infatuation, to boast of our having to make up our minds! What! is it a great thing to be without an opinion? is it a satisfaction to have the truth to find? Who would boast that he was without worldly means and had to get them as he could? Is heavenly treasure less precious than earthly? Is it anything inspiring or consolatory to consider, as such persons do, that Almighty God has left them entirely to their own efforts, has failed to anticipate their wants, has let them lose in ignorance at least a considerable part of their short life and their tenderest and most malleable years? is it a hardship or a yoke, on the contrary, to be told that what is, in the order of Providence, put before them to believe, whether absolutely true or not, is in such sense from him, that it will improve their hearts to obey it, and convey to them many truths which they otherwise would not know, and prepare them perchance for the communication of higher and clearer views? Yet such is a commonly received doctrine of this day; against which, I would plainly maintain,—not the Roman doctrine of infallibility, which even if true would be of application only to a portion of mankind, for few comparatively hear of Rome—but generally that under whatever system a man finds himself he is bound to accept it as if infallible and to act upon it in a confiding spirit till

he finds a better, or in course of time has cause to suspect it.

To this it may be replied by the Romanist that, granting we succeed in persuading men in the first instance to exercise this unsuspicious faith in what is set before them in the course of Providence, yet if the right of free judgment upon the text of Scripture is allowed at last, it will be sure whenever it is allowed, to carry them off into various discordant opinions; that individuals will fancy they have found out a more Scriptural system even than that of the church Catholic itself, should they happen to have been born and educated in her pale. But I am not willing to grant this of the holy Scriptures, though Romanists are accustomed to assume it. There have been writers of their communion, indeed, who have used the most disparaging terms of the inspired volume, as if it were so mere a letter that it might be molded into any meaning which the reader chose to put upon it. Some of their expressions and statements have been noticed by our divines; such as, that "the Scriptures are worth no more than Æsop's fables within the church's authority;" or that "they are like a nose of wax which admits of being pulled and molded one way and another."

In contradiction to these expressions it surely may be maintained, not only that the Scriptures have but one direct and unchangeable sense, but that it is such as in all greater matters to make a forcible appeal to the mind, when fairly put before it, and to impress it with a conviction of its being the true one. Little of systematic knowledge as Scripture may impart to ordinary readers, still what it does convey may surely tend in one direction and not in another. What it imparts may look towards the system of the church and of antiquity, not oppose it. Whether it does so or not, is a ques-

tion of fact which must be determined as facts are determined; but here let us dwell for a moment on the mere idea which I have suggested. There is no reason why the Romanist should startle at the notion. Why is it more incongruous to suppose that our minds are so constituted as to be sure to a certain point of the true meaning of words than of the correctness of an argument? yet Romanists do argue. If it is possible to be sure of the soundness of an argument, there is perchance no antecedent reason to hinder our being as sure that a text has a certain sense. Men, it is granted, continually misinterpret Scripture; so are they as continually using bad arguments; and, as the latter circumstance does not destroy the mind's innate power of reasoning, so neither does the former show it is destitute of its innate power of interpreting. Nay, the Romanists themselves continually argue with individuals from Scripture, even in proof of this very doctrine of the church's infallibility, which would be out of place unless the passages appealed to bore their own meaning with them. What I would urge is this; the Romanists of course confess that the real sense of Scripture is not adverse to any doctrine taught by the church; all I would maintain in addition is, that it is also the natural sense, as separable from false interpretations by the sound-judging, as a good argument is from a bad one. And as so believing, we think no harm can come from putting the Scripture into the hands of the laity, allowing them, if they will, to verify by it, as far as it extends, the doctrines they have been already taught.

They will answer that all this is negatived by experience, even though it be abstractedly possible; since, in fact, the general reading of the Bible has brought into our country and church all kinds of heresies and extravagances. Cer-

tainly it has; but it has not been introduced under those limitations and provisions, which I have mentioned as necessary attendants on it, according to the scheme designed by Providence. If Scripture reading has been the cause of schism, this has been because individuals have given themselves to it to the disparagement of God's other gifts; because they have refused to throw themselves into the external system which has been provided for them, because they have attempted to reason before they acted, and to prove before they would be taught. If it has been the cause of schism in our country, it is because the Anglican Church has never had the opportunity of supplying adequately that assistance which is its divinely provided complement; because her voice has been feeble, her motions impeded, and the means withheld from her of impressing upon the population her own doctrine; because the Reformation was set up in disunion, and theories more Protestant than hers have, from the first, spoken with her, and blended with, and sometimes drowned her voice. If Scripture reading has, in England, been the cause of schism, it is because we are deprived of the power of excommunicating, which, in the revealed scheme, is the formal antagonist and curb of private judgment. But take a church, nurtured and trained on this model, claiming the obedience of its members in the first instance, though laying itself open afterwards to their judgment, according to their respective capabilities for judging, claiming that they should make a generous and unsuspicious trial of it before they objected to it, and able to appeal confidently for its doctrines to the writings of antiquity; a church which taught the truth boldly and in system, and which separated from itself or silenced those which opposed it, and I believe individual members would be very little perplexed; and if men

were still found to resist its doctrine they would not be, as now, misguided persons, with some good feelings and right views, but such as one should be glad to be rid of. One chief cause of sects among us is, that the church's voice is not heard clearly and forcibly; she does not exercise her own right of interpreting Scripture; she does not arbitrate, decide, condemn; she does not answer the call which human nature makes upon her. That all her members would in that case perfectly agree with each other, or with herself, I am far from supposing; but they would differ chiefly in such matters as would not forfeit their membership nor lead them to protest against the received doctrine. If, even as it is, the great body of dissenters from the church during the last centuries remained more or less constant to the creeds, except in the article which was compromised in their dissent, surely much more fully and firmly would her members then abide in the fundamentals of faith, though Scripture was ever so freely put into their hands. We see it so at this day. For on which side is the most lack at this moment—in the laity in believing or the church in teaching? Are not the laity everywhere willing to treat their pastors with becoming respect; nay so follow their guidance as to take up their particular views, according as they may be of a Catholic or private character in this or that place? Is there any doubt at all that the laity would think alike if the clergy did? And is there any doubt that the clergy would think alike, as far as the formal expression of their faith went, if they had their views cleared by a theological education and molded by a knowledge of antiquity? We have no need to grudge our people the religious use of private judgment; we need not distrust their affection; we have but to blame our own wavering and differences.

The free reading of Scripture, I say, when the other parts of the divine system are duly fulfilled, would lead at most to diversities of opinion only in the adjuncts and details of faith, not in fundamentals. Men differ from each other at present, first, from the influence of the false theories of private judgment which are among us and which mislead them; next, from the want of external guidance. They are enjoined, as a matter of duty, to examine and decide for themselves, and the church but faintly protests against this proceeding or supersedes the need of it. Truth has a force which error cannot counterfeit; and the church, speaking out that truth as committed to her, would cause a corresponding vibration in Holy Scripture such as no other notes, however loudly sounded, can draw from it. If, after all, persons arose, as they would arise, disputing against the fundamentals, or separating on minor points, let them go their way; "they went out from us, because they were not of us." They would commonly be "men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith;"[1] I do not say there never could be any other, but for such extraordinary cases no system can provide. If there were better men who, though educated in the truth, ultimately opposed it openly, they as well as others would be put out of the church for their error's sake and for their contumacy; and God, who alone sees the hearts of men and how mysteriously good and evil are mingled together in this world, would provide in his own inscrutable way for anomalies which his revealed system did not meet.

I consider, then, on the whole that however difficult it may be in theory to determine when we must go by our own view of Scripture, when by the decision of the church, yet in practice there would be little or no difficulty at all. Without claiming infallibility, the church may claim the confidence

[1] 2 Tim. iii, 8.

and obedience of her members; Scripture may be read without tending to schism; minor differences allowed without disagreement in fundamentals; and the proud and self-willed disputant discarded without the perplexed inquirer suffering. If there is schism among us, it is not that Scripture speaks variously, but that the church of the day speaks not at all; not that private judgment is rebellious, but that the church's judgment is withheld.

I do really believe that, with more of primitive simplicity and of rational freedom, and far more of Gospel truth than in Romanism, there would be found in the rule of private judgment, as I have described it, as much certainty as the doctrine of infallibility can give. As ample provision would be made both for the comfort of the individual and for the peace and unity of the body, which are the two objects for which Romanism professes to consult. The claim of infallibility is but an expedient for impressing strongly upon the mind the necessity of hearing and of obeying the church. When scrutinized carefully it will be found to contribute nothing whatever towards satisfying the reason, as was observed in another connection; since it is as difficult to prove and bring home to the mind that the church is infallible, as that the doctrines it teaches are true. Nothing, then, is gained in the way of conviction, only of impression—and, again, of expedition, it being less trouble to accept one doctrine on which all the others are to depend than a number. Now, this impressiveness and practical perspicuity in teaching, as far as these objects are lawful and salutary, may, I say, be gained without this claim; they may be gained in God's way, without unwarranted additions to the means of influence which he has ordained, without a tenet, fictitious in itself and, as falsehood ever will be, deplorable in many ways in its results.

SEWARD

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, an American statesman of note, was born in Florida, New York, May 16, 1801, and was educated at Union College, Schenectady. After pursuing the study of law he was admitted to the bar in 1822, and the next year began practice in Auburn, New York. He came into view as a politician a year or two later, and for the remainder of his career held a prominent place in both State and national politics. He entered the State Senate in 1830, and though defeated for governor in 1834 was elected by the Whig party in 1837, and again in 1840. Seward was sent to the Senate of the United States in 1849, and in a congressional speech in March of that year, on the admission of California, declared that the exclusion of slavery from all new States was demanded by "the higher law," an utterance which the Southern senators promptly styled "treason." He was re-elected to the Senate in 1855, and continued to be an active opponent of slavery. At a speech delivered in 1858, at Rochester, New York, he affirmed that the slavery question offered for consideration "an irrepressible conflict," a characterization at once caught up and quoted far and wide. During the administrations of Lincoln and Johnson he was secretary of state. At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln an attempt was also made to assassinate Seward; he was severely wounded, but recovered after a long illness. After leaving the cabinet in 1869 he made a tour around the world. He died at Auburn October 10, 1872. Besides many speeches published singly, he was the author of a "Diplomatic History of the War for the Union" (1884); "Life of John Quincy Adams" (1849); "Travels Around the World" (with Olive Seward) (1873). His "Complete Works," in five volumes, were issued in 1884. See "Lives," by F. W. Seward (1891), and Lothrop (1896); Bartlett's "Modern Agitators"; Welles's "Lincoln and Seward."

ON THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

SPEECH DELIVERED AT ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 25, 1858

THE unmistakable outbreaks of zeal which occur all around me show that you are earnest men—and such a man am I. Let us, therefore, at least for a time pass all secondary and collateral questions, whether of a personal or of a general nature, and consider the main subject of the present canvass. The Democratic party—or, to speak more accurately, the party which wears that attractive name—is in possession of the federal government. The Repub-

licans propose to dislodge that party and dismiss it from its high trust.

The main subject, then, is, whether the Democratic party deserves to retain the confidence of the American people. In attempting to prove it unworthy, I think that I am not actuated by prejudices against that party, or by prepossessions in favor of its adversary; for I have learned by some experience that virtue and patriotism, vice and selfishness, are found in all parties, and that they differ less in their motives than in the policies they pursue.

Our country is a theatre which exhibits in full operation two radically different political systems; the one resting on the basis of servile or slave labor, the other on the basis of voluntary labor of freemen.

The laborers who are enslaved are all negroes, or persons more or less purely of African derivation. But this is only accidental. The principle of the system is, that labor in every society, by whomsoever performed, is necessarily unintellectual, grovelling, and base; and that the laborer, equally for his own good and for the welfare of the State, ought to be enslaved. The white laboring man, whether native or foreigner, is not enslaved, only because he cannot as yet be reduced to bondage.

You need not be told now that the slave system is the older of the two and that once it was universal. The emancipation of our own ancestors, Caucasians and Europeans as they were, hardly dates beyond a period of five hundred years. The great melioration of human society which modern times exhibit is mainly due to the incomplete substitution of the system of voluntary labor for the old one of servile labor, which has already taken place. This African slave system is one which, in its origin and in its growth, has been alto-

gether foreign from the habits of the races which colonized these States and established civilization here. It was introduced on this new continent as an engine of conquest and for the establishment of monarchical power by the Portuguese and the Spaniards, and was rapidly extended by them all over South America, Central America, Louisiana, and Mexico. Its legitimate fruits are seen in the poverty, imbecility, and anarchy which now pervade all Portuguese and Spanish America. The free-labor system is of German extraction, and it was established in our country by emigrants from Sweden, Holland, Germany, Great Britain, and Ireland. We justly ascribe to its influences the strength, wealth, greatness, intelligence, and freedom which the whole American people now enjoy. One of the chief elements of the value of human life is freedom in the pursuit of happiness. The slave system is not only intolerable, unjust, and inhuman towards the laborer, whom, only because he is a laborer, it loads down with chains and converts into merchandise; but is scarcely less severe upon the freeman, to whom, only because he is a laborer from necessity, it denies facilities for employment, and whom it expels from the community because it cannot enslave and convert him into merchandise also. It is necessarily improvident and ruinous, because, as a general truth, communities prosper and flourish, or droop and decline, in just the degree that they practise or neglect to practise the primary duties of justice and humanity. The free-labor system conforms to the divine law of equality which is written in the hearts and consciences of men, and therefore is always and everywhere beneficent.

The slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicion, and watchfulness. It debases those whose toil alone can produce wealth and resources for defence to the lowest

degree of which human nature is capable, to guard against mutiny and insurrection, and thus wastes energies which otherwise might be employed in national development and aggrandizement.

The free-labor system educates all alike, and by opening all the fields of industrial employment and all the departments of authority to the unchecked and equal rivalry of all classes of men at once secures universal contentment and brings into the highest possible activity all the physical, moral, and social energies of the whole State. In States where the slave system prevails the masters, directly or indirectly, secure all political power and constitute a ruling aristocracy. In States where the free-labor system prevails universal suffrage necessarily obtains and the State inevitably becomes, sooner or later, a republic or democracy.

Russia yet maintains slavery and is a despotism. Most of the other European States have abolished slavery and adopted the system of free labor. It was the antagonistic political tendencies of the two systems which the first Napoleon was contemplating when he predicted that Europe would ultimately be either all Cossack or all republican. Never did human sagacity utter a more pregnant truth. The two systems are at once perceived to be incongruous. But they are more than incongruous—they are incompatible. They never have permanently existed together in one country and they never can. It would be easy to demonstrate this impossibility from the irreconcilable contrast between their great principles and characteristics. But the experience of mankind has conclusively established it. Slavery, as I have already intimated, existed in every State in Europe. Free labor has supplanted it everywhere except in Russia and Turkey. State necessities developed in modern times are now obliging

even those two nations to encourage and employ free labor; and already, despotic as they are, we find them engaged in abolishing slavery. In the United States slavery came into collision with free labor at the close of the last century, and fell before it in New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, but triumphed over it effectually, and excluded it for a period yet undetermined, from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Indeed, so incompatible are the two systems that every new State which is organized within our ever-extending domain makes its first political act a choice of the one and the exclusion of the other, even at the cost of civil war if necessary. The slave States, without law, at the last national election successfully forbade, within their own limits, even the casting of votes for a candidate for president of the United States supposed to be favorable to the establishment of the free-labor system in new States.

Hitherto the two systems have existed in different States, but side by side within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their very borders, together with a new and extended network of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more perfect social unity or consolidation. Thus, these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact and collision results.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United

States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free-labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye-fields and wheat-fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral. Startling as this saying may appear to you, fellow citizens, it is by no means an original or even a modern one. Our forefathers knew it to be true, and unanimously acted upon it when they framed the constitution of the United States. They regarded the existence of the servile system in so many of the States with sorrow and shame, which they openly confessed, and they looked upon the collision between them, which was then just revealing itself, and which we are now accustomed to deplore, with favor and hope. They knew that either the one or the other system must exclusively prevail.

Unlike too many of those who in modern time invoke their authority, they had a choice between the two. They preferred the system of free labor, and they determined to organize the government, and so to direct its activity that that system should surely and certainly prevail. For this purpose, and no other, they based the whole structure of government broadly on the principle that all men are created equal,

and therefore free—little dreaming that within the short period of one hundred years their descendants would bear to be told by any orator, however popular, that the utterance of that principle was merely a rhetorical rhapsody; or by any judge, however venerated, that it was attended by mental reservations, which rendered it hypocritical and false. By the Ordinance of 1787 they dedicated all of the national domain not yet polluted by slavery to free labor immediately, thenceforth, and forever; while by the new constitution and laws they invited foreign free labor from all lands under the sun, and interdicted the importation of African slave labor, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances whatsoever. It is true that they necessarily and wisely modified this policy of freedom by leaving it to the several States, affected as they were by differing circumstances, to abolish slavery in their own way and at their own pleasure, instead of confiding that duty to Congress; and that they secured to the slave States, while yet retaining the system of slavery, a three fifths representation of slaves in the federal government, until they should find themselves able to relinquish it with safety. But the very nature of these modifications fortifies my position, that the fathers knew that the two systems could not endure within the Union, and expected that within a short period slavery would disappear forever. Moreover, in order that these modifications might not altogether defeat their grand design of a republic maintaining universal equality, they provided that two thirds of the States might amend the constitution.

It remains to say on this point only one word, to guard against misapprehension. If these States are to again become universally slave-holding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the constitution that end shall be accom-

plished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several States co-operating with the federal government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective constitutions.

The strife and contentions concerning slavery, which gently disposed persons so habitually deprecate, are nothing more than the ripening of the conflict which the fathers themselves not only thus regarded with favor, but which they may be said to have instituted.

It is not to be denied, however, that thus far the course of that contest has not been according to their humane anticipations and wishes. In the field of federal politics, slavery—deriving unlooked-for advantages from commercial changes, and energies unforeseen from the facilities of combination between members of the slave-holding class and between that class and other property classes—early rallied, and has at length made a stand, not merely to retain its original defensive position, but to extend its sway throughout the whole Union. It is certain that the slave-holding class of American citizens indulge this high ambition, and that they derive encouragement for it from the rapid and effective political successes which they have already obtained. The plan of operation is this: By continued appliances of patronage and threats of disunion, they will keep a majority favorable to these designs in the Senate, where each State has equal representation. Through that majority they will defeat, as they best can, the admission of free States and secure the admission of slave States. Under the protection of the judiciary they will, on the principle of the Dred Scott case, carry slavery into all the territories of the United States now existing

and hereafter to be organized. By the action of the President and the Senate, using the treaty-making power, they will annex foreign slave-holding States. In a favorable conjuncture they will induce Congress to repeal the Act of 1808, which prohibits the foreign slave-trade, and so they will import from Africa at the cost of only twenty dollars a head, slaves enough to fill up the interior of the continent. Thus relatively increasing the number of slave States, they will allow no amendment to the constitution prejudicial to their interest; and so, having permanently established their power, they expect the federal judiciary to nullify all State laws which shall interfere with internal or foreign commerce in slaves. When the free States shall be sufficiently demoralized to tolerate these designs, they reasonably conclude that slavery will be accepted by those States themselves. I shall not stop to show how speedy or how complete would be the ruin which the accomplishment of these slave-holding schemes would bring upon the country. For one, I should not remain in the country to test the sad experiment. Having spent my manhood, though not my whole life, in a free State, no aristocracy of any kind, much less an aristocracy of slave-holders, shall ever make the laws of the land in which I shall be content to live. Having seen the society around me universally engaged in agriculture, manufactures, and trade, which were innocent and beneficent, I shall never be a denizen of a State where men and women are reared as cattle and bought and sold as merchandise. When that evil day shall come and all further effort at resistance shall be impossible, then, if there be no better hope of redemption than I can now foresee, I shall say with Franklin, while looking abroad over the whole earth for a new and more congenial home, "Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

You will tell me that these fears are extravagant and chimerical. I answer, they are so; but they are so only because the designs of the slave-holders must and can be defeated. But it is only the possibility of defeat that renders them so. They cannot be defeated by inactivity. There is no escape from them compatible with non-resistance. How, then, and in what way shall the necessary resistance be made? There is only one way. The Democratic party must be permanently dislodged from the government. The reason is, that the Democratic party is inextricably committed to the designs of the slave-holders, which I have described. Let me be well understood. I do not charge that the Democratic candidates for public office now before the people are pledged to—much less that the Democratic masses who support them really adopt—those atrocious and dangerous designs. Candidates may, and generally do, mean to act justly, wisely, and patriotically when they shall be elected; but they become the ministers and servants, not the dictators, of the power which elects them. The policy which a party shall pursue at a future period is only gradually developed, depending on the occurrence of events never fully foreknown. The motives of men, whether acting as electors or in any other capacity, are generally pure. Nevertheless, it is not more true that "hell is paved with good intentions" than it is that earth is covered with wrecks resulting from innocent and amiable motives.

The very constitution of the Democratic party commits it to execute all the designs of the slave-holders, whatever they may be. It is not a party of the whole Union—of all the free States and of all the slave States; nor yet is it a party of the free States in the North and in the Northwest; but it is a sectional and local party, having practically its seat

within the slave States and counting its constituency chiefly and almost exclusively there. Of all its representatives in Congress and in the electoral colleges, two thirds uniformly come from these States. Its great element of strength lies in the vote of the slave-holders, augmented by the representation of three fifths of the slaves. Deprive the Democratic party of this strength and it would be a helpless and hopeless minority, incapable of continued organization. The Democratic party, being thus local and sectional, acquires new strength from the admission of every new slave State and loses relatively by the admission of every new free State into the Union.

A party is in one sense a joint stock association, in which those who contribute most direct the action and management of the concern. The slave-holders contributing in an overwhelming proportion to the capital strength of the Democratic party, they necessarily dictate and prescribe its policy. The inevitable caucus system enables them to do so with a show of fairness and justice. If it were possible to conceive for a moment that the Democratic party should disobey the behests of the slave-holders, we should then see a withdrawal of the slave-holders, which would leave the party to perish. The portion of the party which is found in the free States is a mere appendage, convenient to modify its sectional character without impairing its sectional constitution, and is less effective in regulating its movement than the nebulous tail of the comet is in determining the appointed, though apparently eccentric, course of the fiery sphere from which it emanates.

To expect the Democratic party to resist slavery and favor freedom is as unreasonable as to look for Protestant missionaries to the Catholic Propaganda of Rome. The his-

tory of the Democratic party commits it to the policy of slavery. It has been the Democratic party, and no other agency, which has carried that policy up to its present alarming culmination. Without stopping to ascertain critically the origin of the present Democratic party, we may concede its claim to date from the era of good feeling which occurred under the administration of President Monroe. At that time, in this State, and about that time in many others of the free States, the Democratic party deliberately disfranchised the free colored or African citizen, and it has pertinaciously continued this disfranchisement ever since. This was an effective aid to slavery; for, while the slave-holder votes for his slaves against freedom, the freed slave in the free States is prohibited from voting against slavery.

In 1824 the Democracy resisted the election of John Quincy Adams—himself before that time an acceptable Democrat—and in 1828 it expelled him from the presidency and put a slave-holder in his place, although the office had been filled by slave-holders thirty-two out of forty years.

In 1836 Martin Van Buren—the first non-slave-holding citizen of a free State to whose election the Democratic party ever consented—signalized his inauguration into the Presidency by a gratuitous announcement that under no circumstances would he ever approve a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. From 1838 to 1844 the subject of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and in the national dock-yards and arsenals was brought before Congress by repeated popular appeals. The Democratic party thereupon promptly denied the right of petition and effectually suppressed the freedom of speech in Congress as far as the institution of slavery was concerned.

From 1840 to 1843 good and wise men counselled that

Texas should remain outside of the Union until she should consent to relinquish her self-instituted slavery; but the Democratic party precipitated her admission into the Union, not only without that condition, but even with a covenant that the State might be divided and reorganized so as to constitute four slave States instead of one.

In 1846, when the United States became involved in a war with Mexico, and it was apparent that the struggle would end in the dismemberment of that republic, which was a non-slaveholding power, the Democratic party rejected a declaration that slavery should not be established within the territory to be acquired. When, in 1850, governments were to be instituted in the Territories of California and New Mexico, the fruits of that war, the Democratic party refused to admit New Mexico as a free State and only consented to admit California as a free State on the condition, as it has since explained the transaction, of leaving all of New Mexico and Utah open to slavery, to which was also added the concession of perpetual slavery in the District of Columbia and the passage of an unconstitutional, cruel, and humiliating law, for the recapture of fugitive slaves, with a further stipulation that the subject of slavery should never again be agitated in either chamber of Congress. When, in 1854, the slaveholders were contentedly reposing on these great advantages then so recently won, the Democratic party unnecessarily, officiously, and with superserviceable liberality, awakened them from their slumber, to offer and force on their acceptance the abrogation of the law which declared that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist within that part of the ancient Territory of Louisiana which lay outside of the State of Missouri, and north of the parallel of 36° 30′ of north latitude—a law which, with the exception of one other,

was the only statute of freedom then remaining in the federal code.

In 1856, when the people of Kansas had organized a new State within the region thus abandoned to slavery, and applied to be admitted as a free State into the Union, the Democratic party contemptuously rejected their petition and drove them with menaces and intimidations from the halls of Congress, and armed the President with military power to enforce their submission to a slave code established over them by fraud and usurpation. At every subsequent stage of the long contest which has since raged in Kansas the Democratic party has lent its sympathies, its aid, and all the powers of the government which it controlled, to enforce slavery upon that unwilling and injured people. And now, even at this day, while it mocks us with the assurance that Kansas is free, the Democratic party keeps the State excluded from her just and proper place in the Union, under the hope that she may be dragooned into the acceptance of slavery.

The Democratic party, finally, has procured from a supreme judiciary, fixed in its interest, a decree that slavery exists by force of the constitution in every Territory of the United States, paramount to all legislative authority either within the Territory or residing in Congress.

Such is the Democratic party. It has no policy, State or federal, for finance, or trade, or manufacture, or commerce, or education, or internal improvements, or for the protection or even the security of civil or religious liberty. It is positive and uncompromising in the interest of slavery,—negative, compromising, and vacillating in regard to everything else. It boasts its love of equality; and wastes its strength, and even its life, in fortifying the only aristocracy known in the land. It professes fraternity; and, so often as slavery requires,

allies itself with proscription. It magnifies itself for conquests in foreign lands; but it sends the national eagle forth always with chains, and not the olive branch, in his fangs.

This dark record shows you, fellow citizens, what I was unwilling to announce at an earlier stage of this argument, that of the whole nefarious schedule of slave-holding designs which I have submitted to you, the Democratic party has left only one yet to be consummated—the abrogation of the law which forbids the African slave trade.

Now, I know very well that the Democratic party has at every stage of these proceedings disavowed the motive and the policy of fortifying and extending slavery and has excused them on entirely different and more plausible grounds. But the inconsistency and frivolity of these pleas prove still more conclusively the guilt I charge upon that party. It must, indeed, try to excuse such guilt before mankind and even to the consciences of its own adherents. There is an instinctive abhorrence of slavery and an inborn and inhering love of freedom in the human heart which render palliation of such gross misconduct indispensable. It disfranchised the free African on the ground of a fear that if left to enjoy the right of suffrage he might seduce the free white citizen into amalgamation with his wronged and despised race. The Democratic party condemned and deposed John Quincy Adams because he expended $12,000,000 a year, while it justifies his favored successor in spending $70,000,000, $80,000,000, and even $100,000,000, a year. It denies emancipation in the District of Columbia, even with compensation to masters and the consent of the people, on the ground of an implied constitutional inhibition, although the constitution expressly confers upon Congress sovereign legislative power in that District, and although the Democratic

party is tenacious of the principle of strict construction. It violated the express provisions of the constitution in suppressing petition and debate on the subject of slavery, through fear of disturbance of the public harmony, although it claims that the electors have a right to instruct their representatives, and even demand their resignation in cases of contumacy. It extended slavery over Texas and connived at the attempt to spread it across the Mexican Territories, even to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, under a plea of enlarging the area of freedom. It abrogated the Mexican slave law and the Missouri Compromise prohibition of slavery in Kansas, not to open the new Territories to slavery, but to try therein the new and fascinating theories of non-intervention and popular sovereignty; and, finally, it overthrew both these new and elegant systems by the English-Lecompton bill and the Dred Scott decision on the ground that the free States ought not to enter the Union without a population equal to the representative basis of one member of Congress, although slave States might come in without inspection as to their numbers.

Will any member of the Democratic party now here claim that the authorities chosen by the suffrages of the party transcended their partisan platforms and so misrepresented the party in the various transactions I have recited? Then I ask him to name one Democratic statesman or legislator, from Van Buren to Walker, who either timidly or cautiously like them, or boldly and defiantly like Douglas, ever refused to execute a behest of the slave-holders and was not therefor, and for no other cause, immediately denounced and deposed from his trust and repudiated by the Democratic party for that contumacy.

I think, fellow citizens, that I have shown you that it is

high time for the friends of freedom to rush to the rescue of the constitution and that their very first duty is to dismiss the Democratic party from the administration of the government.

Why shall it not be done? All agree that it ought to be done. What, then, shall prevent its being done? Nothing but timidity or division of the opponents of the Democratic party.

Some of these opponents start one objection and some another. Let us notice these objections briefly. One class say that they cannot trust the Republican party; that it has not avowed its hostility to slavery boldly enough, or its affection for freedom earnestly enough.

I ask, in reply, is there any other party which can be more safely trusted? Every one knows that it is the Republican party, or none, that shall displace the Democratic party. But I answer, further, that the character and fidelity of any party are determined, necessarily, not by its pledges, programmes, and platforms, but by the public exigencies, and the temper of the people when they call it into activity. Subserviency to slavery is a law written not only on the forehead of the Democratic party but also in its very soul—so resistance to slavery, and devotion to freedom, the popular elements now actively working for the Republican party among the people, must and will be the resources for its ever-renewing strength and constant invigoration.

Others cannot support the Republican party because it has not sufficiently exposed its platform and determined what it will do and what it will not do when triumphant. It may prove too progressive for some and too conservative for others. As if any party ever foresaw so clearly the course of future events as to plan a universal scheme for future action,

adapted to all possible emergencies. Who would ever have joined even the Whig party of the Revolution, if it had been obliged to answer, in 1775, whether it would declare for independence in 1776, and for this noble federal constitution of ours in 1787, and not a year earlier or later?

The people of the United States will be as wise next year, and the year afterward, and even ten years hence, as we are now. They will oblige the Republican party to act as the public welfare and the interests of justice and humanity shall require through all the stages of its career, whether of trial or triumph.

Others will not venture an effort because they fear that the Union would not endure the change. Will such objectors tell me how long a constitution can bear a strain directly along the fibres of which it is composed? This is a constitution of freedom. It is being converted into a constitution of slavery. It is a republican constitution. It is being made an aristocratic one. Others wish to wait until some collateral questions concerning temperance or the exercise of the elective franchise are properly settled. Let me ask all such persons whether time enough has not been wasted on these points already without gaining any other than this single advantage, namely, the discovery that only one thing can be effectually done at one time, and that the one thing which must and will be done at any one time is just that thing which is most urgent and will no longer admit of postponement or delay. Finally, we are told by faint-hearted men that they despond; the Democratic party, they say, is unconquerable and the dominion of slavery is consequently inevitable. I reply to them that the complete and universal dominion of slavery would be intolerable enough when it should have come after the last possible effort to escape

should have been made. There would in that case be left to us the consoling reflection of fidelity to duty.

But I reply, further, that I know—few, I think, know better than I—the resources and energies of the Democratic party, which is identical with the slave power. I do ample justice to its traditional popularity. I know, further—few, I think, know better than I—the difficulties and disadvantages of organizing a new political force like the Republican party and the obstacles it must encounter in laboring without prestige and without patronage. But, understanding all this, I know that the Democratic party must go down, and that the Republican party must rise into its place. The Democratic party derived its strength originally from its adoption of the principles of equal and exact justice to all men. So long as it practised this principle faithfully it was invulnerable. It became vulnerable when it renounced the principle, and since that time it has maintained itself, not by virtue of its own strength, or even of its traditional merits, but because there as yet had appeared in the political field no other party that had the conscience and the courage to take up and avow and practise the life-inspiring principle which the Democratic party had surrendered. At last the Republican party has appeared. It avows now, as the Republican party of 1800 did, in one word, its faith and its works, "Equal and exact justice to all men." Even when it first entered the field, only half organized, it struck a blow which only just failed to secure complete and triumphant victory. In this, its second campaign, it has already won advantages which render that triumph now both easy and certain.

The secret of its assured success lies in that very characteristic which, in the mouth of scoffers, constitutes its great and lasting imbecility and reproach. It lies in the fact that it is

a party of one idea; but that idea is a noble one—an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals and human laws, as they all are equal before the divine tribunal and divine laws.

I know, and you know, that a revolution has begun. I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward. Twenty senators and a hundred representatives proclaim boldly in Congress to-day sentiments and opinions and principles of freedom which hardly so many men, even in this free State, dared to utter in their own homes twenty years ago. While the government of the United States, under the conduct of the Democratic party, has been all that time surrendering one plain and castle after another to slavery, the people of the United States have been no less steadily and perseveringly gathering together the forces with which to recover back again all the fields and all the castles which have been lost, and to confound and overthrow by one decisive blow the betrayers of the constitution and freedom forever.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, FEBRUARY 29, 1860

MR. PRESIDENT, the admission of Kansas into the Union, without further delay, seems to me equally necessary, just, and wise. In recorded debates I have already anticipated the arguments for this conclusion.

In coming forward among the political astrologers, it shall be an error of judgment, and not of disposition, if my interpretation of the feverish dreams which are disturbing the

country shall tend to foment, rather than to allay, the national excitement.

I shall say nothing unnecessarily of persons, because, in our system, the public welfare and happiness depend chiefly on institutions and very little on men. I shall allude but briefly to incidental topics, because they are ephemeral, and because, even in the midst of appeals to passion and prejudice it is always safe to submit solid truth to the deliberate consideration of an honest and enlightened people.

It will be an overflowing source of shame, as well as of sorrow, if we, thirty millions—Europeans by extraction, Americans by birth or discipline, and Christians in faith, and meaning to be such in practice—cannot so combine prudence with humanity, in our conduct concerning the one disturbing subject of slavery, as not only to preserve our unequalled institutions of freedom but also to enjoy their benefits with contentment and harmony.

Wherever a guiltless slave exists, be he Caucasian, American, Malay, or African, he is the subject of two distinct and opposite ideas—one that he is wrongly, the other that he is rightly, a slave. The balance of numbers on either side, however great, never completely extinguishes this difference of opinion, for there are always some defenders of slavery outside, even if there are none inside, of a free State, while also there are always outside, if there are not inside, of every slave State, many who assert, with Milton, that "no man who knows aught can be so stupid to deny that all men naturally were born free, being the image and resemblance of God himself, and were by privilege above all the creatures born to command and not to obey."

It often, perhaps generally, happens, however, that in considering the subject of slavery society seems to overlook the

natural right or personal interest of the slave himself and to act exclusively for the welfare of the citizen. But this fact does not materially affect ultimate results, for the elementary question of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of slavery inheres in every form that discussion concerning it assumes. What is just to one class of men can never be injurious to any other; and what is unjust to any condition of persons in a State is necessarily injurious, in some degree, to the whole community.

An economical question early arises out of the subject of slavery—labor, either of freemen or of slaves, is the cardinal necessity of society. Some States choose the one kind, some the other. Hence two municipal systems, widely different, arise. The slave State strikes down and affects to extinguish the personality of the laborer, not only as a member of the political body but also as a parent, husband, child, neighbor, or friend. He thus becomes, in a political view, merely property, without moral capacity, and without domestic, moral, and social relations, duties, rights, and remedies—a chattel, an object of bargain, sale, gift, inheritance, or theft.

His earnings are compensated and his wrongs atoned, not to himself, but to his owner. The State protects not the slave as a man, but the capital of another man, which he represents. On the other hand the State which rejects slavery encourages and animates and invigorates the laborer by maintaining and developing his natural personality in all the rights and faculties of manhood, and generally with the privileges of citizenship.

In the one case, capital invested in slaves becomes a great political force; while in the other, labor, thus elevated and enfranchised, becomes the dominating political power. It thus happens that we may, for convenience sake, and not in-

accurately, call slave States capital States, and free States labor States.

So soon as a State feels the impulses of commerce, or enterprise, or ambition, its citizens begin to study the effects of these systems of capital and labor respectively on its intelligence, its virtue, its tranquillity, its integrity or unity, its defence, its prosperity, its liberty, its happiness, its aggrandizement, and its fame.

In other words, the great question arises, whether slavery is a moral, social, and political good, or a moral, social, and political evil. This is the slavery question at home. But there is a mutual bond of amity and brotherhood between man and man throughout the world. Nations examine freely the political systems of each other and of all preceding times, and accordingly as they approve or disapprove of the two systems of capital and labor respectively, they sanction and prosecute, or condemn and prohibit, commerce in men.

Thus, in one way or in another, the slavery question, which so many among us, who are more willing to rule than patient in studying the conditions of society, think is a merely accidental or unnecessary question, that might and ought to be settled and dismissed at once, is, on the contrary, a world-wide and enduring subject of political consideration and civil administration. Men, States, and nations, entertain it, not voluntarily, but because the progress of society continually brings it into their way. They divide upon it, not perversely, but because, owing to differences of constitution, condition, or circumstances, they cannot agree.

The fathers of the Republic encountered it. They even adjusted it so that it might have given us much less than our present disquiet had not circumstances afterwards occurred which they, wise as they were, had not clearly foreseen. Al-

though they had inherited, yet they generally condemned, the practice of slavery and hoped for its discontinuance. They expressed this when they asserted in the Declaration of Independence, as a fundamental principle of American society, that all men are created equal and have inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Each State, however, reserved to itself exclusive political power over the subject of slavery within its own borders. Nevertheless, it unavoidably presented itself in their consultations on a bond of federal union. The new government was to be a representative one. Slaves were capital in some States, in others capital had no investments in labor. Should those slaves be represented as capital or as persons, taxed as capital or as persons, or should they not be represented or taxed at all?

The fathers disagreed, debated long, and compromised at last. Each State, they determined, shall have two senators in Congress. Three fifths of the slaves shall be elsewhere represented and be taxed as persons. What should be done if the slave should escape into a labor State? Should that State confess him to be a chattel and restore him as such, or might it regard him as a person and harbor and protect him as a man?

They compromised again and decided that no person held to labor or service in one State by the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, by any law or regulation of that State, be discharged from such labor or service, but shall be delivered up on claim to the person to whom such labor or service shall be due.

Free laborers would immigrate, and slaves might be imported into the States. The fathers agreed that Congress may establish uniform laws of naturalization, and it might

prohibit the importation of persons after 1808. Communities in the Southwest, detached from the southern States, were growing up in the practice of slavery, to be capital States.

New States would soon grow up in the Northwest, while as yet capital stood aloof, and labor had not lifted the axe to begin there its endless but beneficent task. The fathers authorized Congress to make all needful rules and regulations concerning the management and disposition of the public lands and to admit new States.

So the constitution, while it does not disturb or affect the system of capital in slaves, existing in any State under its own laws, does, at the same time, recognize every human being, when within any exclusive sphere of federal jurisdiction, not as capital, but as a person.

What was the action of the fathers in Congress? They admitted the new States of the Southwest as capital States, because it was practically impossible to do otherwise, and by the Ordinance of 1787, confirmed in 1789, they provided for the organization and admission of only labor States in the Northwest. They directed fugitives from service to be restored, not as chattels, but as persons. They awarded naturalization to immigrant free laborers and they probibited the trade in African labor. This disposition of the whole subject was in harmony with the condition of society, and in the main with the spirit of the age. The seven northern States contentedly became labor States by their own acts. The six southern States, with equal tranquillity and by their own determination, remained capital States.

The circumstances which the fathers did not clearly foresee were two, namely: the reinvigoration of slavery consequent on the increased consumption of cotton, and the exten-

sion of the national domain across the Mississippi, and these occurred before 1820. The State of Louisiana formed on a slaveholding French settlement, within the newly-acquired Louisianian Territory, had then already been admitted into the Union. There yet remained, however, a vast region which included Arkansas and Missouri, together with the then unoccupied and even unnamed Kansas and Nebraska. Arkansas, a slave-holding community, was nearly ready to apply, and Missouri, another such Territory, was actually applying for admission into the federal Union. The existing capital States seconded these applications, and claimed that the whole Louisianian Territory was rightfully open to slavery and to the organization of future slave States.

The labor States maintained that Congress had supreme legislative power within the domain and could and ought to exclude slavery there. The question thus opened was one which related not at all to slavery in the existing capital States. It was purely and simply a national question, whether the common interest of the whole Republic required that Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska should become capital States, with all the evils and dangers of slavery, or be labor States, with all the security, benefits, and blessings of freedom.

On the decision was suspended the question, as was thought, whether ultimately the interior of this new continent should be an asylum for the oppressed and the exile, coming year after year and age after age, voluntarily from every other civilized land, as well as for the children of misfortune in our own, or whether, through the renewal of the African slave trade, those magnificent and luxuriant regions should be surrendered to the control of capital, wringing out the fruits of the earth through the impoverishing toil of negro slaves.

That question of 1820 was identically the question of 1860, so far as principle, and even the field of its application, was concerned. Every element of the controversy now present entered it then; the rightfulness or the wrongfulness of slavery; its effects, present and future; the constitutional authority of Congress; the claims of the States, and of their citizens; the nature of the federal Union, whether it is a compact between the States, or an independent government; the springs of its powers, and the ligatures upon their exercise.

All these were discussed with zeal and ability which have never been surpassed. History tells us, I know not how truly, that the Union reeled under the vehemence of that great debate. Patriotism took counsel from prudence and enforced a settlement which has proved to be not a final one; and which, as is now seen, practically left open all the great political issues which were involved. Missouri and Arkansas were admitted as capital States, while labor obtained, as a reservation, the abridged but yet comprehensive field of Kansas and Nebraska.

Now, when the present conditions of the various parts of the Louisianian territory are observed, and we see that capital retains undisputed possession of what it then obtained, while labor is convulsing the country with so hard and so prolonged a struggle to regain the lost equivalent which was then guaranteed to it under circumstances of so great solemnity, we may well desire not to be undeceived if the Missouri compromise was indeed unnecessarily accepted by the free States, influenced by exaggerations of the dangers of disunion. The Missouri debate disclosed truths of great moment for ulterior use:

First. That it is easy to combine the capital States in de-

fence of even external interests, while it is hard to unite the labor States in a common policy.

Second. That the labor States have a natural loyalty to the Union, while the capital States have a natural facility for alarming that loyalty by threatening disunion.

Third. That the capital States do not practically distinguish between legitimate and constitutional resistance to the extension of slavery in the common Territories of the Union, and unconstitutional aggression against slavery established by local laws in the capital States.

The early political parties were organized without reference to slavery. But since 1820 European questions have left us practically unconcerned. There has been a great increase of invention, mining, manufacture, and cultivation. Steam on land and on water has quickened commerce. The press and the telegraph have attained prodigious activity and the social intercourse between the States and their citizens has been immeasurably increased; and consequently, their mutual relations affecting slavery have been for many years subjects of earnest and often excited discussion.

It is in my way only to show how such disputes have operated on the course of political events—not to reopen them for argument here. There was a slave insurrection in Virginia. Virginia and Kentucky debated, and to the great sorrow of the free States, rejected the system of voluntary labor. The Colonization Society was established with much favor in the capital States. Emancipation societies arose in the free States. South Carolina instituted proceedings to nullify obnoxious federal revenue laws.

The capital States complained of courts and legislatures in the labor States for interpreting the constitutional provision for the surrender of fugitives from service so as to treat them

as persons and not property, and they discriminated against colored persons of the labor States when they came to the capital States. They denied in Congress the right of petition, and embarrassed or denied freedom of debate on the subject of slavery. Presses which undertook the defence of the labor system in the capital States were suppressed by violence; and even in the labor States public assemblies, convened to consider slavery questions, were dispersed by mobs sympathizing with the capital States.

The Whig party, being generally an opposition party, practised some forbearance toward the interest of labor. The Democratic party, not without demonstrations of dissent, was generally found sustaining the policy of capital. A disposition towards the removal of slavery from the presence of the national Capitol appeared in the District of Columbia. Mr. Van Buren, a Democratic President, launched a prospective veto against the anticipated measure. A Democratic Congress brought Texas into the Union, stipulating practically for its future reorganization into four slave States. Mexico was incensed. War ensued. The labor States asked that the Mexican law of liberty, which covered the Territories brought in by the treaty of peace, might remain and be confirmed. The Democratic party refused. The Missouri debate of 1820 recurred now, under circumstances of heat and excitement, in relation to these conquests. The defenders of labor took alarm lest the number of new capital States might become so great as to enable that class of States to dictate the whole policy of the government; and in case of constitutional resistance, then to form a new slave-holding confederacy around the Gulf of Mexico.

By this time the capital States seemed to have become fixed in a determination that the federal government, and

even the labor States, should recognize their slaves, though outside of the slave States and within the Territories of the United States, as property of which the master could not be in any way or by any authority divested; and the labor States, having become now more essentially Democratic than ever before, by reason of the great development of free labor, more firmly than ever insisted on the constitutional doctrine that slaves voluntarily carried by their masters into the common Territories, or into labor States, are persons, men.

Under the auspicious influences of a Whig success, California and New Mexico appeared before Congress as labor States. The capital States refused to consent to their admission into the Union; and again threats of disunion carried terror and consternation throughout the land.

Another compromise was made. Specific enactments admitted California as a labor State and remanded New Mexico and Utah to remain Territories, with the right to choose freedom or slavery when ripened into States, while they gave new remedies for the recaption of fugitives from service, and abolished the open slave market in the District of Columbia.

These new enactments, collated with the existing statutes, namely, the ordinance of 1787, the Missouri prohibitory law of 1820, and the articles of Texas annexation, disposed by law of the subject of slavery in all the Territories of the United States.

And so the compromise of 1850 was pronounced a full, final, absolute, and comprehensive settlement of all existing and all possible disputes concerning slavery under the federal authority. The two great parties, fearful for the Union, struck hands in making and in presenting this as an adjustment, never afterwards to be opened, disturbed, or even questioned, and the people accepted it by majorities unknown

before. The new President, chosen over an illustrious rival, unequivocally on the ground of greater ability, even if not more reliable purpose, to maintain the new treaty inviolate, made haste to justify this expectation when Congress assembled. He said:

"When the grave shall have closed over all who are now endeavoring to meet the obligations of duty, the year 1850 will be recurred to as a period filled with anxiety and apprehension. A successful war has just terminated; peace brought with it a great augmentation of territory. Disturbing questions arose, bearing upon the domestic institutions of a portion of the Confederacy, and involving the constitutional rights of the States. But, notwithstanding differences of opinion and sentiment in relation to details and specific provisions the acquiescence of distinguished citizens, whose devotion to the Union can never be doubted, has given renewed vigor to our institutions and restored a sense of security and repose to the public mind throughout the Confederacy. That this repose is to suffer no shock during my official term, if I have the power to avert it, those who placed me here may be assured."

Hardly, however, had these inspiring sounds died away throughout a reassured and delighted land before the national repose was shocked again; shocked, indeed, as it had never before been, and smitten this time by a blow from the very hand that had just released the chords of the national harp from their utterance of that exalted symphony of peace.

Kansas and Nebraska, the long-devoted reservation of labor and freedom, saved in the agony of national fear in 1820, and saved again in the panic of 1850, were now to be opened by Congress, that the never-ending course of seed-time and harvest might begin. The slave capitalists of Missouri, from their own well-assured homes on the eastern banks of their noble river, looked down upon and coveted the fertile prairies of Kansas; while a sudden terror ran through all the capital

States when they saw a seeming certainty that at last a new labor State would be built on their western border, inevitably fraught, as they said, with a near or remote abolition of slavery.

What could be done? Congress could hardly be expected to intervene directly for their safety so soon after the compromise of 1850. The labor hive of the free States was distant, the way new, unknown, and not without perils. Missouri was near and watchful, and held the keys of the gates of Kansas. She might seize the new and smiling Territory by surprise if only Congress would remove the barrier established in 1820.

The conjuncture was favorable. Clay and Webster, the distinguished citizens whose unquestionable devotion to the Union was manifested by their acquiescence in the compromise of 1850, had gone down already into their honored graves. The labor States had dismissed many of their representatives here for too great fidelity to freedom and too great distrust of the efficacy of that new bond of peace, and had replaced them with partisans who were only timid but not unwilling.

The Democratic President and Congress hesitated, but not long. They revised the last great compromise and found, with delighted surprise, that it was so far from confirming the law of freedom of 1820 that, on the other hand, it exactly provided for the abrogation of that venerated statute; nay, that the compromise itself actually killed the spirit of the Missouri law, and devolved on Congress the duty of removing the lifeless letter from the national code.

The deed was done. The new enactment not only repealed the Missouri prohibition of slavery, but it pronounced the people of Kansas and Nebraska perfectly free to establish freedom or slavery and pledged Congress to admit them in due time as States, either of capital or of labor, into the Union.

The Whig representatives of the capital States, in an hour of strange bewilderment, concurred; and the Whig party instantly went down, never to rise again. Democrats seceded and stood aloof; the country was confounded; and amid the perplexities of the hour a Republican party was seen gathering itself together with much earnestness, but with little show of organization, to rescue, if it were not now too late, the cause of freedom and labor, so unexpectedly and grievously imperilled in the Territories of the United States.

I will not linger over the sequel. The popular sovereignty of Kansas proved to be the State sovereignty of Missouri, not only in the persons of the rulers, but even in the letter of an arbitrary and cruel code.

The perfect freedom proved to be a hateful and intolerable bondage. From 1855 to 1860 Kansas, sustained and encouraged only by the Republican party, has been engaged in successive and ever-varying struggles, which have taxed all her virtue, wisdom, moderation, energies, and resources, and often even her physical strength and martial courage, to save herself from being betrayed into the Union as a slave State.

Nebraska, though choosing freedom, is, through the direct exercise of the executive power, overriding her own will, held as a slave Territory; and New Mexico has relapsed voluntarily into the practice of slavery, from which she had redeemed herself while she yet remained a part of the Mexican republic.

Meantime, the Democratic party, advancing from the ground of popular sovereignty as far as that ground is from the Ordinance of 1787, now stands on the position that both Territorial governments and Congress are incompetent to legislate against slavery in the Territories, while they are not only competent, but are obliged, when it is necessary. to legislate for its protection there.

In this new and extreme position the Democratic party now masks itself behind the battery of the supreme court, as if it were possibly a true construction of the constitution, that the power of deciding practically forever between freedom and slavery in a portion of the continent far exceeding all that is yet organized, should be renounced by Congress, which alone possesses any legislative authority, and should be assumed and exercised by a court which can only take cognizance of the great question collaterally, in a private action between individuals, and which action the constitution will not suffer the court to entertain if it involves twenty dollars of money without the overruling intervention of a jury of twelve good and lawful men of the neighborhood where the litigation arises.

The independent, ever-renewed, and ever-recurring representative parliament, diet, congress, or legislature is the one chief, paramount, essential, indispensable institution in a republic. Even liberty, guaranteed by organic law, yet if it be held by other tenure than the guardian care of such a representative popular assembly, is but precariously maintained, while slavery, enforced by an irresponsible judicial tribunal, is the completest possible development of despotism.

Mr. President, did ever the annals of any government show a more rapid or more complete departure from the wisdom and virtue of its founders? Did ever the government of a great empire, founded on the rights of human labor, slide away so fast and so far, and moor itself so tenaciously on the basis of capital, and that capital invested in laboring men? Did ever a free representative legislature, invested with powers so great and with the guardianship of rights so important, of trusts so sacred, of interests so precious, and of hopes at once so noble and so comprehensive, surrender and renounce them all

so unnecessarily, so unwisely, so fatally, and so ingloriously?

If it be true, as every instinct of our nature and every precept of political experience teaches us, that

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,"

then where—in Ireland, in Italy, in Poland, or in Hungary—has any ruler prepared for a generous and confiding people disappointments, disasters, and calamities equal to those which the government of the United States holds now suspended over so large a portion of the continent of North America?

Citizens of the United States, in the spirit of this policy, subverted the free republic of Nicaragua and opened it to slavery and the African slave-trade and held it in that condition, waiting annexation to the United States, until its sovereignty was restored by a combination of sister republics exposed to the same danger and apprehensive of similar subversion.

Other citizens reopened the foreign slave-trade in violation of our laws and treaties; and, after a suspension of that shameful traffic for fifty years, savage Africans have been once more landed on our shores and distributed, unreclaimed and with impunity, among our plantations.

For this policy, so far as the government has sanctioned it, the Democratic party avows itself responsible. Everywhere complaint against it is denounced, and its opponents proscribed. When Kansas was writhing under the wounds of incipient, servile war, because of her resistance, the Democratic press deridingly said, "Let her bleed." Official integrity has been cause for rebuke and punishment when it resisted frauds designed to promote the extension of slavery. Throughout the whole republic there is not one known dissenter from

that policy remaining in place, if within reach of the executive arm. Nor over the face of the whole world is there to be found one representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery.

It is in America that these things have happened. In the nineteenth century, the era of the world's greatest progress and while all nations but ourselves have been either abridging or altogether suppressing commerce in men; at the very moment when the Russian serf is emancipated, and the Georgian captive, the Nubian prisoner, and the Abyssinian savage are lifted up to freedom by the successor of Mohammed. The world, prepossessed in our behalf by our early devotion to the rights of human nature, as no nation ever before engaged its respect and sympathies, asks, in wonder and amazement, what all this demoralization means?

It has an excuse better than the world can imagine, better than we are generally conscious of ourselves, a virtuous excuse. We have loved not freedom so much less, but the Union of our country so much more. We have been made to believe from time to time that in a crisis both of these precious institutions could not be saved together, and therefore we have from time to time surrendered safeguards of freedom to propitiate the loyalty of capital and stay its hands from doing violence to the Union.

The true state of the case, however, ought not to be a mystery to ourselves. Prescience, indeed, is not given to statesmen; but we are without excuse when we fail to apprehend the logic of current events. Let parties, or the government, choose or do what they may, the people of the United States do not prefer the wealth of the few to the liberty of the many, capital to labor, African slaves to white freemen, in the national Territories and in future States.

That question has never been distinctly recognized or acted on by them. The Republican party embodies the popular protest and reaction against a policy which has been fastened upon the nation by surprise and which its reason and conscience, concurring with the reason and conscience of mankind, condemn.

The choice of the nation is now between the Democratic party and the Republican party. Its principles and policy are therefore justly and even necessarily examined. I know of only one policy which it has adopted or avowed, namely: the saving of the Territories of the United States, if possible, by constitutional and lawful means, from being homes for slavery and polygamy. Who that considers where this nation exists, of what races it is composed, in what age of the world it acts its part on the public stage, and what are its predominant institutions, customs, habits, and sentiments, doubts that the Republican party can and will, if unwaveringly faithful to that policy, and just and loyal in all beside, carry it into triumphal success? To doubt is to be uncertain whether civilization can improve or Christianity save mankind.

I may perhaps infer, from the necessity of the case, that it will, in all courts and places, stand by the freedom of speech and of the press and the constitutional rights of freemen everywhere; that it will favor the speedy improvement of the public domain by homestead laws, and will encourage mining, manufacture, and internal commerce, with needful connections between the Atlantic and Pacific States—for all these are important interests of freedom. For all the rest, the national emergencies, not individual influences, must determine, as society goes on, the policy and character of the Republican party. Already bearing its part in legislation and in treaties, it feels the necessity of being practical in its

care of the national health and life, while it leaves metaphysical speculation to those whose duty it is to cultivate the ennobling science of political philosophy.

But in the midst of these subjects, or, rather, before fully reaching them, the Republican party encounters, unexpectedly, a new and potential issue—one prior and therefore paramount to all others, one of national life and death. Just as if so much had not been already conceded; nay, just as if nothing at all had ever been conceded, to the interest of capital invested in men, we hear menaces of disunion, louder, more distinct, more emphatic than ever, with the condition annexed that they shall be executed the moment that a Republican administration, though constitutionally elected, shall assume the government.

I do not certainly know that the people are prepared to call such an administration to power. I know only that through a succession of floods which never greatly excite, and ebbs which never entirely discourage me, the volume of Republicanism rises continually higher and higher. They are probably wise whose apprehensions admonish them that it is already strong enough for effect.

Hitherto the Republican party has been content with one self-interrogatory—how many votes can it cast? These threats enforce another—has it determination enough to cast them? This latter question touches its spirit and pride. I am quite sure, however, that as it has hitherto practised self-denial in so many other forms, it will in this emergency lay aside all impatience of temper, together with all ambition, and will consider these extraordinary declamations seriously and with a just moderation. It would be a waste of words to demonstrate that they are unconstitutional, and equally idle to show that the responsibility for disunion, attempted or effected, must rest

not with those who in the exercise of constitutional authority maintain the government, but with those who unconstitutionally engage in the mad work of subverting it.

What are the excuses for these menaces? They resolve themselves into this, that the Republican party in the North is hostile to the South. But it already is proved to be a majority in the North; it is therefore practically the people of the North. Will it not still be the same North that has forborne with you so long, and conceded to you so much? Can you justly assume that affection, which has been so complying, can all at once change to hatred, intense and inexorable?

You say that the Republican party is a sectional one. Is the Democratic party less sectional? Is it easier for us to bear your sectional sway than for you to bear ours? Is it unreasonable that for once we should alternate? But is the Republican party sectional? Not unless the Democratic party is. The Republican party prevails in the House of Representatives sometimes, the Democratic party in the Senate always. Which of the two is the most proscriptive?

Come, come, come, if you will, into the free States, into the State of New York, anywhere from Lake Erie to Sag Harbor, among my neighbors in the Owasco valley, hold your conventions, nominate your candidates, address the people, submit to them, fully, earnestly, eloquently, all your complaints and grievances of northern disloyalty, oppression, perfidy; keep nothing back, speak just as freely and as loudly there as you do here; you will have hospitable welcomes and appreciating audiences, with ballot-boxes open for all the votes you can win. Are you less sectional than this? Extend to us the same privileges and I will engage that you will very soon have in the South as many Republicans as we have Democrats in the North.

There is, however, a better test of nationality than the accidental location of parties. Our policy of labor in the Territories was not sectional in the first forty years of the republic. Its nature inheres. It will be national again, during the third forty years, and forever afterward. It is not wise and beneficent for us alone, or injurious to you alone. Its effects are equal and the same for us all.

You accuse the Republican party of ulterior and secret designs. How can a party that counts its votes in this land of free speech and free press by the hundreds of thousands have any secret designs? Who is the conjurer and where are the hidden springs by which he can control its uncongregated and widely-dispersed masses and direct them to objects unseen and purposes unavowed? But what are these hidden purposes? You name only one. That one is to introduce negro equality among you. Suppose we had the power to change your social system: what warrant have you for supposing that we should carry negro equality among you? We know, and we will show you, if you will only give heed, that what our system of labor works out, wherever it works out anything, is the equality of white men. The laborer in the free States, no matter how humble his occupation, is a white man, and he is politically the equal of his employer.

Eighteen of our thirty-three States are free-labor States. There they are: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, California, and Oregon. I do not array them in contrast with the capital States. I am no assailant of States. All of the States are parcels of my own country—the best of them not so wise and great as I am sure it will hereafter be; the State least developed and perfected among them

all is wiser and better than any foreign state I know. Is it, then, in any, and in which, of the States I have named that negro equality offends the white man's pride? Throughout the wide world, where is the state where class and caste are so utterly extinguished as they are in each and every one of them?

Let the European immigrant, who avoids the African as if his skin exhaled contagion, answer. You find him always in the State where labor is ever free. Did Washington, Jefferson, and Henry, when they implored you to relinquish your system and accept the one we have adopted, propose to sink you down to the level of the African, or was it their desire to exalt all white men to a common political elevation?

But we do not seek to force, or even to intrude, our system on you. We are excluded justly, wisely, and contentedly from all political power and responsibility in your capital States. You are sovereign on the subject of slavery within your own borders, as we are on the same subject within our borders. It is well and wisely so arranged. Use your authority to maintain what system you please.

We are not distrustful of the result. We have wisely, as we think, exercised ours to protect and perfect the manhood of the members of the State. The whole sovereignty upon domestic concerns within the Union is divided between us by unmistakable boundaries. You have your fifteen distinct parts; we eighteen parts, equally distinct. Each must be maintained in order that the whole may be preserved.

If ours shall be assailed, within or without, by any enemy, or for any cause, and we shall have need, we shall expect you to defend it. If yours shall be so assailed, in the emergency, no matter what the cause or the pretext, or who the foe, we shall defend your sovereignty as the equivalent of our own.

We cannot, indeed, accept your system of capital or its ethics. That would be to surrender and subvert our own, which we esteem to be better. Besides, if we could, what need for any division into States at all? You are equally at liberty to reject our system and its ethics, and to maintain the superiority of your own by all the forces of persuasion and argument.

We must, indeed, mutually discuss both systems. All the world discusses all systems. Especially must we discuss them, since we have to decide as a nation which of the two we ought to engraft on the new and future States growing up in the great public domain. Discussion, then, being unavoidable, what could be more wise than to conduct it with mutual toleration and in a fraternal spirit?

You complain that Republicans discourse too boldly and directly, when they express with confidence their belief that the system of labor will, in the end, be universally accepted by the capital States, acting for themselves, and in conformity with their own constitutions, while they sanction too unreservedly books designed to advocate emancipation. But surely you can hardly expect the federal government or the political parties of the nation to maintain a censorship of the press or of debate.

The theory of our system is, that error of opinion may in all cases safely be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. Will it be claimed that more of moderation and tenderness in debate are exhibited on your side of the great argument than on our own? We all learned our polemics, as well as our principles, from a common master. We are sure that we do not, on our side, exceed his lessons and example. Thomas Jefferson addressed Dr. Price, an Englishman, concerning his treatise on emancipation in America, in this fashion:

"Southward of the Chesapeake, your book will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment on the subject of slavery. From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practice; a minority which, for weight and worth of character, preponderates against the greater number who have not the courage to divest their families of a property which, however, keeps their consciences unquiet. Northward of the Chesapeake, you may find here and there an opponent to your doctrine, as you may find here and there a robber or a murderer; but in no greater number. . . .

"This [Virginia] is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle of justice in conflict with avarice and oppression—a conflict where the sacred side is gaining daily new recruits from the influx into office of young men, grown and growing up. . . . Be not, then, discouraged. What you have written will do a great deal of good; and could you still trouble yourself about our welfare, no man is more able to help the laboring side."

You see, sir, that whether we go for or against slavery anywhere, we must follow Southern guides. You may change your pilots with the winds or the currents; but we, whose nativity, reckoned under the north star, has rendered us somewhat superstitious, must be excused for constancy in following the guidance of those who framed the national ship and gave us the chart for its noble voyage.

A profound respect and friendly regard for the Vice-President of the United States has induced me to weigh carefully the testimony he has given on the subject of the hostility against the South imputed to the Republican party, as derived from the relations of the representatives of the two parties at this capital. He says that he has seen here, in the representatives of the lower southern States, a most resolute and earnest spirit of resistance to the Republican party; that

he perceives a sensible loss of that spirit of brotherhood and that feeling of loyalty, together with that love for a common country, which are at last the surest cement of the Union; so that, in the present unhappy condition of affairs, he is almost tempted to exclaim, that we are dissolving week by week, and month by month; that the threads are gradually fretting themselves asunder; and a stranger might suppose that the executive of the United States was the President of two hostile republics.

It is not for me to raise a doubt upon the correctness of this dark picture, so far as the Southern groups upon the canvas are concerned, but I must be indulged in the opinion that I can pronounce as accurately concerning the Northern or Republican representatives here as any one. I know their public haunts and their private ways. We are not a hostile republic, or representatives of one. We confer together, but only as the organs of every party do, and must do, in a political system which obliges us to act sometimes as partisans, while it requires us always to be patriots and statesmen. Differences of opinion, even on the subject of slavery, with us are political, not social or personal differences.

There is not one disunionist or disloyalist among us all. We are altogether unconscious of any process of dissolution going on among us or around us. We have never been more patient, and never loved the representatives of other sections more, than now. We bear the same testimony for the people around us here, who, though in the very centre, where the bolt of disunion must fall first, and be most fearful in its effects, seem never less disturbed than now. We bear the same testimony for all the districts and States we represent. The people of the North are not enemies, but friends and brethren of the South, faithful and true as in the days when

Death has dealt his arrows promiscuously among them on common battlefields of freedom.

We will not suffer ourselves here to dwell on any evidences of a different temper in the South; but we shall be content with expressing our belief that hostility that is not designedly provoked, and that cannot provoke retaliation, is an anomaly that must be traced to casual excitements, which cannot perpetuate alienation.

A canvass for a presidential election, in some respects more important, perhaps, than any since 1800, has recently begun. The House of Representatives was to be organized by a majority, while no party could cast more than a plurality of votes. The gloom of the late tragedy in Virginia rested on the Capitol from the day when Congress assembled. While the two great political parties were peacefully, lawfully, and constitutionally, though zealously, conducting the great national issue between free labor and capital labor for the Territories to its proper solution, through the trials of the ballot, operating directly or indirectly on the various departments of the government, a band of exceptional men, contemptuous equally of that great question and of the parties to the controversy, and impatient of the constitutional system which confines the citizens of every State to political action by suffrage in organized parties within their own borders, inspired by an enthusiasm peculiar to themselves, and exasperated by grievances and wrongs that some of them had suffered by inroads of armed propagandists of slavery in Kansas, unlawful as their own retaliation was, attempted to subvert slavery in Virginia by conspiracy, ambush, invasion, and force. The method we have adopted, of appealing to the reason and judgment of the people, to be pronounced by suffrage, is the only one by which free government can be main-

tained anywhere, and the only one as yet devised which is in harmony with the spirit of the Christian religion.

While generous and charitable natures will probably concede that John Brown and his associates acted on earnest though fatally erroneous convictions, yet all good citizens will nevertheless agree, that this attempt to execute an unlawful purpose in Virginia by invasion, involving servile war, was an act of sedition and treason, and criminal in just the extent that it affected the public peace and was destructive of human happiness and human life.

It is a painful reflection that, after so long an experience of the beneficent working of our system as we have enjoyed, we have had these new illustrations in Kansas and Virginia of the existence among us of a class of men so misguided and so desperate as to seek to enforce their peculiar principles by the sword, drawing after it a need for the further illustration by their punishment of that great moral truth, especially applicable in a republic, that they who take up the sword as a weapon of controversy shall perish by the sword.

In the latter case, the lamented deaths of so many citizens, slain from an ambush and by surprise,—all the more lamentable because they were innocent victims of a frenzy kindled without their agency, in far distant fires,—the deaths even of the offenders themselves, pitiable, although necessary and just, because they acted under delirium, which blinded their judgments to the real nature of their criminal enterprise; the alarm and consternation naturally awakened throughout the country, exciting for the moment the fear that our whole system, with all its securities for life and liberty, was coming to an end—a fear none the more endurable because continually aggravated by new chimeras to which the great leading event lent an air of probability; surely all these constituted

a sum of public misery which ought to have satisfied the most morbid appetite for social horrors.

But, as in the case of the gunpowder plot, and the Salem witchcraft, and the New York colonial negro plot, so now; the original actors were swiftly followed by another and kindred class, who sought to prolong and widen the public distress by attempting to direct the indignation which it had excited against parties guiltless equally of complicity and of sympathy with the offenders.

Posterity will decide in all the recent cases where political responsibility for public disasters must fall; and posterity will give little heed to our interested instructions. It was not until the gloomy reign of Domitian had ended and liberty and virtue had found assured refuge under the sway of the milder Nerva that the historian arose whose narrative of that period of tyranny and terror has been accepted by mankind.

The Republican party being thus vindicated against the charge of hostility to the South, which has been offered in excuse for the menaces of unconstitutional resistance in the event of its success, I feel well assured that it will sustain me in meeting them in the spirit of the defender of the English commonwealth:

"Surely, they that shall boast as we do to be a free nation, and having the power, shall not also have the courage, to remove, constitutionally, every governor, whether he be the supreme or subordinate, may please their fancy with a ridiculous and painted freedom, fit to cozen babies, but are, indeed, under tyranny and servitude, as wanting that power, which is the root and source of all liberty, to dispose of and economize in the land which God hath given them, as members of family in their own home and free inheritance. Without which natural and essential power of a free nation, though bearing high their heads, they can, in due esteem, be thought

no better than slaves and vassals born in the tenure and occupation of another inheriting lord, whose government, though not illegal or intolerable, hangs on them as a lordly scourge, not as a free government."

The Republican party knows, as the whole country will ultimately come to understand, that the noblest objects of national life must perish, if that life itself shall be lost, and therefore it will accept the issue tendered. It will take up the word union, which others are so willing to renounce, and, combining it with that other glorious thought, liberty, which has been its inspiration so long, it will move firmly onward, with the motto inscribed on its banner, "union and liberty, come what may, in victory as in defeat, in power as out of power, now and forever."

If the Republican party maintain the Union, who and what party is to assail it? Only the Democratic party, for there is no other. Will the Democratic party take up the assault? The menaces of disunion are made, though not in its name, yet in its behalf. It must avow or disavow them. Its silence, thus far, is portentous, but is not alarming. The effect of the intimidation, if successful, would be to continue the rule of the Democratic party, though a minority, by terror. It certainly ought to need no more than this to secure the success of the Republican party. If, indeed, the time has come when the Democratic party must rule by terror, instead of ruling through conceded public confidence, then it is quite certain that it cannot be dismissed from power too soon. Ruling on that odious principle, it could not long save either the constitution or public liberty.

But I shall not believe the Democratic party will consent to stand in this position, though it does, through the action of its representatives, seem to cover and sustain those who

threaten disunion. I know the Democracy of the North. I know them now in their waning strength. I do not know a possible disunionist among them all. I believe they will be as faithful to the Union now as they were in the bygone days when their ranks were full and their challenge to the combat was always the warcry of victory.

But if it shall prove otherwise, then the world will all the sooner know that every party in this country must stand on union ground; that the American people will sustain no party that is not capable of making a sacrifice of its ambition on the altar of the country; that, although a party may have never so much of prestige, and never such traditional merit, yet, if it be lacking in the one virtue of loyalty to the Union, all its advantages will be unavailing; and then, obnoxious as, through long-cherished and obstinate prejudices, the Republican party is in the capital States, yet even there it will advance like an army with banners, winning the favor of the whole people, and it will be armed with the national confidence and support, when it shall be found the only party that defends and maintains the integrity of the Union.

Those who seek to awaken the terrors of disunion seem to me to have too hastily considered the conditions under which they are to make their attempt. Who believes that a Republican administration and Congress could practise tyranny under a constitution which interposes so many checks as ours? Yet that tyranny must not only be practised, but must be intolerable, and there must be no remaining hope for constitutional relief, before forcible resistance can find ground to stand on anywhere.

The people of the United States, acting in conformity with the constitution, are the supreme tribunal to try and determine all political issues. They are as competent to decide

the issues of to-day as they have been heretofore to decide the issues of other days. They can reconsider hereafter and reverse, if need be, the judgment they shall pronounce to-day, as they have more than once reconsidered and reversed their judgments in former times. It needs no revolution to correct any error, or prevent any danger, under any circumstances.

Nor is any new or special cause for revolution likely to occur under a Republican administration. We are engaged in no new transaction, not even in a new dispute. Our fathers undertook a great work for themselves, for us, and for our successors—to erect a free and federal empire, whose arches shall span the North American continent, and reflect the rays of the sun throughout his whole passage from the one to the other of the great oceans. They erected thirteen of its columns all at once. These are standing now, the admiration of mankind.

Their successors added twenty more; even we who are here have shaped and elevated three of that twenty, and all these are as firm and steadfast as the first thirteen; and more will yet be necessary when we shall have rested from our labors. Some among us prefer for these columns a composite material; others, the pure white marble.

Our fathers and our predeeessors differed in the same way, and on the same point. What execrations should we not all unite in pronouncing on any statesman who heretofore, from mere disappointment and disgust at being overruled in his choice of materials for any new column then to be quarried, should have laid violent hands on the imperfect structure and brought it down to the earth, there to remain a wreck, instead of a citadel of a world's best hopes!

I remain now in the opinion I have uniformly expressed here and elsewhere, that these hasty threats of disunion are

so unnatural that they will find no hand to execute them. We are of one race, language, liberty, and faith; engaged, indeed, in varied industry, but even that industry, so diversified, brings us into more intimate relations with each other than any other people, however homogeneous, and though living under a consolidated government, ever maintained. We languish throughout, if one joint of our federal frame is smitten; while it is certain that a part dissevered must perish.

You may refine as you please about the structure of the government, and say that it is a compact, and that a breach by one of the States or by Congress of any one article absolves all the members from allegiance, and that the States may separate when they have, or fancy they have, cause for war. But once try to subvert it, and you will find that it is a government of the whole people—as individuals, as well as a compact of States; that every individual member of the body politic is conscious of his interest and power in it and knows that he will be helpless, powerless, hopeless, when it shall have gone down. Mankind have a natural right, a natural instinct, and a natural capacity for self-government; and when, as here, they are sufficiently ripened by culture, they will and must have self-government, and no other.

The framers of our constitution, with a wisdom that surpassed all previous understanding among men, adapted it to these inherent elements of human nature. He strangely, blindly misunderstands the anatomy of the great system who thinks that its only bonds, or even its strongest ligaments, are the written compact or even the multiplied and thoroughly ramified roads and thoroughfares of trade, commerce, and social intercourse.

These are strong indeed, but its chiefest instruments of cohesion—those which render it inseparable and indivisible—

are the millions of fibres of millions of contented, happy human hearts, binding by their affections, their ambitions, and their best hopes, equally the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the unwise, the learned and the untutored, even the good and the bad, to a government, the first, the last, and the only such one that has ever existed, which takes equal heed always of their wants, their wishes, and their opinions; and appeals to them all, individually, once in a year, or in two years, or at least in four years, for their expressed consent and renewal, without which it must cease.

No; go where you will, and to what class you may, with commissions for your fatal service in one hand and your bounty counted by the hundred or the thousand pieces of silver in the other, a thousand resisters will rise up for every recruit you can engage. On the banks equally of the St. Lawrence and of the Rio Grande, on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and in the dells of the Rocky Mountains, among the fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland, the weavers and spinners of Massachusetts, the stevedores of New York, the miners of Pennsylvania, Pike's Peak, and California, the wheat-growers of Indiana, the cotton and the sugar planters on the Mississippi, among the voluntary citizens from every other land not less than the native born, the Christian and the Jew, among the Indians on the prairies, the contumacious Mormons in Deseret, the Africans free, the Africans in bondage, the inmates of hospitals and almshouses, and even the criminals in the penitentiaries, rehearse the story of your wrongs and their own never so eloquently and never so mournfully, and appeal to them to rise.

They will ask you, "Is this all?" "Are you more just

than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?" "What new form of government or of union have you the power to establish, or even the cunning to devise, that will be more just, more safe, more free, more gentle, more beneficent, or more glorious than this?" And by these simple interrogatories you will be silenced and confounded.

Mr. President, we are perpetually forgetting this subtle and complex, yet obvious and natural, mechanism of our constitution; and because we do forget it, we are continually wondering how it is that a confederacy of thirty and more States, covering regions so vast, and regulating interests so various of so many millions of men, constituted and conditioned so diversely, works right on. We are continually looking to see it stop and stand still, or fall suddenly into pieces.

But, in truth, it will not stop; it cannot stop; it was made not to stop, but to keep in motion—in motion always, and without force. For my own part, as this wonderful machine, when it had newly come from the hands of its almost divine inventors, was the admiration of my earlier years, although it was then but imperfectly known abroad, so now, when it forms the central figure in the economy of the world's civilization, and the best sympathies of mankind favor its continuance, I expect that it will stand and work right on until men shall fear its failure no more than we now apprehend that the sun will cease to hold his eternal place in the heavens.

Nevertheless, I do not expect to see this purely popular, though majestic, system always working on unattended by the presence and exhibition of human temper and human passions. That would be to expect to enjoy rewards, benefits, and blessings, without labor, care, and watchfulness—an ex-

pectation contrary to divine appointment. These are the discipline of the American citizen, and he must inure himself to it. When, as now, a great policy, fastened upon the country through its doubts and fears, confirmed by its habits, and strengthened by personal interests and ambitions, is to be relaxed and changed, in order that the nation may have its just and natural and free developments, then, indeed, all the winds of controversy are let loose upon us from all points of the political compass—we see objects and men only through hazes, mists, and doubtful and lurid lights. The earth seems to be heaving under our feet and the pillars of the noble fabric that protects us to be trembling before our eyes.

But the appointed end of all this agitation comes at last, and always seasonably; the tumults of the people subside; the country becomes calm once more; and then we find that only our senses have been disturbed and that they have betrayed us. The earth is firm as always before, and the wonderful structure, for whose safety we have feared so anxiously, now more firmly fixed than ever, still stands unmoved, enduring, and immovable.

BUSHNELL

HORACE BUSHNELL, an eminent American theologian, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 14, 1802, and was educated at Yale College. He studied successively law and theology, and, entering the Congregational ministry, was pastor of the North Church, Hartford, Connecticut, 1833-59. He resigned his pastorate in the latter year, but continued to preach occasionally and gave much time to literary work. Bushnell was one of the most eloquent preachers in his denomination, his sermons being noted equally for their charm of style and their originality of thought. On several doctrinal points he diverged widely from the orthodox belief of his day and was accused of heresy, but kept his place, however, in the Congregational body. He exerted a strong influence over the thought of his generation, and did much to modify the general trend of Protestant theology. He died in 1876. Among his more important writings are a Phi Beta Kappa oration, "The Principles of National Greatness" (1837); "Christian Nurture" (1847); "God in Christ" (1849); "Nature and the Supernatural" (1858); "The Character of Jesus" (1861); "The Vicarious Sacrifice" (1865); "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (1868); "Women's Suffrage" (1869); "Sermons on Living Subjects" (1872); "Forgiveness and Moral Law" (1874); "Building Eras in Religion" (1881). See "Lives" by Cheney (1880), Munger (1899).

SERMON ON THE OUTSIDE SAINTS

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. But in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." Acts x, 34-35.

THIS most grandly Catholic platform of salvation Peter the apostle derives partly from his vision of the sheet, and partly from the outside brotherhood which his vision of the sheet has prepared him to know and acknowledge; the brotherhood, I mean, of Cornelius. This man is a born Pagan, a military captain brought up doubtless in the superstitions of the Pantheon, who yet gives our apostle to see plainly that he is, in heart, a Christian—a Christian, that is, outside of Christianity. He has been largely known for a long time as a man of prayer, and a thoroughly devout character. He is also discovered and approved by God, before

he is by Peter; for God even sends an angel to tell him, "thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." And as there is always something better coming, when a man gets heaven's endorsement in this manner, word is given him to send to Joppa after Peter, and receive from him a more competent knowledge of these things.

Peter then goes down to Cæsarea at his call, and becomes a guest with him in his house; where he hears the whole story of his faith, and learns apparently about as much from him, as he from Peter—brings out, or matures by his Pagan brother's help, the great banner-principle, from which I am now proposing to speak.

In it he corrects the superstition by which his own apostleship had been disfigured, namely, the Jewish notion of an exclusive right in Israel to the salvation of God; taking the broader doctrine of a salvation everywhere, and for everybody who truly seeks God's light, or whom God's light effectually finds.

Have we no similar misconceptions that require to be corrected? When we assume, as we do, the inexcusable guiltiness, and the certain exclusion from God, of all idolaters, and all the born subjects of the false religions, as in fact we very often do, is not Peter's vision of the sheet as truly for us as for him? Neither does it signify anything in this matter that we can cite so many denunciations of the Old Testament to just this effect against the idolaters; for these denunciations were not made to the idolaters—they never heard of them—but to the people of God, dwelling in God's own light, to deter them from lapsing into idolatry. So when we cite the declaration of the New Testament that "there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved but the name of Christ," do we not fall into just the

same mistake of not observing that it is we who have heard of Christ and known his gospel that are put under this ban of exclusion and not any Pagan people, who have never heard of him, or seen any light but what they have in a way more immediate? Nothing is more certain than that Peter's grand charter-principle forbids any and all such denouncements. If in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted, how many may there be that never heard of Christ and scarcely know God more sufficiently than as the unknown God, who yet are so far right with God and so truly found of God as to be fitly joined with us in the common hope of life? We hope from within the Bible and the Church, and they from without, or on the outside of the same. They compose the Church beyond the Church, the unhistoric discipleship, sprinkled over the world in distant ages and realms of idolatry, who without a gospel have found a virtual gospel by their faith and learned to walk in God's private light. That private light is truth unstated probably even by themselves, beginning at the feeling, more or less distinct, that there is some father of all whose offspring they are, which unknown father loves them and has set them down here in the grand trial of life to feel after him and, if they may, to find him. They are such as have come into the way of holiness by invisible God-help, which God-help way of living is in fact a living by faith. Such examples may not be numerous, and yet they may be more numerous than we think. If they were only such as seek after God of their own motion, they might be very few, but since God is seeking after them—after all men everywhere—it should not be incredible that some are found by him and folded in his fold, which they do not so much as know. A glance also at certain great first principles, particularly the three that follow,

would induce the hope that many more than we commonly suspect are thus harvested for the kingdom—

First. That God loves all men impartially and is no respecter of persons; having the same desire to be loved by all and be known as their friend.

Second. That he is never afar off from any, but is close at hand, putting them always on seeking after him, in a desire to have them find him.

Third. That the Spirit of God is present, going through all minds, all over the world, moving them inwardly, in a way to kindle their yearnings and draw their inclinings toward the inborn grace, that will be in turn his finding of them.

Do not imagine that, in stating these three particular premises, I am preparing to discuss the possibility of a salvation for the outsiders of the gospel. My object is different; namely, to show how God finds access to such, or by what methods and means works their piety and engages them in a felt devotion to his friendship.

The method I propose to adopt in this inquiry will perhaps not be expected. I shall not spread myself on nature and Providence, showing what truths of natural theology and practical discipline are set open there to all and how the outside men have to this extent precisely the same revelation that is given to those of the inside. Neither do I propose in looking after such examples to range the general field of profane history and draw out the characters, here and there, that appear to have a tinge of goodness and religious devotion. Making the most we can of such examples, there will yet be reason left for a good deal of doubt in regard to them all. I am going, therefore, into the Bible itself to find our outside brethren; just where we so often assume that we are

not of course to look for them. I do it because I shall have them here on a right orthodox footing of trust and shall have nothing, in fact, to do but to consider them, in their supernatural relations, receiving their calls and private lessons and finding how to know God in the unwritten Bible of their own personal experience.

I begin with the case of Enoch. There was no written scripture in his day, and probably no church. He appears to have lived a kind of solitary life, which is therefore called his walking with God. He was probably much derided by the men of his time, which made it the almost necessary comfort of his days to live "in the testimony that he pleased God." And this testimony was not any audible witness, but the witness of the Spirit, who came in at the open door of nature, set open wider by his faith, till finally he became so permeated and leavened by the divine affinities that he went up and could not any more be found.

Noah appears to have been a character not less separated from his time. He was a preacher called to preach without a Bible—a preacher of righteousness, even as God taught him to be. But there were no ears to hear. Society itself was a godless and wild crew, given up to all kinds of wrong and violence and lost, as it would seem, to even the distinctions of virtue. It does not appear that there was any single person, out of his own family, that knew anything about God, or had any care for religion. And the oracle that found him, and that he himself had no skill of his own to find, improbable as it was, so verified itself as to put him on building his ark amid the jeers of his people; for God by a process strangely mysterious, which he could only trust and could not understand, was preparing him to be the new-stock father of a new and better age.

These two examples belong to an outside life when there is no church. We come down next to Abraham, who stands at the fountain head, or on the frontier line. In him the church begins, and so far he is inside of it. And yet he is prepared, in all important respects, by a previous outside training. He had no written revelation and had seen no organized form of religion. But he came out of the East a profoundly religious and nobly just character, so far opened to God's Spirit by his acquaintance with God that he could receive a life-call at first hand, and take the necessary guidance in that call. It finds him at Haran, far back in the plains of Syria, and going forth in it, he begins the church history. Under what kind of training, uniting what kind of advantages, he had been brought up in the far East, we do not know; but it afterwards appears, when he sends his servant back to the East country to obtain a wife for his son, that all his relations there are, in some sense, religious people. Thus when Abraham's servant arrives he is welcomed in the name of Jehovah and in some, at least, of the proprieties of religion. Still there was a mixture of idolatrous corruption that largely infected their Jehovah worship. Thus when Rachel came away, a generation later, pursued by Laban to recover the lost goods of his religion, it appears that she had hidden among her effects certain little idols, or amulets, called teraphim, that were much in vogue at least among the women. And the coarseness of Laban, as also the petty thieving of the gods by his daughter, indicate the general style and merit of their religion. But how grandly marches out Abraham into his call, clearing forever all such trumperies of idolatry and growing into such high intimacy with God that a pure divine religion crystallizes and begins to be organic in his life. He knows nothing of piety by definition

or intellectual dissection. He has never read "Edwards on the Affections," and knows not how to square his life by distinctions of motive; has no tests of regeneration, practises self-abnegation artlessly, without analysis, or even asking what it is. But God has him in training and knows exactly by what lessons to bring him on, as we see in the story of his sacrifice. The problem here is to teach what is yet unformed in thought, by what is done as in act. The two great elements of obedience and trust are set in as by a tragic practice. He is held in deep maze all the while as he goes on, emerging at last and brightening out in the discovery that what God is most exactingly demanding he is always providing himself a lamb to supply. It makes no great difference whether we conceive this lesson by action to be given outside of the church or in it; for it could have been there and is wanted here. It is alphabetic, anyway, and the book is to come after the alphabet is made. . . .

I will not pursue this exposition farther. I have undertaken to show you what God is doing and can do for the outsiders of his Bible and Church. And to make the exposition more convincing I have taken my examples almost wholly from the part such outside men have had in the Bible story itself. God has had his witnesses, you now see, in every age of the world, apart from all connection with his covenant, and the organic institutions of his grace in the earth; men that have been visited and called by him in the solitudes of nature, and there have burned as the silent, separated lights of their times.

It now remains to say that in tracing this subject I have had deliberate respect altogether to uses needed by ourselves in our inside field of gospel truth and privilege. My object has not been to answer the perhaps merely curious question,

what possibilities are given to idolaters and heathens? but to gain a position of discovery in regard to the Bible itself—how it came, how to use it, what to get under it, and do for it; what need of it, in a word, the inside people have, and how they are to get their best advantages from it.

First of all, then, we are not to judge that the mere possibility of a revelation outside of the Bible supersedes the want of it. That was not the opinion of God when he sent his angel, even by miracle, to Cornelius, to put him in the way of an apostle who should teach him Christ and baptize him in the faith of a disciple. The souls most enlightened, too, by culture have been most apt to sigh for authorized teachers and appointed rites and a veritable revelation. Having gleams of insight and almost visions of God they wanted it the more. They sighed, and waited, and even groaned for it, knocking piteously at the gate they knew not how to open. And such as neither sighed, nor groaned, nor cared, only wanted it the more. Christ not wanted! the Bible not wanted! just as well to be without a revelation! What could show more affectingly the insupportable destitution of such a state than the gropings and only casual findings of its hungry millions? Doubtless there is a possible salvation for all men without a revelation—I verily believe there is—but a naked possibility is alas! how slender a footing, where the interest and peril are so great.

Then again, secondly, having reached this conclusion as regards the immense want of a revelation, and of Christ as a Saviour, let no one turn the blame upon God, that what is so much wanted everywhere, is not everywhere given. Doubtless God might rain showers of Bibles, just as he does the showers of rain all over the lands and even seas of the world, but he must also rain written languages too, and a

power to read them, beside. And then the readers, if they were read, would want to know how the book grew to be a book, the revelation how revealed. And there was no way but to begin here and there with natures most open, most susceptible, gathering in their several seeings and testimonies, and bodying for holy truth the word they have received. If a Bible could be gotten up mechanically, as showers are gotten up in the chambers of the sky, it might be justly concluded that all men ought to have it. But it has first to be incarnated, so to speak, and wrought into humanity, much as Christ was, and so revealed through humanity; for the fact is that all such kind of truths must be enunciated in persons; even as the truths of astronomy require to be enunciated in orbs and orbits. And then, forever after, the truth has to be lived over and acted out by a kind of reincarnation in good men's lives in order to have its meaning. There must be a ministry of love and character going with it; graces to shine, patience to suffer, sacrifices, labors, prayers, ordinances, and rites of worship, and assemblies kindled by their glow, else the book is dead, or too nearly so, both for want of meaning and of evidence. And so you perceive that Bibles could not be made faster than men are good enough to have revelations made through them; and could not be multiplied or disseminated faster or farther than the graces of love and sacrifice, and the patiently enduring and bravely daring enterprises are quickened that shall carry them abroad and preach them. Bibles therefore cannot outgrow or outrun the Church. And God is not to blame for this. However much they are wanted they cannot, in the nature of things, out-travel the grace they nourish. If it takes a million of years to get them published in this way everywhere, then it must take a million of years. Enough that Christ

began to speed them on at once by his word, saying: "Behold the fields already white to the harvest." And again, that he gave it for his parting charge: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Long years ago God was ready, going before his people, wanting to be revealed in every soul's knowledge. O ye long-delaying ages, linger no more! Gird us with salvation, Lord, for the dear Bible's sake, that we may give it speedily to every hungry, darkened soul on earth!

But here another and third lesson meets us, namely, that we are not to push the dissemination of this gospel by any false argument that dishonors God. Tell us not that every idolater, every man ignorant of Christ must perish—does everlastingly perish. Why should we push ourselves to this work of gospelling the world, by putting it on God, that he has given no possibility of life to so many millions of immortal creatures, reserving them all unto wrath just because they were born into a lot of darkness? Rather let us tell what God is doing always for them, how nigh he is to them, how tenderly he works in them, what possibilities he opens for them, and how certainly he sometimes gains them to his love. Let it be enough that their disadvantages are so great; that they are humbled to a point so low by their idols, rotted into falsehood, buried in lust and shame, made crafty, perfidious, cruel, and wretched in society; not finding how to interpret their own longings in religion, when such longings rise, or to climb up out of the thraldom in which they lie. Then, as we are so gloriously privileged, what shall we do but give them our privilege, and have it as argument enough that if we do it not, we show how very little our privilege has done for us.

Meantime, fourthly, let us have it as one of our most sacred

duties to the Bible, not to use it so as to shut ourselves and all that have it away from God's immediate revelation by it. The external, verbal revelation is not given to be a substitute for the internal and immediate, but to be a guide into that. We are to find God after all by an immediate knowledge ourselves, just as all the outside saints have found him, only with an immense help in the Bible, which they had not. We are not to know God simply as reading the book, and getting notions or distillations of dogma and catechism from it in our head, living thus on a mere second-hand knowledge. That is making a fence of the book, requiring us to get all light from it and not from God. No, the Bible is received only when it is spiritually discerned; that is, when it brings us in where God is, to know him by our faith and love, and have him in a first-hand knowledge, even as Abraham had, or Job, or Jethro, or Cornelius. And then when the unbelievers about us complain that God is so far off, wondering why he does not show himself to his children, if he exists, by signs and wonders that cannot be doubted, we shall not have made their difficulty just what it is ourselves, by setting up the Bible as the sum and last limit of knowledge and not as a helper to find it. If we desire to know Boston, the map of the way will not show it, but will only take us thither and let us get the knowledge for ourselves. The Bible, in like manner, tells us how others found him, that we may find him also. We do not know God in simply knowing their work. We only know him by an immediate knowledge, even as they did. If we use the book only for the notions or the second-hand knowledge it gives us we even make a barrier of it and put God farther away. The right use of it will not give us notions about God but God himself. It will make God nigh and make it felt that he is nigh, both to ourselves and to

others, present to knowledge, pressing into knowledge in all human breasts.

It is a most sad thing, my friends, that many of you, not in the way of religion, so little conceive the nearness of God to you. You know the Bible and what may be known about God as reported in it, still nothing appears to be concluded; you are not established in anything but filled with questions only and put groping. The Bible, after all, leaves God a practically hidden subject, and you turn away from it, wondering still where God is and why he does not somehow show himself. Little do you conceive how very nigh he is and how he is pressing in through the Bible, through nature, everywhere and always, to be known by you and by every human creature in the world. It is with you here and with all men, as it is with certain valleys in our great country, where the soil is underlaid with vast stores of water, pressing upward to get vent, and the people have nothing required to set fountains spouting at their doors but simply to bore a passage through the crust of earth and let the waters up. Just so all created mind is underlaid with the knowledge of God, having oracles set in its secret depths so that whosoever will let the everlasting love and presence force itself in, or up, will have an immediate and pure, an original and free knowledge: a living water that will freshen its life and slake its thirst forever. He gives you his revelation without, only that he may be thus revealed within. He loves to be known, publishes himself in all things visible, speaks in all things audible, fills all height and depth with his presence, besets you behind and before by his counsel, and there is no soul living that he does not breathe in by his Spirit. All souls are his children, yours among the number. As he came to Job, and Cyrus, and Cornelius, so he will to you, if only you are suffi-

ciently opened to him by your prayers and alms and works of faith to let him in. Having one revelation of Christ in your hand you will have another in your heart. You will grow into a full, original, clear beholding, not needing that any man teach you, having that anointing that teacheth all things. This is your privilege—would that you could see it—in this light of God to live, and in its ever brightening splendor to die.

In closing this subject let us not forget to cast a glance forward to the future life in which all righteous souls are to be gathered. Many of them will belong to the class of inside saints, some to the class of outside saints; the former will have known Christ all their lives long and been fashioned by his new-creating gospel and character; the latter will now meet him perhaps for the first time and will salute him in blissful discovery as the unknown friend they had always with them and the conscious helper of their life. When therefore my brethren, you lift your song of praise to the Lamb some of these will be able to tell you more of his worth, it may be, by their want of him, and their struggles after God without him, than you by all you have gotten from him. To meet and commune with these outside saints, outside no longer—how blessed will it be? And what a beautiful variety will they give to the general brotherhood! They are brothers whom you did not know but you embrace them even the more tenderly and hold them in the dearest honor. Thus grandly now is the Master's word fulfilled—"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO was born in 1802, and, as he did not die until 1885, was an eye-witness of all the political transformations through which France has passed in the nineteenth century. At first a Bonapartist, he was for a while a Royalist, but, ultimately, became a Republican, and so remained during the greater part of his life. He began to write in his school days and continued to practice the art of composition until he had passed his eightieth year. We are indebted to him for epic poems, odes, ballads, tragedies, melodramas, novels, criticisms and works of travel, besides speeches and political pamphlets. The so-called "History of a Crime" belongs in the last-named category. Even his literary style was oratorical, and, consequently, his speeches are admirably framed. Of the two which we here reproduce, the commemorative address on Balzac was delivered when Hugo was forty-eight years old, while he was seventy-six when he pronounced the oration on the centennial of Voltaire's death.

ON THE CENTENNIAL OF VOLTAIRE'S DEATH

DELIVERED AT PARIS, MAY 30, 1878

ONE hundred years ago to-day a man died! He died immortal, laden with years, with labors, and with the most illustrious and formidable of responsibilities—the responsibility of the human conscience informed and corrected. He departed amid the curses of the past and the blessings of the future—and these are the two superb forms of glory!—dying amid the acclamations of his contemporaries and of posterity, on the one hand, and on the other with the hootings and hatreds bestowed by the implacable past on those who combat it. He was more than a man—he was an epoch! He had done his work; he had fulfilled the mission evidently chosen for him by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws

of destiny as in the laws of nature. The eighty-four years he had lived bridge over the interval between the apogee of the Monarchy and the dawn of the Revolution. At his birth, Louis XIV. still reigned; at his death Louis XVI. had already mounted the throne. So that his cradle saw the last rays of the great throne and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss. . . .

The court was full of festivities; Versailles was radiant; Paris was ignorant; and meanwhile, through religious ferocity, judges killed an old man on the wheel and tore out a child's tongue for a song. Confronted by this frivolous and dismal society, Voltaire alone, sensible of all the forces marshalled against him—court, nobility, finance; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so oppressive for the subject, so docile for the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling on the people before the king; that clergy, a sinister medley of hypocrisy and fanaticism—Voltaire alone declared war against this coalition of all social iniquities—against that great and formidable world. He accepted battle with it. What was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the force of a thunderbolt—a pen. With that weapon Voltaire fought, and with that he conquered! Let us salute that memory! He conquered! He waged a splendid warfare—the war of one alone against all—the grand war of mind against matter, of reason against prejudice; a war for the just against the unjust, for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness! He had the tenderness of a woman and the anger of a hero. His was a great mind and an immense heart. He conquered the old code, the ancient dogma! He conquered the feudal lord, the Gothic judge, the Roman priest. He bestowed

on the populace the dignity of the people! He taught, pacified, civilized! He fought for Sirven and Montbailly as for Calas and Labarre. Regardless of menaces, insults, persecutions, calumny, exile, he was indefatigable and immovable. He overcame violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth! I have just uttered the word "smile," and I pause at it! "To smile!" That is Voltaire. Let us repeat it—pacification is the better part of philosophy. In Voltaire the equilibrium was speedily restored. Whatever his just anger, it passed off. The angry Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire of calmness; and then in that profound eye appears his smile. That smile is wisdom—that smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. It sometimes goes as far as a laugh, but philosophic sadness tempers it. It mocks the strong, it caresses the weak. Disquieting the oppressor, it reassures the oppressed. It becomes raillery against the great; pity for the little! Ah! let that smile sway us, for it had in it the rays of the dawn. It was an illumination for truth, for justice, for goodness, for the worthiness of the useful. It illuminated the inner stronghold of superstition. The hideous things it is salutary to see, he showed. It was a smile, fruitful as well as luminous! The new society, the desire for equality and concession; that beginning of fraternity called tolerance, mutual goodwill, the just accord of men and right, the recognition of reason as the supreme law, the effacing of prejudices, serenity of soul, the spirit of indulgence and pardon, harmony and peace—behold what has resulted from that grand smile! On the day—undoubtedly close at hand—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, when the amnesty is proclaimed, I say it!—yonder in the stars Voltaire will smile.

Between two servants of humanity who appeared at one thousand eight hundred years' interval, there is a mysterious relation. To combat Pharisaism, unmask imposture, overturn tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions—to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it—that is to say, to substitute the true for the false, attack the fierce magistracy, the sanguinary priesthood; to scourge the money changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, poor, suffering and crushed; to combat for the persecuted and oppressed—such was the war of Jesus Christ! And what man carried on that war? It was Voltaire! The evangelical work had for its complement the philosophic work; the spirit of mercy commenced, the spirit of tolerance continued, let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: Jesus wept—Voltaire smiled. From that divine tear and that human smile sprang the mildness of existing civilization. . . .

Alas! the present moment, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still its dark side. There are still clouds on the horizon; the tragedy of the peoples is not played out; war still raises its head over this august festival of peace. Princes for two years have persisted in a fatal misunderstanding; their discord is an obstacle to our concord, and they are ill-inspired in condemning us to witness the contrast. This contrast brings us back to Voltaire. Amid these threatening events let us be more peaceful than ever. Let us bow before this great death, this great life, this great living spirit. Let us bend before this venerated sepulchre! Let us ask counsel of him whose life, useful to men, expired a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us ask counsel of other mighty thinkers, auxiliaries of this

glorious Voltaire—of Jean Jacques, Diderot, Montesquieu! Let us stop the shedding of human blood. Enough, despots! Barbarism still exists. Let philosophy protest. Let the eighteenth century succor the nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of truth. Let us invoke these illustrious phantoms that, face to face with monarchies thinking of war, they may proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to liberty, the sovereignty of reason, the sacredness of labor, the blessedness of peace! And since night issues from thrones, let light emanate from the tombs.

ON HONORE DE BALZAC

THE man who now goes down into this tomb is one of those to whom public grief pays homage.

In our day all fictions have vanished. The eye is fixed not only on the heads that reign, but on heads that think, and the whole country is moved when one of those heads disappears. To-day we have a people in black because of the death of the man of talent: a nation in mourning for a man of genius.

Gentlemen, the name of Balzac will be mingled in the luminous trace our epoch will leave across the future.

Balzac was one of that powerful generation of writers of the nineteenth century who came after Napoleon, as the illustrious Pleiad of the seventeenth century came after Richelieu—as if in the development of civilization there were a law which gives conquerors by the intellect as successors to conquerors by the sword.

Balzac was one of the first among the greatest, one of

the highest among the best. This is not the place to tell all that constituted this splendid and sovereign intelligence. All his books form but one book—a book living, luminous, profound, where one sees coming and going and marching and moving, with I know not what of the formidable and terrible, mixed with the real, all our contemporary civilization—a marvellous book which the poet entitled "a comedy" and which he could have called history; which takes all forms and all style, which surpasses Tacitus and Suetonius; which traverses Beaumarchais and reaches Rabelais—a book which realizes observation and imagination, which lavishes the true, the esoteric, the commonplace, the trivial, the material, and which at times through all realities, swiftly and grandly rent away, allows us all at once a glimpse of a most sombre and tragic ideal. Unknown to himself whether he wished it or not, whether he consented or not, the author of this immense and strange work is one of the strong race of Revolutionist writers. Balzac goes straight to the goal. Body to body he seizes modern society; from all he wrests something, from these an illusion, from those a hope; from one a catchword, from another a mask. He ransacked vice, he dissected passion. He searched out and sounded man, soul, heart, entrails, brain—the abyss that each one has within himself. And by grace of his free and vigorous nature; by a privilege of the intellect of our time, which, having seen revolutions face to face, can see more clearly the destiny of humanity and comprehend Providence better —Balzac redeemed himself smiling and severe from those formidable studies which produced melancholy in Molière and misanthropy in Rousseau.

This is what he has accomplished among us, this is the work which he has left us—a work lofty and solid—a monu-

ment robustly piled in layers of granite, from the height of which hereafter his renown shall shine in splendor. Great men make their own pedestal, the future will be answerable for the statue.

His death stupefied Paris! Only a few months ago he had come back to France. Feeling that he was dying, he wished to see his country again, as one who would embrace his mother on the eve of a distant voyage. His life was short, but full, more filled with deeds than days.

Alas! this powerful worker, never fatigued, this philosopher, this thinker, this poet, this genius, has lived among us that life of storm, of strife, of quarrels and combats, common in all times to all great men. To-day he is at peace. He escapes contention and hatred. On the same day he enters into glory and the tomb. Hereafter beyond the clouds, which are above our heads, he will shine among the stars of his country. All you who are here, are you not tempted to envy him?

Whatever may be our grief in presence of such a loss, let us accept these catastrophes with resignation! Let us accept in it whatever is distressing and severe; it is good perhaps, it is necessary perhaps, in an epoch like ours, that from time to time the great dead shall communicate to spirits, devoured with scepticism and doubt, a religious fervor. Providence knows what it does when it puts the people face to face with the supreme mystery and when it gives them death to reflect on—death which is supreme equality, as it is also supreme liberty. Providence knows what it does, since it is the greatest of all instructors.

There can be but austere and serious thoughts in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long

soared above the crowd on the visible wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings which we did not see, plunges swiftly into the unknown.

No, it is not the unknown; no, I have said it on another sad occasion and I shall repeat it to-day; no, it is not night, it is light. It is not the end, it is the beginning! It is not extinction, it is eternity! Is it not true, my hearers, such tombs as this demonstrate immortality? In presence of the illustrious dead, we feel more distinctly the divine destiny of that intelligence which traverses the earth to suffer and to purify itself—which we call man.

ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

IN DEFENCE OF CHARLES HUGO, JUNE 11, 1851 [1]

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—At the first words spoken by the attorney-general I believed for a moment that he intended to abandon the prosecution, but this illusion was of short duration. After having tried in vain to circumscribe and curtail the argument, the counsel for the prosecution has been drawn by the nature of the subject into disclosures which have opened afresh the question in all its phases, and in spite of him it appears again in all its magnitude.

I do not complain. I proceed immediately to the indict-

[1] A poacher of Nièvre, Montcharmant, condemned to death, was carried for execution to the little village where the crime had been committed. The culprit was endowed with great physical strength; the executioner and his assistants were not able to drag him from the fatal cart; the execution was suspended until the arrival of reinforcements. When the minions of the law of blood were in sufficient numbers the prisoner was brought before the horrible machine, lifted from the tumbril, carried upon the unsteady platform, and pushed under the knife. The "Evénement" depicted in vivid colors this horrible scene. Its editor, Mr. Charles Hugo, was indicted before the court of assizes under the charge of having failed in respect due the law. The young editor was defended by his father.

ment; but first let us begin by a mutual understanding of a word. Good definitions make good discussions.

This phrase, "respect due to the law," which serves as the basis of the accusation, what is its import? What does it signify? What is its real meaning? Evidently—and the prosecution appeared to me not to be strenuous in maintaining the contrary—it cannot mean to suppress criticism of the laws under pretence of respect due to them

This phrase signifies simply respect for the execution of the law; nothing else. It permits criticism, likewise censure, even severe censure. We see examples every day, even with regard to the constitution, which is superior to the law. This phrase permits the invocation of legislative power for the abolishment of a dangerous law; it permits, in short, the opposition of a moral impediment, but it does not permit the opposition of a material obstacle. Let a law be executed though evil, though unjust, though barbarous; denounce it to the judgment, denounce it to the legislator, but let it be executed; say that it is evil, say that it is unjust, say that it is barbarous, but let it be executed. Criticism, yes,—revolt, no. Behold the true sense, the only sense of the phrase, "respect for the laws."

Otherwise, gentlemen, consider this! In this grave work, the elaboration of the laws; work which embraces two functions—the function of the press which criticises, which counsels, which instructs, and the function of the legislator who decides; in this serious work I say the first function, that of criticism, would be paralyzed, and as a result the second also. The laws would never be criticised and consequently there would be no reason for either their amelioration or reformation. The national legislative assembly would be utterly useless; there would be nothing left save to dissolve

it—but that is not what is desired I suppose. This point elucidated, all ambiguity dissipated regarding the real meaning of the phrase "respect due to the laws," I enter into the very heart of the question.

Gentlemen of the jury, there is in what might be called the ancient European code, a law which for more than a century all philosophers, all thinkers, all real statesmen have wished to erase from the time-honored book of universal law, a law that Beccaria has declared unrighteous, and that Franklin has declared abominable, without a suit having been brought against either; a law which, bearing particularly upon that portion of the people borne down by poverty and ignorance, is odious to the democracy, but which is not less repellant to intelligent conservatives; a law of which the king, Louis Philippe (whom I never mention save with the respect due to old age, to misfortune, and to a grave in exile), of which Louis Philippe said, "I have detested it all my life"; a law against which M. Broglie has written, a law against which M. Guizot has written; a law whose abrogation was demanded by the chamber of deputies twenty years ago in the month of October, 1830, and which at the same time the parliament of half-civilized Otaheite erased from its statutes; a law which the assembly of Frankfort abolished three years since, and which the constitutional assembly of the Roman Republic two years ago, upon nearly the same day, declared abolished forever upon the motion of Deputy Charles Bonaparte, a law which our assembly of 1848 has maintained only with the most painful indecision and the most intense repugnance; a law for whose abolition there are, at this very hour, two motions before the legislative tribunal; a law, finally, which Tuscany will have no longer, which Rome will have no longer, and which it is time that France should no longer tolerate,—

this law before which the moral sense of the community recoils with ever-increasing misgiving—this law is the death penalty.

Gentlemen, it is this law which is to-day the cause of this suit; it is our adversary. I am sorry for the attorney-general, but I see it behind him.

Very well then, I will admit that for twenty years I have believed, as I have stated in pages that I could read to you, I have believed with M. Léon Fancher, who in 1836 wrote in an article in the "Revue de Paris" thus: "The scaffold no longer appears upon our public squares save at rare intervals, and as a spectacle that justice has shame in giving." I believed, I say, that the guillotine, since one must call it by name, began to understand itself, that it felt itself rebuked and made its decision to abandon the full glare of the Place de Grève with its crowds to be no longer cried in the streets and announced as a spectacle. It began to carry on its operations in the most inconspicuous way possible in the obscurity of the Barrière Saint Jacques, in a deserted spot and without spectators. Apparently it began to hide its head, and I congratulated it on this modesty. Well, gentlemen! I deceived myself, M. Léon Fancher deceived himself. The guillotine has recovered from its false shame. It considers itself, in the parlance of the day, a social institution; and who knows, perhaps, even it dreams of its restoration.

The Barrière Saint Jacques marks its decadence. Perhaps some day we shall see it reappear in the Place de Grève at noonday in presence of the multitude, with its train of executioners, of armed police, of public criers, even under the windows of the Hotel de Ville, from whose heights it was one day, the 24th of February, denounced and disfigured. Meantime it rears itself again. It feels it necessary that

society now so unsettled, in order to become re-established, should return, as is still said, to all its ancient traditions, and it is an ancient tradition. It protests against those bombastic demagogues, called Beccaria, Vico, Filangieri, Montesquieu, Turgot, Franklin, called Louis Philippe, called Broglie and Guizot, who dare believe and say that a machine for the cutting off of heads is not needed in a community which has the Gospel for its guide. Its indignation is roused against these utopian anarchists! and on the morrow of its days the most glaring and the most sanguinary, it desires to be admired! It insists that respect be rendered it, else it declares itself insulted, it brings suit and demands damages! It has had the blood, but that is not enough, it is not content, it desires also fine and imprisonment.

Gentlemen of the jury, the day when this official paper was brought to my house for my son, the warrant for this unjustifiable suit—we see strange things in these days and ought to become accustomed to them—well, I avow it, I was stupefied; I said to myself, What! Have we come to that? Is it possible that by force of repeated encroachments upon good sense, upon reason, upon freedom of thought, upon natural rights we have come to that, where not the material respect is demanded of us,—that is not denied, we accord it,—but the moral respect for those penal laws that affright the conscience, that cause whoever thinks of them to grow pale, that religion has in abhorrence, that dare to be without repeal, knowing that they can be blind; for those laws that dip the finger in human blood to write the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," for those impious laws that make one lose one's faith in humanity when they strike the culpable, and that cause one to doubt God when they smite the innocent. No, no, no, we have not come to that,—No!

Since, and for the reason that I am involved, it is well to tell you, gentlemen of the jury, and you will understand how profound must be my emotion, that the real culprit in this affair, if culprit there be, is not my son, it is I! The person really guilty, I insist, is myself. I who for twenty-five years have combatted with all my force laws from which there was no appeal! I who for twenty-five years have defended on every occasion the sanctity of human life, and this crime I, long before and more often than my son, have committed. I denounce myself! I have committed this crime with every aggravating circumstance, with premeditation, with pertinacity, and without its being a first offence. Yes, I declare it, this old and unwise law of retaliation, this law which requires blood for blood, I have combatted it all my life—all my life, gentlemen of the jury, and as long as I have breath I will combat it, with all my efforts as writer I will combat it and with all my acts and all my votes as legislator; I declare it [here M. Hugo extended his arm toward the crucifix at the end of the hall over the judge's seat] before that victim of the death penalty who is there, who sees us and who hears us! I swear it before that cross where, two thousand years ago, as an everlasting testimony for generations to come, human law nailed the Law Divine.

That which my son has written he has written, I repeat, because it is I who have animated him from his childhood, because he is not only my son according to the flesh, but according to the spirit, because he desires to perpetuate the opinion of his father. Perpetuate the opinion of his father! Truly a strange crime and for which I marvel that one should be prosecuted! It was reserved for these unique upholders of the family to show us this novelty.

Gentlemen, I admit that the accusation before us astounds

me. What! A law that may be baleful, that may give to the populace exhibitions immoral, dangerous, degrading, barbarous; that will tend to make the people cruel and at certain times will have appalling effects, and to point out the direful results of this law will be forbidden! And to do this will be called lack of respect for it! And one will be held accountable before the courts! And then will be so much fine and so much imprisonment! Why then, very well! Let us close the chamber of deputies, let us close the schools, let us call our land Mongolia or Thibet, we are no longer a civilized nation! Yes, it will be more easily done, let us say we are in Asia, let us say that there was formerly a country called France but that it no longer exists, and that it has been replaced by something which is no longer a monarchy, I confess, but which certainly is not a republic. Let us see, let us apply the facts, let us get at the real meaning of the phraseology of the accusation.

Gentlemen of the jury, in Spain the inquisition was the law! Well, it must be admitted that there was a lack of respect for the inquisition! In France the rack has been the law! It must be said again that there has been a lack of respect for the rack. To cut off the hands has been the law—there has been a lack of respect—I have lacked in respect—for the axe. To brand has been the law; there has been a lack of respect for the red-hot iron. The guillotine is the law! Well, it is true, I admit it, there is a lack of respect for the guillotine. Do you know why, Monsieur the Attorney-General? It is because of the general desire to hurl the guillotine into that gulf of execration where have already fallen, amid the applause of the human race, the branding iron, the axe, the rack, and the inquisition. It is because of the desire to expel from the august and enlightened sanctuary of jus-

tice that sinister figure which suffices to fill it with horror and gloom—the executioner. Ah! and it is because we desire this that we are social agitators! Yes, it is true we are dangerous men; we wish to suppress the guillotine. It is monstrous!

Gentlemen of the jury, you are the sovereign citizens of a free country, and without changing the nature of this discussion one can, one must speak to you as politicians. Well, then, reflect, and since we are passing through a season of revolution, draw conclusions from what I am about to say to you. If Louis XVI had abolished the death penalty as he had abolished the rack, his head would not have fallen; '93 would have been freed from the headsman's axe; there would have been one bloody page the less in history; that mournful date, the 21st of January, would not exist. Who, then, in the face of the public conscience, in the face of France, in the face of the civilized world, would have dared raise the scaffold for the king, for the man of whom one could say, "It is he who has overthrown it!" The editor of the "Événement" is accused of having failed in respect toward the laws; of having failed in respect to capital punishment.

Gentlemen, let us rise a little above mere controversy, let us rise to what forms the basis of all legislation, to the conscience of man. When Servan—who was nevertheless attorney-general—when Servan imprinted upon the criminal laws of his time this memorable stigma, "Our penal laws open every egress to the accuser, and close almost all to the accused;" when Voltaire thus designated the judges of Calais, "Do not talk to me of those judges—half monkeys and half tigers;" when Chateaubriand in the "Conservateur" called the law of the double vote "stupid and culpable;"

when Royer-Collard in full session of the Chamber of Deputies, *apropos* of I do not remember what law of censure, hurled out the famous cry, "If you make this law I swear to disobey it,"—when these legislators, when these magistrates, when these philosophers, when these great souls, when these men, some illustrious, and some venerable, spoke thus, what were they doing? Did they lack respect for a law local and temporary? It is possible; the attorney-general asserts it. I do not know; but that which I do know is that they were holy echoes of the law of laws, of universal conscience. Did they offend against justice, the justice of their time, justice transitory and fallible? I do not know, but I know that they proclaimed justice eternal. It is true that one has had the grace to tell us, even in the bosom of the National Assembly, that the atheist Voltaire, the immoral Molière, the obscene La Fontaine, the demagogue Jean Jacques Rousseau, should be indicted. There you see what is thought! There you see what is avowed! There is where we stand!

Gentlemen of the jury, this right to criticise the law, to criticise it even with severity, particularly penal law, that can so easily take on the impress of barbarism, this right of criticism that stands side by side with the duty of amelioration, as a torch to guide a workman, this right of author not less sacred than the right of legislator, this imperative right, this inalienable right, you will recognize in your verdict,—you will acquit the accused. But the counsel for the prosecution, and this is his second argument, asserts that the criticism of the "Événement" went too far, was too scathing. Ah, gentlemen of the jury, let us bring near the event which was the cause of the pretended crime with which one has had the hardihood to charge the editor of the "Événement," let us regard it at short range. Here is a man, condemned,

wretched, who is dragged on a certain morning into one of our squares—there he finds a scaffold. He rebels, he pleads, he will not die; he is still young, hardly twenty-nine years old—great heavens! I know what you will say—"He is an assassin!" But listen! Two executioners seize him; his hands are bound, his feet fettered, still he pushes them back. A horrible struggle ensues. He twists his feet in the ladder, and uses the scaffold against the scaffold. The struggle is prolonged, horror takes possession of the crowd. The executioners, the sweat of shame on their brows, pale, breathless, terrified, desperate with I know not what terrible despair—borne down by the weight of public reprobation that must confine itself to condemnation of the death penalty, but that would do wrong in harming its passive instrument—the headsman—the executioners make savage efforts. Force must remain with the law, that is the maxim! The man clings to the scaffold and demands mercy; his clothing is torn away, his bare shoulders are bloody, he resists all the while. At last, after three quarters of an hour—[here the attorney-general makes a sign of negation] the minutes are disputed, thirty-five minutes, if you prefer—of this awful contest, of this spectacle without a name, of this agony, agony for every one,—do you realize it?—agony for those present as well as for the condemned; after this age of anguish, gentlemen of the jury, the poor wretch is carried back to prison. The people breathe again; the people who have the humane feelings of earlier times, and who are merciful, knowing themselves to be sovereign—the people believe him to be saved. Not at all. The guillotine is vanquished, but still rears itself; it remains standing throughout the day in the midst of a population filled with consternation. At night the executioners, reinforced in number, bind the man in such fashion that

he is no longer anything save an inert mass, and again transport him to the square, weeping, screaming, haggard, bleeding, begging for life, calling upon God, calling upon his father and his mother, because in the face of death this man is again a child. He is hoisted upon the scaffold—and his head falls! And then a murmur of abhorrence is heard from the crowd; never has legal murder appeared more presumptuous or more accursed; every one feels, so to speak, jointly responsible for the tragic deed just done; every one feels in his inmost soul as if he had seen in the very midst of France, in broad day, civilization insulted by barbarism! Then it is that a cry breaks forth from the breast of a young man, from his heart, from his soul, from the very depths of his being, a cry of pity, a cry of anguish, a cry of horror; and for this cry you will punish him! And, in presence of these frightful facts that I have brought under your notice, you will say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and will say to compassion, to holy compassion, "Thou art wrong!"

Monsieur the Attorney-General, I tell you without bitterness that you are not defending a righteous cause. It is in vain! You are engaging in an unequal contest with the spirit of civilization, with milder manners, with progress. You have against you the resistance of the inmost heart of man; you have against you all the principles in the light of which for sixty years France has walked and also caused the world to walk—the inviolability of human life, the brotherhood of the ignorant classes, and the doctrine of amelioration in place of the doctrine of retaliation.

You have against you all that illuminates reason, all that vibrates in the soul, philosophy as well as religion; on the one side Voltaire, on the other Jesus Christ. Your labor is in vain, this frightful service that the scaffold has the preten-

sion to render society, society abhors and rejects. Your labor is in vain, the upholders of capital punishment labor in vain, and you see we do not confound them with society, it is useless for them, they will never take away the guilt of the old law of retaliation. They will never wash away those hideous words upon which for so many centuries has trickled down the blood from heads severed by the executioner's knife.

Gentlemen, I have done!

My son, you are to-day in receipt of a great honor, you have been adjudged worthy to contend, perhaps to suffer, for the holy cause of truth. From to-day you enter into the real vital life of our time, that is to say, the struggle for justice and truth. Be proud, you who are but a common soldier of humanity and democracy, you are sitting where Béranger has been seated, where Lamennais has sat.

Remain immovable in your convictions, and, though it were to be my last word, if you have need of a thought to strengthen your faith in progress, your belief in the future, your devotion to humanity, your execration of the scaffold, your loathing for all penalties irrevocable and irreparable, remember that before this very bar Lesurques also was arraigned.

[Specially translated by Mary Emerson Adams.]

KOSSUTH

LOUIS KOSSUTH was born at Monok in Hungary in 1802. He received a good education, and in his thirtieth year entered the Hungarian Diet, where he served for some six years. Imprisoned by the Austrian Government in 1837 on account of his liberal opinions, he was released three years later, and soon afterward became editor of the "Pesth Journal." In 1847 he was once more chosen Deputy to the Diet, and it was largely owing to his efforts that Austria in 1848 found herself constrained to concede a species of autonomy to Hungary. In the following year, when the perfidy of the imperial government drove the Magyars to insurrection, Kossuth was made President of the Republic of Hungary. After the overthrow of the Magyar commonwealth by the combined forces of Austria and Russia, Kossuth fled to Turkey, where he sojourned for a time until he visited England and the United States in the hope of securing the co-operation of those countries in an attempt to restore Hungarian independence. The speeches which he delivered in the United States in 1852 excited great enthusiasm. He lived to see his native land acquire, after the battle of Sadowa, almost complete autonomy, and even exercise ascendency in the councils of the Hapsburg Kaiser, but he never lost his desire for the resuscitation of the former republics, and refused to acquiesce in Austrian rule, even when it had become merely nominal. His later years were passed in Italy, and he died at Turin in 1894.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

ADDRESS AT THE CONGRESSIONAL BANQUET IN WASHINGTON, JANUARY 7, 1852

SIR, as once Cyneas, the Epirote, stood among the Senators of Rome, who, with an earnest word of self-conscious majesty, controlled the condition of the world and arrested mighty kings in their ambitious march, thus, full of admiration and of reverence, I stand before you, legislators of the new Capitol—that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The Capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it and come over

to yours, purified by the air of liberty. The old stands a mournful monument of the fragility of human things—yours as a sanctuary of eternal rights. The old beamed with the red lustre of conquest, now darkened by oppression's gloomy night—yours beams with freedom's bright ray. The old absorbed the world by its own centralized glory—yours protects your own nation against absorption, even by itself. The old was awful with irrestricted power—yours is glorious with having restricted it. At the view of the old nations trembled—at the view of yours humanity hopes. To the old misfortune was only introduced with fettered hands to kneel at the triumphant conqueror's heels—to yours the triumph of introduction is granted to unfortunate exiles, invited to the honor of a seat, and where kings and Cæsars will never be hailed, for their powers, might, and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a downtrodden nation is welcomed as your great Republic's guest, precisely because he is persecuted, helpless, and poor. In the old, the terrible *væ victis* was the rule—in yours, protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to the vanquished in a just cause. And while out of the old a conquered world was ruled, you in yours provide for the common confederative interests of a territory larger than the conquered world of the old. There sat men boasting their will to be sovereign of the world—here sit men whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of nature and of nature's God, and to do what their sovereign, the people, wills.

Sir, there is history in these parallels. History of past ages, and history of future centuries may be often recorded in a few words. The small particulars to which the passions of living men cling with fervent zeal—as if the fragile

figure of men could arrest the rotation of destiny's wheel; these particulars die away. It is the issue which makes history, and that issue is always logical. There is a necessity of consequences wherever the necessity of position exists. Principles are the Alpha; they must finish with Omega, and they will. Thus history may be told often in a few words. Before yet the heroic struggle of Greece first engaged your country's sympathy for the fate of freedom in Europe, then so far distant, and now so near, Chateaubriand happened to be in Athens, and he heard from a minaret raised upon the Propylæan ruins a Turkish priest in Arabic language announcing the lapse of hours to the Christians of Minerva's town. What immense history in the small fact of a Turkish Imaum crying out: "Pray, man, the hour is running fast, and the judgment draws near." Sir, there is equally a history of future ages written in the honor bestowed by you to my humble self. The first governor of independent Hungary, driven from his native land by Russian violence, an exile on Turkish soil protected by a Mohammedan Sultan against the bloodthirst of Christian tyrants, cast back a prisoner to far Asia by diplomacy, rescued from his Asiatic prison by America, crossing the Atlantic, charged with the hopes of Europe's oppressed nations, pleading, a poor exile, before the people of this great Republic, his down-trodden country's wrongs, and its intimate connection with the fate of the European continent, and with the boldness of a just cause claiming the principles of the Christian religion to be raised to a law of nations; and to see, not only the boldness of the poor exile forgiven, but to see him consoled by the sympathy of millions, encouraged by individuals, meetings, cities, and states, supported by operative

aid, and greeted by Congress and by the Government as the nation's guest, honored out of generosity with that honor which only one man before him received—and that man received then out of gratitude—with honors such as no potentate can ever receive, and this banquet here, and the toast which I have to thank you for—oh, indeed, sir, there is a history of future ages in all these facts.

Sir, though I have the noble pride of my principles, and though I have the inspiration of a just cause, still I have also the conscience of my personal humility. Never will I forget what is due from me to the sovereign source of my public capacity. This I owe to my nation's dignity, and, therefore, respectfully thanking this highly distinguished assembly, in my country's name, I have the boldness to say that Hungary well deserves your sympathy—that Hungary has a claim to protection, because it has a claim to justice. But as to myself, permit me humbly to express that I am well aware not to have in all these honors any personal share. Now, I know that even that which might seem to be personal in your toast is only an acknowledgment of a historical fact; very instructively connected with a principle valuable and dear to every republican heart in the United States of America. Sir, you were pleased to mention in your toast that I am unconquered by misfortune and unseduced by ambition. Now, it is a providential fact that misfortune has the privilege to ennoble man's mind and to strengthen man's character. There is a sort of natural instinct of human dignity in the heart of man, which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the heavy blows of a great adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight—even so the character of man. There is no merit in it—it is a law of

psychology. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often bent the character of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck; and as to ambition, I, indeed, never was able to understand how anybody can more love ambition than liberty. But I am glad to state a historical fact as a principal demonstration of that influence which institutions exercise upon the character of nations. We Hungarians are very fond of the principle of municipal self-government; and we have a natural horror against the principle of centralization. That fond attachment to municipal self-government, without which there is no provincial freedom possible, is a fundamental feature of our national character. We brought it with us from far Asia, a thousand years ago, and we conserved it throughout the vicissitudes of ten centuries.

No nation has perhaps so much struggled and suffered from the civilized Christian world as ours. We do not complain of this lot. It may be heavy, but it is not inglorious. Where the cradle of our Saviour stood, and where his divine doctrine was founded, there another faith now rules, and the whole of Europe's armed pilgrimage could not avert this fate from that sacred spot, nor stop the rushing waves of Islamism absorbing the Christian empire of Constantine. We stopped those rushing waves. The breast of my nation proved a breakwater to them. We guarded Christendom, that Luthers or Calvins might reform it. It was a dangerous time, and the dangers of the time often placed the confidence of all my nation into one man's hand, and their confidence gave power into his hands to become ambitious. But there was not a single instance in history where a man honored by his people's

confidence had deceived his people by becoming ambitious. The man out of whom Russian diplomacy succeeded in making the murderer of his nation's confidence—he never had it, but was rather regarded always with distrust. But he gained some victories when victories were the moment's chief necessity. At the head of an army, circumstances placed him in the capacity to ruin his country. But he never had the people's confidence. So, even he is no contradiction to the historical truth that no Hungarian whom his nation honored with its confidence was ever seduced by ambition to become dangerous to his country's liberty. That is a remarkable fact, and yet it is not accidental. It is the logical consequence of the influence of institutions upon the national character. Our nation, through all its history, was educated in the school of municipal self-government, and in such a country, ambition, having no field, has also no place in man's character.

The truth of this doctrine becomes yet more illustrated by a quite contrary historical fact in France. Whatever have been the changes of government in that great country —and many they have been, to be sure—we have seen a Convention, a Directorate of Consuls, and one Consul, and an Emperor, and the Restoration—the fundamental tone of the Constitution of France was power always centralized, Omnipotence always vested somewhere; and remarkably, indeed, France has never yet raised the single man to the seat of power who has not sacrificed his country's freedom to his personal ambition. It is sorrowful, indeed; but it is natural. It is in the garden of centralization that the venomous plant of ambition thrives. I dare confidently affirm, that in your great country there exists not a single man through whose brains has ever passed the thought

that he would wish to raise the seat of his ambition upon the ruins of your country's liberty. If he could, such a wish is impossible in the United States. Institutions react upon the character of nations. He who sows the wind will reap the storm. History is the revelation of Providence. The Almighty rules by eternal laws, not only the material but the moral world; and every law is a principle, and every principle is a law. Men, as well as nations, are endowed with free will to choose a principle, but that once chosen, the consequences must be abided. With self-government is freedom, and with freedom is justice and patriotism. With centralization is ambition, and with ambition dwells despotism. Happy your great country, sir, for being so warmly addicted to that great principle of self-government. Upon this foundation your fathers raised a home to freedom more glorious than the world has ever seen. Upon this foundation you have developed it to a living wonder of the world. Happy your great country, sir, that it was selected by the blessing of the Lord, to prove the glorious practicability of a federative Union of many sovereign States, all conserving their State rights and their self-government, and yet united in one. Every star beaming with its own lustre, but all together one constellation on mankind's canopy!

Upon this foundation your country has grown to a prodigious power in a surprisingly brief period. You have attracted power in that. Your fundamental principles have conquered more in seventy-five years than Rome by arms in centuries. Your principles will conquer the world. By the glorious example of your freedom, welfare, and security, mankind is about to become conscious of its aim. The lesson you give to humanity will not be lost,

and the respect of the State rights in the Federal Government of America and in its several States, will become an instructive example for universal toleration, forbearance, and justice, to the future States and Republics of Europe. Upon this basis will be got rid of the mysterious question of language, and nationalities raised by the cunning despotisms in Europe to murder Liberty, and the smaller States will find security in the principles of federative union, while they will conserve their national freedom by the principles of sovereign self-government; and while larger States, abdicating the principles of centralization, will cease to be a blood-field to sanguinary usurpation, and a tool to the ambition of wicked men, municipal institutions will insure the development of local particular elements. Freedom, formerly an abstract political theory, will become the household benefit to municipalities, and out of the welfare and contentment of all parts will flow happiness, peace, and security for the whole. That is my confident hope. There will at once subside the fluctuations of Germany's fate. It will become the heart of Europe, not by melting North Germany into a Southern frame, or the South into a Northern; not by absorbing historical peculiarities, by centralized omnipotence; not by mixing in one State, but by federating several sovereign States into a Union like yours, upon a similar basis, will take place the national regeneration of the Slavonic States, and not upon the sacrilegious idea of Panslavism, equivalent to the omnipotence of the Czar.

Upon a similar basis will we see fair Italy independent and free. Not unity, but union, will and must become the watchword of national bodies, severed into desecrated limbs by provisional rivalries, out of which a flock of des-

pots and common servitude arose. To be sure, it will be a noble joy to this your great Republic to feel that the moral influence of your glorious example has operated in producing this glorious development in mankind's destiny; and I have not the slightest doubt of the efficacy of your example's influence. But there is one thing indispensable to it, without which there is no hope for this happy issue. This indispensable thing is, that the oppressed nations of Europe become the masters of their future, free to regulate their own domestic concerns, and to secure this nothing is wanted but to have that fair play to all, and for all, which you, sir, in your toast were pleased to pronounce as a right of my nation, alike sanctioned by the law of nations as by the dictates of eternal justice. Without this fair play there is no hope for Europe—no hope of seeing your principle spread. Yours is a happy country, gentlemen. You had more than fair play. You had active, operative aid from Europe in your struggle for independence, which, once achieved, you so wisely used as to become a prodigy of freedom and welfare, and a Book of Life to nations. But we, in Europe—we, unhappily, have no such fair play with us, against every palpitation of liberty. All despots are united in a common league, and you may be sure despots will never yield to the moral influence of your great example. They hate the very existence of this example. It is the sorrow of their thoughts and the incubus of their dreams. To stop its moral influence abroad, and to check its spreading development at home, is what they wish, instead of yielding to its influence. We will have no fair play. The Cossack already rules, by Louis Napoleon's usurpation, to the very borders of the Atlantic Ocean.

One of your great statesmen — now to my sorrow bound to the sick bed of advanced age—alas, that I am deprived of the advice which his wisdom could have imparted to me—your great statesman told the world thirty years ago that Paris was transferred to St. Petersburg. What would he now say, when St. Petersburg is transferred to Paris, and Europe is but an appendix to Russia? Alas! Europe can no longer secure to Europe fair play. Albion only remains. But even Albion casts a sorrowful glance over the waves. Still we will stand our place, sink or swim, live or die. You know the word. It is your own. We will follow it. It will be a bloody path to tread. Despots have conspired against the world. Terror spreads over Europe, and anticipating persecution rules from Paris to Pesth. There is a gloomy silence, like the silence of nature before the terrors of a hurricane. It is a sensible silence, only disturbed by the thousand-fold rattling of muskets by which Napoleon murders the people who gave him a home when he was an exile, and by the groans of new martyrs in Sicily, Milan, Vienna, and Pesth. The very sympathy which I met in England, and was expected to meet here, throws my sisters into the dungeons of Austria. Well, God's will be done. The heart may break, but duty will be done. We will stand in our place, though to us in Europe there be no fair play. But so much I hope, that no just man on earth can charge me with unbecoming arrogance, when here, on this soil of freedom, I kneel down and raise my prayer to God—"Almighty Father of Humanity, will thy merciful arm not raise a power on earth to protect the law of nations, when there are so many to violate it?" It is a prayer and nothing else. What would remain to the op-

pressed if they were not permitted to pray? The rest is in the hand of God.

Gentlemen, I know where I stand. No honor, no encouraging generosity, will make me ever forget where I stand and what is due from me to you. Here my duty is silently to await what you in your wisdom will be pleased to pronounce about that which public opinion knows to be my prayer and my aim, and be it your will to pronounce, or be it your will not to take notice of it, I will understand your will, and bow before it with devotion, love, and gratitude to your generous people, to your glorious land. But one single word, even here, I may be permitted to say, only such a word as may secure me from being misunderstood. I came to the noble-minded people of the United States to claim its generous operative sympathy for the impending struggle of oppressed freedom on the European Continent, and I freely interpreted the hopes and wishes which these oppressed nations entertain, but as to your great Republic, as a State, as a power on earth, I stand before the statesmen, senators, and legislators of that Republic, only to ascertain from their wisdom and experience what is their judgment upon a question of national law and international right. I hoped, and now hope, that they will, by the foreboding events on the other great continent, feel induced to pronounce in time their vote about that law and those rights, and I hoped and hope that in pronouncing their vote, it will be in the broad principles of international justice, and consonant with their republican institutions and their democratic life.

That is all I know and Europe knows—the immense weight of such a pronunciation from such a place. But never had I the impious wish to try to entangle this great

Republic into difficulties inconsistent with its own welfare, its own security, its own interest. I rather repeatedly and earnestly declared that a war on this account by your country is utterly impossible, and a mere phantom. I always declared that the United States remained masters of their actions, and under every circumstance will act as they judge consistent with the supreme duties to themselves. But I said and say that such a declaring of just principles would insure to the nations of Europe fair play in their struggle for freedom and independence, because the declaration of such a power as your Republic will be respected even where it is not liked; and Europe's oppressed nations will feel cheered in resolution, and doubled in strength, to maintain the decision of their American brethren on their own behalf with their own lives. There is an immense power in the idea to be right, when this idea is sanctioned by a nation like yours; and when the foreboding future will become present, there is an immense field for private benevolence, and sympathy upon the basis of the broad principles of international justice pronounced in the sanctuary of your people's collective majority. So much to guard me against misunderstanding.

Sir, I must fervently thank you for the acknowledgment that my country has proved worthy to be free. Yes, gentlemen, I feel proud of my nation's character, heroism, love of freedom and vitality, and I bow with reverential awe before the decree of Providence which placed my country in a position that, without its restoration to independence, there is no possibility for freedom and the independence of nations on the European Continent. Even what now in France is about to pass proves the truth of this. Every disappointed hope with which

Europe looked toward France is a degree more added to the importance of Hungary to the world. Upon our plains were fought the decisive battles for Christendom. There will be fought the decisive battle for the independence of nations, for State rights, for international law, and for democratic liberty. We will live free or die like men; but should my people be doomed to die, it will be the first whose death will not be recorded as a suicide, but as a martyrdom for the world; and future ages will mourn over the sad fate of the Magyar race, doomed to perish, not because in the nineteenth century there was nobody to protect the laws of nature and of nature's God. But I look to the future with confidence and with hope. Adversities manifold of a tempest-tossed life, could not fail, of course, to impart a mark of cheerfulness upon my heart, which, if not a source of joy, is at least a guarantee against sanguine illusions. I, for myself, would not want the hope of success for doing what is right to me. The sense of duty would suffice. Therefore, when I hope, it has nothing in common with that desperate instinct of a drowning man, who, half sunk, is still grasping at a straw for help. No; when I hope, there is motive for the hope.

I have a steady faith in principles. I dare say that experience taught me the logic of events, in connection with principles. I have fathomed the entire bottom of this mystery, and was, I perceive, right in my calculations there, about once in my life. I supposed a principle to exist in a certain quarter, where, indeed, no principle proves to exist. It was a horrible mistake, and resulted in a horrible issue. The present condition of Europe is a very consequence of it; but precisely this condition of Europe proves I did not wantonly suppose a principle

to exist there where I found none would have existed. The consequences could not have failed to arrive, as I have contemplated them well. There is a Providence in every fact. Without this mistake, the principles of American republicanism would, for a long time yet, find a sterile soil on that continent, where it was considered wisdom to belong to the French school. Now, matters stand thus: That either the continent of Europe has no future at all, or this future is American Republicanism. And who could believe that three hundred millions of that continent, which is the mother of civilization, are not to have any future at all? Such a doubt would be almost blasphemy against Providence. But there is a Providence, indeed—a just, a bountiful Providence—I trust, with the piety of my religion in it; I dare say my very humble self was a continual instrument of it. How could I be else in such a condition as I was—born not conspicuous by any prominent abilities? Having nothing in me more than an iron will which nothing can bend, and the consciousness of being right, how could I, under the most arduous circumstances, accomplish many a thing which my sense of honest duty prompted me to understand?

Oh, there is, indeed, a Providence which rules, even in my being here, when four months ago I was yet a prisoner of the league of European despots, in far Asia, and the sympathy which your glorious people honor me with, and the high benefit of the welcome of your Congress, and the honor to be your guest—to be the guest of your great Republic—I, the poor, humble, unpretending exile—is there not a very intelligible manifestation of Providence in it?—the more when I remember that the name of your humble, but thankful guest, is, by the furi-

ous rage of the Austrian tyrant, to the gallows nailed. Your generosity is great, and loud your patriotism of republican principles against despotism. I firmly trust to those principles; and relying upon this very fact of your generosity, I may be permitted to say that that respectable organ of the free press may be mistaken, which announced that I considered my coming hither to be a failure. I confidently trust that the nations of Europe have a future. I am aware that the future is contradicted. Bayonets may support, but afford no chair to sit upon. I trust to the future of my native land, because I know that is worthy to have it; and it is necessary to the destinies of humanity. I trust to the principles of republicanism, whatever be my personal fate. So much I know, that my country will remember you and your glorious land with everlasting gratitude.

SPEECH IN FANEUIL HALL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Do me the justice to believe that I rise not with any pretension to eloquence, within the Cradle of American Liberty. If I were standing upon the ruins of Prytaneum and had to speak whence Demosthenes spoke, my tongue would refuse to obey, my words would die away upon my lips, and I would listen to the winds, fraught with the dreadful realization of his unheeded prophesies.

Spirit of American eloquence, frown not at my boldness, that I dare abuse Shakespeare's language in Faneuil Hall! It is strange fate and not my choice.

My tongue is fraught with a downtrodden nation's wrongs.

The justice of my cause is my eloquence; but misfortune may approach the altar whence the flame arose which roused your fathers from degradation to independence. I claim my people's share in the benefit of the laws of nature and of nature's God. I will nothing add to the historical reputation of these walls; but I dare hope not to sully them by appealing to those maxims of truth, the promulgation of which made often tremble these walls, from the thundering cheers of freemen roused by the clarion sound of inspired oratory.

"Cradle of American Liberty!"—it is a great name; but there is something in it which saddens my heart. You should not say "American liberty." You should say "Liberty in America." Liberty should not be either American or European,—it should be just "Liberty." God is God. He is neither America's God nor Europe's God; he is God. So should liberty be. "American liberty" has much the sound as if you would say "American privilege." And there is the rub. Look to history, and when your heart saddens at the fact that liberty never yet was lasting in any corner of the world and in any age, you will find the key of it in the gloomy truth that all who yet were free regarded liberty as their privilege instead of regarding it as a principle. The nature of every privilege is exclusiveness; that of a principle is communicative. Liberty is a principle,—its community is its security,—exclusiveness is its doom.

What is aristocracy? It is exclusive liberty; it is privilege; and aristocracy is doomed because it is contrary to the destiny and welfare of man. Aristocracy should vanish, not in the nations but also from amongst the nations. So long as that is not done liberty will nowhere be lasting on earth. It is equally fatal to individuals as to nations to believe themselves beyond the reach of vicissitudes. To this proud reliance, and

the isolation resulting therefrom, more victims have fallen than to oppression by immediate adversities. You have prodigiously grown by your freedom of seventy-five years; but what is seventy-five years to take for a charter of immortality? No, no! my humble tongue tells the records of eternal truth. A privilege never can be lasting. Liberty restricted to one nation never can be sure. You may say, "We are the prophets of God;" but you shall not say "God is only our God." The Jews have said so, and the pride of Jerusalem lies in the dust. Our Saviour taught all humanity to say "Our Father in heaven;" and his Jerusalem is lasting to the end of days.

"There is a community in man's destiny." That was the greeting which I read on the arch of welcome on the Capitol Hill of Massachusetts. I pray to God the republic of America would weigh the eternal truth of those words and act accordingly. Liberty in America would then be sure to the end of time. But if you say "American liberty," and take that grammar for your policy, I dare say the time will yet come when humanity will have to mourn over a new proof of the ancient truth, that without community national freedom is never sure. You should change "American liberty" into "Liberty,"—then liberty would be forever sure in America, and that which found a cradle in Faneuil Hall never would find a coffin through all coming days. I like not the word cradle connected with the word liberty,—it has a scent of mortality. But these are vain words, I know; though in the life of nations the spirits of future be marching in present events, visible to every reflecting mind, still those who foretell them are charged with arrogantly claiming the title of prophets, and prophecies are never believed. However, the cradle of American liberty is not only famous from the reputa-

tion of having been always the lists of the most powerful eloquence; it is still more conspicuous for having seen that eloquence attended by practical success. To understand the mystery of this rare circumstance a man must see the people of New England and especially the people of Massachusetts.

In what I have seen of New England there are two things the evidence of which strikes the observer at every step—prosperity and intelligence. I have seen thousands assembled, following the noble impulses of generous hearts; almost the entire population of every city, of every town, of every village, where I passed, gathered around me, throwing the flowers of consolation in my thorny way. I can say I have seen the people here, and I have looked at it with a keen eye, sharpened in the school of a toilsome life. Well, I have seen not a single man bearing the mark of that poverty upon himself which in old Europe strikes the eye sadly at every step. I have seen no ragged poor; I have seen not a single house bearing the appearance of desolated poverty. The cheerfulness of a comfortable condition, the result of industry, spreads over the land. One sees at a glance that the people work assiduously,—not with the depressing thought just to get from day to day, by hard toil, through the cares of a miserable life, but they work with the cheerful consciousness of substantial happiness. And the second thing which I could not fail to remark is the stamp of intelligence impressed upon the very eyes and outward appearance of the people at large. I and my companions have seen that people in the factories, in the workshops, in their houses, and in the streets, and could not fail a thousand times to think "how intelligent that people looks." It is to such a people that the orators of Faneuil Hall had to speak, and therein is the mystery of their success. They were not wiser than the public spirit of their audience,

but they were the eloquent interpreters of the people's enlightened instinct.

No man can force the harp of his own individuality into the people's heart; but every man may play upon the chords of his people's heart, who draws his inspiration from the people's instinct. Well, I thank God for having seen the public spirit of the people of Massachusetts bestowing its attention to the cause I plead and pronouncing its verdict. After the spontaneous manifestations of public opinion which I have met in Massachusetts, there can be not the slightest doubt that his Excellency the high-minded Governor of Massachusetts, when he wrote his memorable address to the legislature,—the joint committee of the legislative assembly, after a careful and candid consideration of the subject, not only concurring in the views of the executive government, but elucidating them in a report the irrefutable logic and elevated statesmanship of which will forever endear the name of Hazewell to oppressed nations; and the senate of Massachusetts adopting the resolutions proposed by the legislative committee, in respect to the question of national intervention,—I say the spontaneous manifestation of public opinion leaves not the slightest doubt that all these executive and legislative proceedings not only met the full approbation of the people of Massachusetts, but were in fact nothing else but the solemn interpretation of that public opinion of the people of Massachusetts. A spontaneous outburst of popular sentiments tells often more in a single word than all the skill of elaborate eloquence could. I have met that word. "We worship not the man but we worship the principle," shouted out a man in Worcester, amidst the thundering cheers of a countless multitude. It was a word like those words of flame spoken in Faneuil Hall out of which liberty in America was born.

That word is a revelation that the spirit of eternal truth and of present exigencies moves through the people's heart. That word is teeming with the destinies of America.

Would to God that in the leading quarters small party considerations should never prevent the due appreciation of the people's instinctive sagacity! It is with joyful consolation and heartfelt gratitude I own that of that fear I am forever relieved in respect to Massachusetts. Once more I have met the revelation of the truth that the people of Massachusetts worship principles. I have met it on the front of your Capitol, in those words raised to the consolation of the oppressed world, by the constitutional authorities of Massachusetts, to the high heaven, upon an arch of triumph,—"Remember that there is a community in mankind's destiny."

I cannot express the emotion I felt when, standing on the steps of your Capitol, these words above my head, the people of Massachusetts tendered me its hand in the person of its chief magistrate. The emotion which thrilled through my heart was something like that Lazarus must have felt when the Saviour spoke to him "Rise;" and when I looked up with a tender tear of heartfelt gratitude in my eyes, I saw the motto of Massachusetts all along the Capitol, "We seek with the sword the mild quietness of liberty."

You have proved this motto not to be an empty word. The heroic truth of it is recorded in the annals of Faneuil Hall, it is recorded on Bunker Hill, recorded in the Declaration of Independence.

Having read that motto, coupled with the acknowledgment of the principle that there is a community in the destiny of all humanity, I know what answer I have to take to those millions who look with profound anxiety to America.

Gentlemen, the Mahometans say that the city of Bokhara

receives not light from without, but is lustrous with its own light. I don't know much about Bokhara; but so much I know, that Boston is the sun whence radiated the light of resistance against oppression. And from what it has been my good fortune to experience in Boston I have full reason to believe that the sun which shone forth with such a bright lustre in the days of oppression has not lost its lustre by freedom and prosperity. Boston is the metropolis of Massachusetts, and Massachusetts has given its vote. It has given it after having, with the penetrating sagacity of its intelligence, looked attentively into the subject and fixed with calm consideration its judgment thereabout. After having had so much to speak, it was with infinite gratification I heard myself addressed in Brookfield, Framingham, and several other places, with these words, "We know your country's history; we agree with your principles; we want no speech; just let us hear your voice, and then go on; we trust and wish you may have other things to do than speak."

Thus having neither to tell my country's tale, because it is known, nor having to argue about principles, because they are agreed with, I am in the happy condition of being able to restrain myself to a few desultory remarks about the nature of the difficulties I have to contend with in other quarters, that the people of Massachusetts may see upon what ground those stand who are following a direction contrary to the distinctly pronounced opinion of Massachusetts in relation to the cause I plead.

Give me leave to mention that, having had an opportunity to converse with leading men of the great political parties, which are on the eve of an animated contest for the presidency,—would it had been possible for me to have come to America either before that contest was engaged, or after it

will be decided! I came, unhappily, in a bad hour,—I availed myself of that opportunity to be informed about what are considered to be the principal issues in case the one or the other party carries the prize; and, indeed, having got the information thereof, I could not forbear to exclaim, "But, my God! all these questions together cannot outweigh the all-overruling importance of foreign policy!" It is there, in the question of foreign policy, that the heart of the next future throbs. Security and danger, developing prosperity, and its check, peace and war, tranquillity and embarrassment,—yes, life and death will be weighed in the scale of foreign policy! It is evident things are come to the point where they have been in ancient Rome, when old Cato never spoke privately or publicly about whatever topic without closing his speech with these words: "However, my opinion is that Carthage must be destroyed;" thus advertising his countrymen that there was one question outweighing in importance all other questions, from which public attention should never for a moment be withdrawn.

Such, in my opinion, is the condition of the world now. Carthage and Rome had no place on earth together. Republican America and all-overwhelming Russian absolutism cannot much longer subsist together on earth. Russia active,—America passive,—there is an immense danger in that fact; it is like the avalanche in the Alps which the noise of a bird's wing may move and thrust down with irresistible force, growing every moment. I cannot but believe it were highly time to do as old Cato did and finish every speech with these words: "However, the law of nations should be maintained and absolutism not permitted to become omnipotent."

I could not forbear to make these remarks; and the answer I got was, "That is all true, and all right, and will be attended

to when the election is over; but, after all, the party must come into power, and you know there are so many considerations,—men want to be managed, and even prejudices spared, and so forth."

And it is true; but it is sorrowful that it is true. That reminds me of what, in Schiller's "Maria Stuart," Mortimer says to Lord Leicester, the all-mighty favorite of Elizabeth: "O God, what little steps has such a great lord to go at this court!" There is the first obstacle I have to meet with. This consolation, at least, I have, that the chief difficulty I have to contend with is neither lasting nor an argument against the justice of my cause or against the righteousness of my principles. Just as the calumnies by which I am assailed can but harm my own self but cannot impair the justice of my country's cause or weaken the propriety of my principles,—so that difficulty, being just a difficulty and no argument, cannot change the public opinion of the people, which always cares more about principles than about wire-pullings.

The second difficulty I have to contend with is rather curious. Many a man has told me that if I had only not fallen into the hands of the Abolitionists and Free-Soilers he would have supported me; and had I landed somewhere in the South, instead of New York, I would have met quite different things from that quarter; but being supported by the Free-Soilers, of course I must be opposed by the South. On the other side, I received a letter from which I beg leave to quote a few lines:

"You are silent on the subject of slavery. Surrounded as you have been by slaveholders ever since you put your foot on English soil, if not during your whole voyage from Constantinople,—and ever since you have been in this country

surrounded by them, whose threats, promises, and flattery make the stoutest hearts succumb,—your position has put me in mind of a scene described by the apostle of Jesus Christ, when the devil took him up into a high mountain."

Now, gentlemen, thus being charged from one side with being in the hands of Abolitionists, and from the other side with being in the hands of the slaveholders, I indeed am at a loss what course to take, if these very contradictory charges were not giving me the satisfaction to feel that I stand just where it is my duty to stand, on a truly American ground.

I must beg leave to say a few words in that respect, the more because I could not escape vehement attacks for not committing myself even in that respect with whatever interior party question. I claim the right for my people to regulate its own domestic concerns. I claim this as a law of nations, common to all humanity; and because common to all I claim to see them protected by the United States, not only because they have the power to defend what despots dare offend, but also because it is the necessity of their position to be a power on earth, which they would not be if the law of nations can be changed and the general condition of the world altered without their vote. Now, that being my position and my cause, it would be the most absurd inconsistency if I would offend that principle which I claim and which I advocate.

And O, my God, have I not enough sorrows and cares to bear on these poor shoulders? Is it not astonishing that the moral power of duties and the iron will of my heart sustain yet this shattered frame; that I am desired yet to take up additional cares? If the cause I plead be just, if it be worthy of your sympathy, and at the same time consistent with the impartial considerations of your own moral and material interests,—which a patriot never should disregard, not even out

of philanthropy,—then why not weigh that cause with the scale of its own value and not with a foreign one? Have I not difficulties enough to contend with that I am desired to increase them yet with my own hands? Father Mathew goes on preaching temperance, and he may be opposed or supported on his own ground; but whoever imagined opposition to him because at the same time he takes not into his hands to preach fortitude or charity? And indeed to oppose or to abandon the cause I plead, only because I mix not with the agitation of an interior question, is a greater injustice yet, because to discuss the question of foreign policy I have a right. My nation is an object of that policy; we are interested in it; but to mix with interior party movements I have no right, not being a citizen of the United States.

The third difficulty which I meet, so far as I am told, is the opposition of the commercial interest. I have the agreeable duty to say that this opposition, or rather indifference, is only partial. I have met several testimonials of the most generous sympathy from gentlemen of commerce. But if, upon the whole, it should be really true that there is more coolness, or even opposition, in that quarter than in others, then I may say that there is an entire misapprehension of the true commercial interests in it. I could say that it would be strange to see commerce, and chiefly the commerce of a republic, indifferent to the spread of liberal institutions. That would be a sad experience, teeming with incalculable misfortunes, reserved to the nineteenth century. Until now history has recorded that "commerce has been the most powerful locomotive of principles and the most fruitful ally of civilization, intelligence, and of liberty." It was merchants whose names are shining with immortal lustre from the most glorious pages of the golden books of Venice, Genoa, etc. Com-

merce, republican commerce, raised single cities to the position of mighty powers on earth and maintained them in that proud position for centuries; and surely it was neither indifference nor opposition to republican principles by which they have thus ennobled the history of commerce and of humanity. I know full well that since the treasures of commerce took their way into the coffers of despotism, in the shape of eternal loans, and capital began to speculate upon the oppression of nations, a great change has occurred in that respect.

But, thanks to God, the commerce of America is not engaged in that direction, hated by millions, cursed by humanity! Her commerce is still what it was in former times, the beneficent instrumentality of making mankind partake of all the fruits and comforts of the earth and of human industry. Here it is no paper speculation upon the changes of despotism; and, therefore, if the commercial interests of republican America are considered with that foresighted sagacity without which there is no future and no security in them, I feel entirely sure that no particular interest can be more ambitious to see absolutism checked and freedom and democratic institutions developed in Europe than the commerce of republican America. It is no question of more or less profit; it is a question of life and death to it. Commerce is the heel of Achilles, the vulnerable point of America. Thither will, thither must be aimed the first blow of victorious absolutism; the instinct of self-preservation would lead absolutism to strike that blow if its hatred and indignation would not lead to it. Air is not more indispensable to life than freedom and constitutional government in Europe to the commerce of America.

Though many things which I have seen have upon calm

reflection induced me to raise an humble word of warning against materialism, still I believe there was more patriotic solicitude than reality in the fact that Washington and John Adams, at the head of the war department, complained of a predominating materialism (they styled it avarice), which threatened the ruin of America. I believe that complaint would even to-day not be more founded than it was in the infant age of your republic; still, if there be any motive for that complaint of your purest and best patriots,—if the commerce of America would know, indeed, no better guiding star than only the momentary profit of a cargo just floating over the Atlantic,—I would be even then at a loss how else to account for the indifference of the commerce of America in the cause of European liberty than by assuming that it is believed the present degraded condition of Europe may endure, if only the popular agitations are deprived of material means to disturb that which is satirically called tranquillity.

But such a supposition would, indeed, be the most obnoxious, the most dangerous fallacy. As the old philosopher, being questioned how he could prove the existence of God, answered, "by opening the eyes;" just so, nothing is necessary but to open the eyes in order that men of the most ordinary common sense become aware of it, that the present condition of Europe is too unnatural, too contrary to the vital interests of the countless millions to endure even for a short time. A crisis is inevitable; no individual influence can check it; no indifference or opposition can prevent it. Even men like myself, concentrating the expectations and confidence of oppressed millions in themselves, have only just enough power, if provided with the requisite means, to keep the current in a sound direction, so that in its inevitable eruption it may not become dangerous to social order, which is

indispensable to the security of person and property, without which especially no commerce has any future at all. And that being the unsophisticated condition of the world, and a crisis being inevitable, I indeed cannot imagine how those who desire nothing but peace and tranquillity can withhold their helping hands, that the inevitable crisis should not only be kept in a sound direction, but also carried down to a happy issue, capable to prevent the world from boiling continually like a volcano, and insuring a lasting peace and a lasting tranquillity, never possible so long as the great majority of nations are oppressed, but sure so soon as the nations are content,—and content they can only be when they are free.

Indeed, if reasonable logic has not yet forsaken the world, it is the men of peace, it is the men of commerce, to the support of whom I have a right to look. Others may support my cause out of generosity,—these must support me out of considerate interest; others may oppose me out of egotism,—American commerce, in opposing me, would commit suicide.

Gentlemen, of such narrow nature are the considerations which oppose my cause. Of equally narrow, inconsistent scope are all the rest, with the enumeration of which I will not abuse your kind indulgence. Compare with them the broad basis of lofty principles upon which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts took its stand in bestowing the important benefit of its support to my cause; and you cannot forbear to feel proudly that the spirit of old Massachusetts is still alive, entitled to claim that right in the councils of the united Republic which it had in the glorious days when, amidst dangers, wavering resolutions, and partial despondency, Massachusetts took boldly the lead to freedom and independence.

Those men of immortal memory, who within these very

walls lighted with the heavenly spark of their inspiration the torch of freedom in America, avowed for their object the welfare of mankind; and when you raised the monument of Bunker Hill it was the genius of freedom thrilling through the heart of Massachusetts which made one of your distinguished orators say that the days of your ancient glory will continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time. It is upon this inspiration I rely, in the name of my down-trodden country,—to-day the martyr of mankind, to-morrow the battlefield of its destiny.

Time draws nigh when either the influence of Americans must be felt throughout the world, or the position abandoned to which you rose with gigantic vitality out of the blood of your martyrs.

I have seen the genius of those glorious days spreading its fiery wings of inspiration over the people of Massachusetts. I feel the spirit of olden times moving through Faneuil Hall. Let me cut short my stammering words; let me leave your hearts alone with the inspiration of history; let me bear with me the heart-strengthening conviction that I have seen Boston still a radiating sun, as it was of yore, but risen so high on mankind's sky as to spread its warming rays of elevated patriotism far over the waves. American patriotism of to-day is philanthropy for the world.

Gentlemen, I trust in God, I trust in the destinies of humanity, and intrust the hopes of oppressed Europe to the consistent energy of Massachusetts.

SPEECH AT PLYMOUTH

GENTLEMEN,—It is said that a poor little bird, having a grain of seed in his bill, was wafted by the current of the gale over the waves to a new part of globe, a barren desert yet, lately risen from the hidden depth where the mysterious work of creation is still going on. The grain of seed fell from the bill of the bird, and out of that grain a new creation was born. An ocean of haulm, the children of that solitary grain, undulates over the blooming prairie, bowing in adoration before Nature's God; and millions of flowers send the sacrifice of their fragrance up to the Almighty's throne.

If I had to stand on the spot where that grain of seed fell from the beak of the bird, with the blooming prairie spreading before my eyes, boundless like eternity, I could not feel more awe than here, on this hallowed spot, the most striking evidence of the most wonderful operation of Divine Providence.

Every object which meets my eye, the very echo of my steps, is fraught with the most wonderful tale which ever found its way to the heart of men.

You all,—you are wont to stand on this spot; you are wont to walk on this hallowed ground; the ocean's breeze which your ears catch, to you it is not fraught with woful sighs from a bleeding home; and still I see the lustre of religious awe in your eyes, and I hear your hearts throb with uncommon emotion of pious sentiments. What, then, must I feel on this spot? What must I hear in the voice of the breeze, where the spirits of departed pilgrims melt their whispers with the sighs of my oppressed fatherland?

I am not here, gentlemen, to retell the Pilgrim Fathers' tale: I have to learn about it from your particulars, which historians neglect, but the people's heart by pious tradition likes to conserve. Neither am I here to tell how happy you are,—that, you feel. Pointed by that sentiment which instinctively rises in the heart of happy, good men at the view of foreign misfortune, you invited me to this sacred spot, desiring to pour in my sad heart the consoling inspiration flowing from this place and to strengthen me in the trust to God. I thank you for it; it does good to my heart. The very air which I here respire, though to me sad, because fresh with the sorrows of Europe and with the woes of my native land, that very air is a balm to the bleeding wounds of my soul; it relieves like as the tears relieve the oppressed heart.

But this spot is a book of history. A book not written by man, but by the Almighty himself,—a leaf out of the records of destiny, sent to earth and illumined by the light of heavenly intellect, that men and nations, reading in that book of life the bountiful intentions of the Almighty God, may learn the duties they are expected to fulfil, and cannot neglect to fulfil without offending those intentions with which the Almighty ruler of human destinies has worked the wonders of which Plymouth Rock is the cradle-place.

I feel like Moses when he stood on Mount Nebo, in the mountains of Abarim, looking over the billows. I see afar the Canaan of mankind's liberty. I would the people of your great republic would look to Plymouth Rock as to a new Sinai, where the Almighty legislator revealed what he expects your nation to do and not do unto her neighbors, by revealing to her free America's destiny.

Who would have thought, gentlemen, that the modest vessel

which two hundred and thirty-two years ago landed the handful of Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock was fraught with the palladium of liberty, and with the elements of a power destined to regenerate the world?

Oppression drove them from their ancient European home to the wilderness of an unknown world; the "Mayflower" developed into a wonderful tree of liberty. Where the wilderness stood, there now a mighty Christian nation stands, unequalled in general intelligence and in general prosperity, a glorious evidence of mankind's capacity to self-government; and ye, happy sons of those Pilgrim Fathers, it became your glorious destiny to send back an enchanted twig from your tree of freedom to the Old World, thus requiting the oppression which drove away your forefathers from it. Is the time come for it? Yes, it is. That which is a benefit to the world is a condition of your own security.

While the tree of freedom which the Pilgrims planted grew so high that one twig of it may revive a world, in Europe, by a strange contradiction, another tree has grown in the same time,—the tree of evil and of despotism. It is Russia. Both have grown so large that there is no place more for them both on earth. One must be lopped, that the other may still spread.

And while the tree of good here and the tree of evil there have thus grown, my nation, a handful of braves, a foreign race from far Asia, transplanted to Europe a thousand years ago,—not kindred to you, not kindred to any European race, but guarding in its bosom, through all vicissitudes of time, a spark from that fire which led your Pilgrim Fathers to America's shores,—my nation stood in the very neighborhood of the tree of evil, a modest shrub, bearing up through centuries against the blasting winds encroaching upon the fields

of Christianity and of Christian civilization. Beaten continually by these blasting winds, it could not grow; but it stood firmly in its place and checked their course. It was the emblem of resistance.

The wind has shifted. Russian despotism threatens the Christian world, and it is again the shrub of my nation which has to check the gale. O, dear shrub of my dear native land! thy leaves are yellow and thy branches are torn; but the roots still hold firm, and the stock of the people is sound, and the soil which nursed that shrub for a thousand years is still full of life. Undaunted courage, unfaltering resolution, undesponding confidence, nurses the roots.

Now, what is it I claim from you, people of America—ye powerful swarm from the beehive Europe, ye sons of the Pilgrims,—those Christian Deucalions, who peopled this New World, and founded a nation in seeking but the asylum of a new home?

What is it I claim from you, people of America? Is it that you should send over yonder Atlantic a fleet of new Mayflowers, manned with thousands of Miles Standishes? Claim I the sword of that brave chieftain, as the people of Weymouth, the Wessagusens of old, claimed it once from the Pilgrim Fathers, that, as he once did for them, you may do for my people, brandishing its brave "Damascus blade" against the Indians of despotism, more dangerous to mankind's liberty —that common property of which you have the fairest share—than in those olden times the Indians of Cape Cod have been dangerous to the handful of Pilgrims, reduced by sickness to half their number, that they may multiply into millions? Is it that which I claim, in the name of mankind's great family, of which you are a mighty, full-grown son? No, I claim not this.

Do I claim from you to send over your sons to Hungary's border mountains, to make a living fence by their breasts, catching up the blasting wind of Russia, that it may not fall upon the poor, leaf-torn shrub of Hungary? No, I claim not this.

Or do I claim from you to beat back the bloody hand of the Austrian, that he may not waste the tempest-torn shrub, and not drain the life-sweat of its nursing soil? No, I do not claim that.

What is it, then, I claim from America? That same violence which shattered Hungary's bush has loosened, has bent, has nearly broken the pole called law of nations; without which no right is safe and no nation sure—none, were it even ten times so mighty as yours. I claim from America that it should fasten and make firm that pole called "law of nations," that we may, with the nerve-strings of our own stout hearts, bind to it our nation's shattered shrub.

That is what I claim. And I ask you, in the name of the Almighty, is it too pretentious, is it too much arrogance to claim so much?

"In the law of nations every nation is just so much interested as every citizen in the laws of his country." That is a wise word; it is the word of Mr. Webster, who, I am sure of it, in the high position he holds, intrusted with your country's foreign policy, would readily make good his own word if only his sovereign, the nation, be decided to back it, and says to him "Go on."

Well, that maintenance of the law of nations would be, indeed, an immense benefit to my country—an immense benefit to all oppressed nations; because there is scarcely one among them all (Russia, perhaps, excepted) which very easily could not get rid of its own domestic oppressor, if only the infernal

bugbear "interference" stood not in the rear, ready to support every oppressor against the oppressed; but, I ask, is it an arrogance to claim an international duty, when that duty would be a benefit to our poor selves?

To whom shall the oppressed turn for the protection of law and of right, if not to those who have the power to protect that law and that right, upon which their own power, their own existence, rests?

Turn to God and trust to him, you say. Well, that we do. The Lord is our chief trust; but, precisely because we trust to God, we look around with confidence for the instrumentality of this protection.

And who shall be that instrumentality, if not you, people of America, for whom God has worked an evident wonder out, and upon this very place where I stand?

We may well praise the dignity of Carver and Bradford, the bravery of Standish, the devotion of Brewster, the enterprising spirit of Allerton, the unexampled fortitude and resignation of their women, the patience of their boys, the firmness, thoughtfulness, religious faith and confident boldness, of all the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower"; we may well praise that all; no praise is too high and none undeserved; but, after all, we must confess that the wonderful results of their pilgrimage—the nation which we see here—that is not their merit, as it could never have been the anticipation of their thoughts. No, that is no human merit; that is an evident miracle—the work of God.

What have they been, those Pilgrims of those days? What was their resolution, their aim, their design? Let me answer, in the eloquent words of Mr. Webster's last centennial address:

"They have been the personification of humble and peaceable religion flying from causeless oppression, conscience attempting to escape from arbitrary rule, braving a thousand dangers, to find here—what? A place of refuge and of rest."

And what is it they have founded here? A mighty nation of twenty-four millions in the short period of two hundred and thirty-two years. Well, that has never entered the thoughts of the boldest of them.

The revolution of 1775 was no miracle; it was a necessity, an indication of your people's having come to the lawful age of a nation. Your assuming now the position of a power on earth, as I hope you will—that will again be no miracle. It would be wisdom, but the wisdom of doing what is good to humanity and necessary to yourselves. But, the United States of America—a result of the Pilgrim Fathers' landing on Plymouth Rock—that is no wisdom, no necessity; it is an evident miracle, a work of God.

And believe me, gentlemen, the Almighty God never deviates from the common laws of eternity for particular purposes; he never makes a miracle but for the benefit of all the world. By that truth the destiny of America is appointed out, and every destiny implies a duty to fulfil.

Happy the people which has the wisdom of its destiny and the resolution of its duties resulting therefrom. But woe to the people which takes not the place which Providence does appoint to it. With the intentions of Providence and with the decrees of the Almighty no man can dare to play. Self-reliance is a manly virtue, and no nation has a future which has not that virtue; but to believe that seventy-five years of prodigious growth dispense of every danger and of every care—that would be the surest way to provoke danger and to have much to care.

You will judge by this, gentlemen, if it was too much boldness on my part to believe that it is your country's destiny to regenerate the world by maintaining the laws of nations, or too much boldness to claim that which I believe is your destiny.

One humble prayer more I have; but that is addressed to your private generosity. When Weston's company of Weymouth was threatened by Indians, the Pilgrim colony of Plymouth supplied them with provisions, though they themselves could boast but of a very scanty store. Now the stores of your national prosperity are full of countless treasures and of boundless wealth. I ask out of your abundance a poor alms to my poor country; just so much as to buy with it a good rope, strong enough to fasten the shattered shrub of my country to the protecting pole of national law, and to buy a good battle-axe to beat off the hands of the tyrant from tearing to pieces the poor, shattered shrub.

And here let me end. I am out-worn; my mind has lost the freshness of ideas, only the old sorrows and old cares will neither be tired out nor go asleep. That is bad inspiration to oratory; but I will bear it, and go on in my duty, and hope good success; and will end with the words of that eloquent orator, who interpreted your people's wishes and sentiments at the second centennial anniversary of the day when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, "May the Star-Spangled Banner rise up as high as heaven, till it shall fan the air of both continents, and wave as a glorious ensign of peace and security to all nations."

FIRST SPEECH IN NEW YORK

I AM yet half sick, gentlemen; tossed and twisted about by a fortnight's gale on the Atlantic's restless waves; my giddy brains are still turning round as in a whirlpool, and this gigantic continent seems yet to tremble beneath my wavering steps. Let me, before I go to work, have some hours of rest upon this soil of freedom, your happy home. Freedom and home; what heavenly music in those two words! Alas! I have no home, and the freedom of my people is down-trodden. Young Giant of Free America, do not tell me that thy shores are an asylum to the oppressed and a home to the homeless exile. An asylum it is, but all the blessings of your glorious country, can they drown into oblivion the longing of the heart and the fond desires for our native land? My beloved native land! thy very sufferings make thee but dearer to my heart; thy bleeding image dwells with me when I wake, as it rests with me in the short moments of my restless sleep. It has accompanied me over the waves. It will accompany me when I go back to fight over again the battle of thy freedom once more. I have no idea but thee; I have no feeling but thee. Even here, with this prodigious view of greatness, freedom, and happiness which spreads before my astonished eyes, my thoughts are wandering toward home; and when I look over these thousands of thousands before me, the happy inheritance of yonder freedom for which your fathers fought and bled,—and when I turn to you, citizens, to bow before the majesty of the United States, and to thank the people of New York for their generous share in my liberation, and for the unpar-

alleled honor of this reception, I see, out of the very midst of this great assemblage, rise the bleeding image of Hungary, looking to you with anxiety, whether there be in the lustre of your eyes a ray of hope for her; whether there be in the thunder of your huzzas a trumpet call of resurrection. If there were no such ray of hope in your eyes, and no such trumpet call in your cheers, then woe to Europe's oppressed nations. They will stand alone in the hour of need. Less fortunate than you were, they will meet no brother's hand to help them in the approaching giant struggle against the leagued despots of the world; and woe, also, to me. I will feel no joy even here; and the days of my stay here will turn out to be lost to my fatherland; lost at the very time when every moment is teeming in the decision of Europe's destiny.

Citizens, much as I am wanting some hours of rest, much as I have need to become familiar with the ground I will have to stand upon before I enter upon business matters publicly, I took it for a duty of honor not to let escape even this first moment of your generous welcome without stating plainly and openly to you what sort of a man I am, and what are the expectations and the hopes, what are the motives which brought me now to your glorious shores.

Gentlemen, I have to thank the people, Congress, and government of the United States for my liberation from captivity. Human tongue has no words to express the bliss which I felt, when I—the down-trodden Hungary's wandering chief—saw the glorious flag of the Stripes and Stars fluttering over my head—when I first bowed before it with deep respect—when I saw around me the gallant officers and the crew of the "Mississippi" frigate—the most of them the worthiest representatives of true American principles, American greatness, American generosity—and to think that it was

not a mere chance which cast the Star-Spangled Banner around me, but that it was your protecting will—to know that the United States of America, conscious of their glorious calling, as well as of their power, declared, by this unparalleled act, to be resolved to become the protectors of human rights—to see a powerful vessel of America, coming to far Asia, to break the chains by which the mightiest despots of Europe fettered the activity of an exiled Magyar, whose very name disturbed the proud security of their sleep—to feel restored by such a protection, and, in such a way, to freedom, and by freedom to activity, you may be well aware of what I have felt, and still feel, at the remembrance of this proud moment of my life. Others spoke—you acted; and I was free! You acted; and at this act of yours, tyrants trembled; humanity shouted out with joy; the down-trodden people of Magyars—the down-trodden, but not broken—raised their heads with resolution and with hope, and the brilliancy of your stars was greeted by Europe's oppressed nations as the morning star of rising liberty. Now, gentlemen, you must be aware how boundless the gratitude must be which I feel for you. You have restored me to life—because, restored to activity; and should my life by the blessings of the Almighty, still prove useful to my fatherland and to humanity, it will be your merit—it will be your work. May you and your glorious country be blessed for it. Europe is on the very eve of such immense events that, however fervent my gratitude be to you, I would not have felt authorized to cross the Atlantic at this very time, only for the purpose to exhibit to you my warm thanks. I would have thanked you by facts, contributing to the freedom of the European continent, and would have postponed my visit to your glorious shores till the decisive battle for liberty was fought, if it

were my destiny to outlive that day. Then what is the motive of my being here at this very time?

The motive, citizens, is that your generous act of my liberation has raised the conviction throughout the world that this generous act of yours is but the manifestation of your resolution to throw your weight into the balance where the fate of the European continent is to be weighed. You have raised the conviction, throughout the world, that by my liberation you were willing to say, "Ye oppressed nations of old Europe's continent be of good cheer; the young giant of America stretches his powerful arm over the waves, ready to give a brother's hand to your future." So is your act interpreted throughout the world. You, in your proud security, can scarcely imagine how beneficial this conviction has already proved to the suffering nations of the European continent. You can scarcely imagine what self-confidence you have added to the resolution of the oppressed. You have knit the tie of solidarity in the destinies of nations. I cannot doubt that you know how I was received by the public opinion in every country which I touched since I am free, and what feelings my liberation has elicited in those countries which it was not my lot to touch. You know how I, a plain, poor, penniless exile, have almost become a centre of hope and confidence to the most different nations, not united but by the tie of common sufferings. What is the source of this apparition, unparalleled in mankind's history?

The source of it is, that your generous act of my liberation is taken by the world for the revelation of the fact that the United States are resolved not to allow the despots of the world to trample upon oppressed humanity. It is hence that my liberation was cheered, from Sweden down to Portugal, as a ray of hope. It is hence that even those nations which

most desire my presence in Europe now, have unanimously told me, "Hasten on, hasten on, to the great, free, rich and powerful people of the United States, and bring over its brotherly aid to the cause of your country, so intimately connected with European liberty;"—and here I stand to plead the cause of the solidarity of human rights before the great Republic of the United States.

Humble as I am, God, the Almighty, has selected me to represent the cause of humanity before you. My warrant to this capacity is written in the sympathy and confidence of all who are oppressed, and of all who, as your elder brother, the people of Britain, sympathize with the oppressed,—my warrant to this capacity is written in the hopes and expectations you have entitled the world to entertain, by liberating me out of my prison, and by restoring me to activity. But it has pleased the Almighty to make out of my humble self yet another opportunity for a thing which may prove a happy turning point in the destinies of the world. I bring you a brotherly greeting from the people of Great Britain. I speak not in an official character, imparted by diplomacy, whose secrecy is the curse of the world, but I am the harbinger of the public spirit of the people, which has the right to impart a direction to its government, and which I witnessed, pronouncing itself in the most decided manner, openly—that the people of England, united to you with enlightened brotherly love, as it is united in blood—conscious of your strength, as it is conscious of its own, has forever abandoned every sentiment of irritation and rivalry, and desires the brotherly alliance of the United States to secure to every nation the sovereign right to dispose of itself, and to protect the sovereign right of nations against the encroaching arrogance of despots; and leagued to you against the league

of despots, to stand together, with you, godfather to the approaching baptism of European liberty.

Now, gentlemen, I have stated my position. I am a straightforward man; I am a republican. I have avowed it openly in the monarchical but free England; and am happy to state that I have nothing lost by this avowal there. I hope I will not lose here, in republican America, by that frankness which must be one of the chief qualities of every republican. So I beg leave, frankly and openly, to state the following points:

First, that I take it to be the duty of honor and principle not to meddle with whatever party question of your own domestic affairs. I claim, for my country, the right to dispose of itself; so I am resolved, and must be resolved, to respect the same principle here and everywhere. May others delight in the part of knights-errant for theories. It is not my case. I am the man of the great principle of the sovereignty of every people to dispose of its own domestic concerns; and I most solemnly deny to every foreigner, and to every foreign power, the right to oppose the sovereign faculty.

Secondly, I profess, highly and openly, my admiration for the glorious principle of union on which stands the mighty pyramid of your greatness and upon the basis of which you have grown, in the short period of seventy-five years, to a prodigious giant, the living wonder of the world. I have the most warm wish that the Star-Spangled Banner of the United States may forever be floating, united and one, the proud ensign of mankind's divine origin; and taking my ground on this principle of union, which I find lawfully existing, an established constitutional fact, it is not to a party, but to the united people of the United States, that I confidently will address my humble requests for aid and protection to

oppressed humanity. I will conscientiously respect your laws, but within the limits of your laws I will use every honest exertion to gain your operative sympathy and your financial, material, and political aid for my country's freedom and independence, and entreat the realization of these hopes which your generosity has raised in me and my people's breasts, and also in the breasts of Europe's oppressed nations.

And therefore, thirdly, I beg leave frankly to state that my aim is to restore my fatherland to the full enjoyment of that act of declaration of independence which, being the only rightful existing public law of my nation, can nothing have been lost of its rightfulness by the violent invasion of foreign Russian arms, and which, therefore, is fully entitled to be recognized by the people of the United States, whose very resistance is founded upon a similar declaration of independence.

Thus, having expounded my aim, I beg leave to state that I came not to your glorious shores to enjoy a happy rest. I came not with the intention to gather triumphs of personal distinction, or to be the object of popular shows, but I came, a humble petitioner in my country's name, as its freely chosen constituted chief. What can be opposed to this recognition, which is a logical necessary consequence of the principle of your country's political existence. What can be opposed to it? The frown of Mr. Hulsemann; the anger of that satellite of the Czar, called Francis Joseph of Austria, and the immense danger with which some European and American papers threaten you—and by which, of course, you must feel extremely terrified—that your minister at Vienna will have offered his passports, and that Mr. Hulsemann leaves Washington, should I be received and treated in my official capacity? Now, as to your minister at Vienna, how you can com-

bine the letting him stay there with your opinion of the cause of Hungary, I really don't know; but so much I know, that the present absolutistical atmosphere of Europe is not very propitious to American principles. I know a man who could tell some curious facts about this matter. But as to Mr. Hulsemann, really I don't believe that he would be so ready to leave Washington. He has extremely well digested the caustic pills which Mr. Webster has administered to him so gloriously; but after all I know enough of the public spirit of the sovereign people of the United States, that it would never admit, to whatever responsible depository of the executive power should he even be willing to do so, which, to be sure, your high-minded government is not willing to do, to be regulated in its policy by all the Hulsemanns or all the Francis Josephs in the world. So I confidently hope that the sovereign of this country—the people—will make the declaration of independence of Hungary soon formally recognized, and that it will care not a bit for it if Mr. Hulsemann takes to-morrow his passports—*bon voyage* to him.

But it is also my agreeable duty to profess that I am entirely convinced that the government of the United States shares warmly the sentiments of the people in that respect. It has proved it by executing, in a ready and dignified manner, the resolution of Congress on behalf of my liberation. It has proved it by calling on the Congress to consider how I shall be treated and received, and even this morning I was honored, by the express order of the government, by an official salute from the batteries of the United States in such a manner in which, according to the military rules, only a public, high official capacity can be greeted.

Having thus expounded my aim, I beg leave to state that I came not to your glorious shores to enjoy a happy rest—I

came not with the intention to gather triumphs of personal distinction, but because a humble petitioner, in my country's name, as its freely chosen constitutional chief, humbly to entreat your generous aid; and then it is to this aim that I will devote every moment of my time, with the more assiduity, with the more restlessness, as every moment may bring a report of events which may call me to hasten to my place on the battlefield, where the great, and I hope, the last battle will be fought between Liberty and Despotism. A moment marked by the finger of God to be so near that every hour of delay of your generous aid may prove fatally disastrous to oppressed humanity; and, thus having stated my position to be that of a humble petitioner in the name of my oppressed country, let me respectfully ask, Do you not regret to have bestowed upon me the high honor of this glorious reception, unparalleled in history? I say unparalleled in history, though I know that your fathers have welcomed Lafayette in a similar way; but Lafayette had mighty claims to your country's gratitude; he had fought in your ranks for your freedom and independence; and, what still was more, in the hour of your need he was the link of your friendly connection with France, a connection the results of which were two French fleets of more than thirty-eight men-of-war and three thousand gallant men, who fought side by side with you against Cornwallis, before Yorktown; the precious gift of twenty-four thousand muskets, a loan of nineteen millions of dollars; and even the preliminary treaties of your glorious peace negotiated at Paris by your immortal Franklin. I hope the people of the United States, now itself in the happy condition to aid those who are in need of aid, as itself was once in need, will kindly remember these facts; and you, citizens of New York, and you will yourselves become the La-

fayettes of Hungary. Lafayette had great claims to your love and sympathy, but I have none. I came a humble petitioner, with no other claims than those which the oppressed have to the sympathy of freemen who have the power to help, with the claim which the unfortunate has to the happy, and the down-trodden has to the protection of eternal justice and of human rights. In a word, I have no other claims than those which the oppressed principle of freedom has to the aid of victorious liberty.

Then, I would humbly ask, are these claims sufficient to insure you generous protectors, not to myself, but to the cause of my native land,—not to my native land only, but to the principle of freedom in Europe's continent, of which the independence of Hungary is the indispensable keystone. If you consider these claims not sufficient to your active and operative sympathy, then let me know at once that the hopes have failed with which Europe's oppressed nations have looked to your great, mighty, and glorious Republic; let me know at once the failure of our hopes, that I may hasten back and tell Europe's oppressed nations, "Let us fight, forsaken and single-handed the battle of Leonidas; let us trust to God, to our right, and to our good sword; there is no other help for the oppressed nations on earth." But if your generous republican hearts are animated by the high principle of freedom and of the solidarity in the destinies of humanity; if you have the will, as, to be sure, you have the power, to support the cause of freedom against the sacrilegious league of despotism, then give me some days of calm reflection to become acquainted with the ground upon which I stand; let me take the kind advice of some active friends on the most practical course I have to adopt; let me see if there be any preparatory steps taken in favor of that cause which I have

the honor to represent; and then let me have a new opportunity to expound before you my humble requests in a practical way. I confidently hope, Mr. Mayor, the corporation and citizens of the Empire 'City will grant me the second opportunity. If this be your generous will, then let me take this for a boon of happier days; and let me add, with a sigh of thanksgiving to the Almighty God, that it is your glorious country which Providence has selected 'to be the pillar of freedom as it is already the asylum to oppressed humanity.

I am told that I will have the high honor to review your patriotic militia. Oh, God! how my heart throbs at the idea to see this gallant army enlisted on the side of freedom against despotism; the world would be free, and you the saviors of humanity. And why not? These gallant men take part in the mighty demonstration of the day, proving that I was right when I said that now-a-days even the bayonets think.

LACORDAIRE

JEAN BAPTISTE HENRI LACORDAIRE is celebrated for his eloquence and for the openness and boldness with which, without conceding any point of the Catholic creed, he endeavored to meet modern rationalism on its own grounds. Born near Dijon, May 12, 1802, he was educated for the law. He abandoned th law for theology in 1824, and was ordained a priest in 1827. Becoming one of the leaders of Catholic Liberalism in France, in 1830 he was made associate editor of the Progressivist paper "L'Avenir." Retiring from journalism through inability to please both himself and the Pontifical Court at Rome, he became famous by his sermons at Notre Dame, and by philosophical works, and was elected to the Academy in 1860. He died November 22, 1861.

PANEGYRIC OF DANIEL O'CONNELL

THE FOLLOWING IS A PORTION OF THE FAMOUS ADDRESS DELIVERED AT NOTRE DAME, PARIS, IN 1847

SUDDENLY the lakes of Ireland held upon their waves the breezes which ruffled them; her forests stood still and trembling; her mountains seemed as in expectation. Ireland heard free and Christian speech, full of God and country, skilful in maintaining the rights of the weak, calling to account the abuses of authority, conscious of its strength, and imparting it to the whole people. Truly it is a happy day when a woman brings her firstborn into the world; it is a happy day when the captive sees again the full light of heaven; it is a happy day also when the exile returns to his country; but none of these delights—the greatest which man enjoys—produces or equals the thrilling of a people who, after long centuries, hears, for the first time, human and divine language in the plenitude of their liberty; and Ireland owed that unspeakable joy to this young man of five-and-twenty, whose name was Daniel O'Connell.

In less than ten years, O'Connell foresaw that he would one day be master of his fellow citizens; and thenceforth he meditated on the plan which he should follow for their emancipation. Where should he begin? Which of the links of that heavy chain was the first to be broken? He considered that the rights of conscience passed before all others; that there, in that servitude of the soul, was the centre and cornerstone of all tyranny, and that, consequently, this was the first point to attack. The emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland and England became his daily preoccupation, the constant dream of his genius. I shall not relate to you all his efforts and disappointments. Both were innumerable. Ten more years passed in these unfruitful trials. Neither the man nor the time was ready; Providence is slow, and patience equal to his own is the gift which he accords to the men who are worthy to serve as his instruments. At last the hour struck when O'Connell knew that he was the moral chief of his nation, that he held in his hand all the minds and hearts, all the ideas and all the interests of Ireland, and that no movement would be made save under his sovereign direction. It had cost him twenty years of labor to arrive at that memorable day when he was able to say without pride: Now I am king of Ireland.

It is a great thing, gentlemen, to become the chief of a party. When a man has the right to say that he governs a party it is enough to satisfy the most immoderate ambition, so difficult is it to bring into obedience those even who share all our thoughts and designs. The creation of a party is a masterpiece of power and skill; and yet the leader of a party is nothing in comparison with the man who has become the moral leader of a whole nation, and who holds it under his laws, without army, without police, without tribunals, with-

out any other resource than his genius and devotedness. The reign of O'Connell commenced in 1823. In that year he established throughout Ireland an association which he called the Catholic Association; and as no association has any power without a constant revenue, O'Connell founded the emancipation rent, and fixed it at a penny per month.

Let us not smile, gentlemen; there was in that penny per month a great financial calculation, and a still greater calculation of the heart. Ireland was poor, and a poor people has but one means of becoming rich; it is by every hand giving to the country from the little which it possesses. The emancipation penny invited every son of Erin to share in the glorious work of emancipation; poverty, however great it was, deprived none of the hope of being rich enough by the end of the month to cast an insult at the gold of England.

The Catholic Association and the emancipation rent obtained unheard-of success, and raised the action of O'Connell to the power and dignity of a government.

Three years after, in 1826, at the time of the general elections, it was a marvel to see the Irish, who up to that time had voted at the dictation and in favor of their oppressors—it was a marvel, I say, to see them by their votes proclaiming their rights and their intentions thenceforth of defending them.

This was as yet nothing: soon O'Connell appeared before the electors of Clare and offered himself as a candidate for a seat in the Parliament of England. He was elected in spite of the oath which placed the barrier of apostacy between him and a seat in the legislative assembly; and he dared to present himself, with his election in his hand and his faith in his heart, within those walls of Westminster, which trembled before a Catholic who violated their ancient majesty and intolerance by the astounding pretension of seating and of

placing there in the person of an outlaw, a Catholic, an Irishman, the very impersonation of a whole people.

Public opinion was moved to its very foundations; all Ireland was ready; proud yet obedient, agitated yet peaceful. Sympathy, encouragement, help came to her from every part of Europe, from the shores of America, and from England herself—moved at last in some of her children by the cry of justice so eloquently claimed. Neither the English minister nor the king of Great Britain were disposed to grant Catholic emancipation; ardent prejudices still existed in the two chambers, which during thirty years had often rejected similar projects, although softened toward Protestant pride by hard conditions. But the remains of these old passions vainly opposed a barrier to the sentiments of general equity; the world was at one of those magic hours when it does not follow its own will. On the 13th of April, 1829, the emancipation of Catholics was proclaimed by a bill emanating from the minister, accepted by the legislature, and signed by the king.

Let us halt a moment, gentlemen, to reflect upon the causes of so memorable an event; for you will understand that a single man, whatever may be his genius, would not have been able to bring about this revolution if it had not been prepared beforehand and brought to maturity by the very power of the times. We must acknowledge this, under pain of falling into excess in the most just praise, and of transforming admiration into a blind rather than a generous sentiment. It was among us—for I never lose an opportunity of returning to my own country—it was among us, in France, in the eighteenth century, that the principle of liberty of conscience resumed its course, which had been so long weakened and turned aside. The philosophy of that age, although an enemy

to Christianity, borrowed from it the dogma of the liberty of souls, and upheld it with unfailing zeal—less, doubtless, from love of justice and truth, than for the purpose of undermining the reign of Jesus Christ. But, whatever its object, it founded in minds the return of just toleration, and prepared for future ages the emancipation of so many Christian nations oppressed by the iron hand of despotism and heresy. Thus God draws good from evil, and nothing is produced in the world, even against truth and justice, which will not, by a divine transformation, sooner or later serve the cause of justice and truth. That French idea of liberty of conscience had passed to England and the United States of America; and O'Connell, who met it on his glorious way, easily made it serve to further his work.

Therefore, gentlemen, before insisting upon the gratitude which we owe to him, it is just that I should invite you to honor with sincere and unanimous applause all those who have aided that great work of Catholic emancipation. This is the first time that in a French assembly, at the foot of our altars, in the presence of God and men, we have occasion to pay a tribute of gratitude to those who co-operated for the emancipation of our brethren in Ireland and England, to those diverse instruments, far or near, of that great act of the 13th of April, 1829, which so many hearts called for; which so many sovereign pontiffs, in the mysterious watchings of the Vatican, had ardently prayed for; and which will forever remain in history as a memorial of one of the brightest hours which God has vouchsafed to the conscience of the human race. Join then with me, O brethren, join with me from the depths of your hearts, and lifting our hands toward God, let us say together: Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to Sir Robert Peel, and to his Grace the Duke of Wel-

lington, who presented to the English Parliament the bill for Catholic emancipation! Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to the House of Commons and the House of Lords of England, who accepted the bill for Catholic emancipation! Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to his Majesty King George IV, who signed and sanctioned the bill for Catholic emancipation! Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to those Protestants of England and Ireland, who, with the magnanimity of a truly patriotic and Christian spirit, favored the presentation, discussion, and adoption of the bill for Catholic emancipation! But also, and above all, eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to the man who drew together in his powerful hand the scattered elements of justice and deliverance, and who, pressing him to the goal with vigorous patience, which thirty years did not tire, caused at last to shine upon his country the unhoped-for day of liberty of conscience, and thus merited not only the title of Liberator of His Country, but the ecumenical title of Liberator of the Church.

For, had Ireland alone profited by emancipation, what man in the Church, since Constantine, has emancipated seven millions of souls at a single stroke! Consult your recollection; seek in history since the first and famous edict which granted liberty of conscience to Christians, and see whether there are many acts to be met with comparable by the extent of their effects to the Act of Emancipation! Here are seven millions of souls free to serve and love God to the end of time; and whenever this people, advancing in its life and liberty, shall throw back over the past an inquiring glance, it will find the name of O'Connell at the end of its bondage and the beginning of its renovation.

But the Act of Emancipation did not touch Ireland alone;

it embraced in its plenitude the whole British empire, that is to say, besides Ireland, Scotland, and Great Britain, those islands, those peninsulas, and those continents to which England before extended with her domination the intolerance of her laws. Behold, then, a hundred millions of men, behold shores washed by twenty seas, and the seas themselves delivered from spiritual bondage. The ships of England sail henceforth under the flag of liberty of conscience, and the innumerable nations which they touch with their prow can no longer separate in their thought power, civilization, and the liberty of the soul—those three things born of Christ and left as his terrestrial heritage to the nations which embrace the emancipating mystery of his cross. What consequences, gentlemen, from one single act! What a boundless horizon opened to the hopes of the Church! Need I say more that you may not regret the boldness with which I pronounced the name of O'Connell after the names of Moses, Cyrus, Judas Maccabæus, Constantine, Charlemagne, and Gregory VII, all acting with the force of regular sovereignty, whilst O'Connell had but the force of a citizen and the sovereignty of genius?

And yet I have not said all. There is a peril to which modern society is exposed—and it is the greatest of all—I mean the alliance of spiritual servitude with civil liberty. Circumstances, which it would require too much time to demonstrate to you, impel the destinies of more than one nation upon that fatal incline; and England was there to encourage them by her example, possessing on the one hand liberal institutions, which she guards with supreme jealousy, and on the other overwhelming a portion of her subjects under the sceptre of an autocratic and intolerant fanaticism. O'Connell has undone that terrible teaching given by Eng-

land to the European continent. Nations yet young in civil liberty will no longer see their elder brother urging them into the road of religious servitude by the spectacle of an adulterous contradiction. Henceforth all liberties are sisters; they will enter or depart at the same time and together, a family indeed inseparable and sacred, of which no member can die without the death of all.

In fine, consider this: the principle of liberty of conscience, upon which depends the future of truth in the world, was already supported in Europe by the power of opinion and by the power of Catholicity; for wherever opinion could speak it demanded liberty of conscience, and in most of the great Catholic States it is already established in fact and of right. Protestantism alone had not yet given its adhesion to that solemn treaty of souls; notwithstanding its principle—in appearance liberal—it practised the native intolerance of heresy. Thanks to O'Connell, opinion, Catholicity, and Protestantism, that is to say all the intellectual and religious forces of Europe, are agreed to base the work of the future upon the equitable transaction of liberty of conscience.

And when its results are produced in the world, when not ourselves but our descendants shall see all religious errors vanquished by the peaceful spread of Christianity; when Islamism, already dying, shall be finally extinguished; when Brahminism and Buddhism, already warned, shall have accomplished their transitory cycle; when in presence of each other nothing but the total affirmation of truth and the total nothingness of error shall remain, and the combat of minds shall thus touch this supreme moment of its consummation, then posterity will know O'Connell fully; it will judge what was the mission and what the life of the man who was able to emancipate in the sanctuary of conscience all

the kingdoms of England, her colonies, her fleets, her power; and throughout the world, directly or indirectly, place them to the service of the cause of God, his Christ, and his Church. It will judge whether he has not merited in the Christian and universal sense that title of Liberator which we give to him from this hour.

But he was a liberator also in another manner which it remains for me to show you.

Not alone is the Church persecuted here below, mankind is also persecuted. Mankind, like the Church, is turn by turn persecuted and delivered, and for the same reason. The Church is persecuted because she possesses rights and imposes duties; mankind is persecuted because it has rights and duties also in its domain. Justice weighs upon us, no matter upon what head it dwell, and we seek to escape from it, not only to the detriment of God, but to the detriment of man. We deny the rights of man as we deny the rights of God; and it is a great error to believe that there is but one combat here below, and that were the Church to sacrifice her eternal interests, there would not remain other interests for which it would be necessary to draw the sword. No, gentlemen, let us not deceive ourselves, the rights of God and the rights of mankind are conjoined; the duties toward God and duties toward mankind were combined in the evangelical law as well as in the law of Sinai; all that is done for or against God is done for or against man; as God is persecuted we are persecuted also; as God is delivered we are alike delivered. The history of the world as well as the history of the Church has its persecutors and its liberators; I could name them to you; but time presses upon us; let us leave the past and return to that dear and glorious O'Connell, to see him as a son of man after having seen him as a son of God.

He was fifty-four years old when Catholic emancipation was gained. Fifty-four, gentlemen, is a terrible age, not because it approaches old age but because it possesses force enough to be ambitious with sufficient lassitude to be contented with the past and to dream of the repose of glory. There are few men who, having by thirty years of labor obtained a marked, and above all an august triumph like that of a Catholic emancipation, have the courage to begin a second career and expose their fame to the shock of fortune when they might enjoy happy and honored repose in their old age.

O'Connell, gentlemen, knew how to avoid each of these shoals; he remained young and unmindful of his years until the close of his life. I see young men in this auditory. O'Connell, gentlemen, was of your age until he disappeared from among us; he lived, he died in the sincerity of unchangeable youth. Hardly had he given himself time to see his triumph, hardly had he forced open the doors of Parliament by a second election before he quitted his seat, and to the astonishment of all England he hastened to Ireland. What goes he to seek there? He goes to tell his beloved Erin that it is not enough to have emancipated conscience, that God and man are inseparable, and that after having served the country of heaven, if something still remains to do for the country of earth, the first commandment alone is kept and not the second; and as the two form but one, not to have kept the second is not even to have kept the first. He declares to her that, although aged and covered with glory, it is his intention to recommence his life and not to rest a single day until he has obtained equality of rights between England and Ireland. For such, in regard to human right, was the state of the two countries that the one hardly appeared to be a

satellite to the other. England had diminished the property, the commerce, the enterprise, all the rights of Ireland, in order to increase her own; and that odious policy placed Ireland in a state of inferiority which reached even to the impossibility of existence. Such is despotism, gentlemen; and we are all guilty of it in some degree; all of us more or less diminish the rights of others in order to increase our own, and the man who is exempt from that stubborn stain of our species may believe that he has attained the very highest point of the perfection of human nature.

O'Connell kept his word; he did not cease for a single day to claim equality of rights between England and Ireland; and in that second work he spent the seventeen last years of his life. He obtained from the government the introduction of several bills in the sense of equality of rights; the Parliament constantly rejected them. The Liberator was not discouraged; he had the gratification of seeing the municipal corporations of Ireland, composed exclusively of Protestants, fall under his attacks; and, the first Catholic for two centuries, he himself wore the insignia of lord mayor of Dublin.

"The claiming of rights" was for O'Connell the principle of force against tyranny. In fact, there is in right, as in all that is true, a real, an eternal, and an indestructible power, which can only disappear when right is no longer even named. Tyranny would be invincible were it to succeed in destroying with its name the idea of right, in creating silence in the world in regard to right. It endeavors at least to approach that absolute term, and to lessen, by all the means of violence and corruption, the expression of justice. As long as a just soul remains, with boldness of speech, despotism is restless, troubled, fearing that eternity is conspiring against

it. The rest is indifferent, or at least alarms it but little. Do you appeal to arms against it? It is but a battle. To a riot? It is but a matter of police. Violence is of time, right is heaven-born. What dignity, what force, there is in the right which speaks with calmness, with candor, with sincerity, from the heart of a good man! Its nature is contagious; as soon as it is heard, the soul recognizes and embraces it; a moment sometimes suffices for a whole people to proclaim it and bend before it. It is said, no doubt, that the claiming of right is not always possible, and that there are times and places when oppression has become so inveterate that the language of right is as chimerical as its reality. It may be so; but this was not the position of O'Connell and of his country. O'Connell and Ireland could speak, write, petition, associate, elect magistrates and representatives. The rights of Ireland were despised, but not disarmed; and in this condition the doctrine of O'Connell was that of Christianity and reason. Liberty is a work of virtue, a holy work, and consequently an intellectual work.

But "rights must be claimed with perseverance." The emancipation of a people is not the work of a day; it infallibly encounters in the ideas, the passions, the interests, and the ever-intricate interweaving of human things, a thousand obstacles accumulated by time and which time alone is able to remove, provided that its course be aided by a parallel and an interrupted action. We must not, said O'Connell, simply speak to-day and to-morrow; write, petition, assemble to-day and to-morrow; we must continue to speak, write, petition, assemble, until the object is attained and right is satisfied. We must exhaust the patience of injustice and force the hand of Providence. You hear, gen-

tlemen; this is not the school of desires vain and without virtue; it is the school of souls tempered for good, who know its price and do not wonder that it is great. O'Connell, indeed, has given to his lessons the sanction of his example; what he said, he did, and no life has ever been, even to its last moment, more indefatigable and better filled than his own. He labored before the future with the certainty which inspires the present; he was never surprised or discontented at not obtaining his end; he knew that he should not attain it during his life—he doubted it at least—and by the ardor of his actions it might have been supposed that he had but another step and another day before him. Who will count the number of assemblies in which he spoke and over which he presided, the petitions dictated by him, his journeys, his plans, his popular triumphs, and that inexpressible arsenal of ideas and facts which compose the fabulous tissue of his seventy-two years? He was the Hercules of liberty.

To perseverance in claiming rights he joined a condition which always appeared to him to be of sovereign importance, it was that of being an "irreproachable organ of this work"; and to explain this maxim by his conduct we see from the first that, as he understood it, every servant of liberty must claim it equally and efficaciously for all, not only for his party, but for the adverse party; not only for his religion, but for all; not only for his country, but for the whole world. Mankind is one, and its rights are everywhere the same, even when the exercise of them differs according to the state of morals and minds. Whoever excepts a single man in his claim for right, whoever consents to the servitude of a single man, black or white, were it even but for a hair of his head unjustly bound, he is

not a sincere man, and he does not merit to combat for the sacred cause of the human race. The public conscience will always reject the man who demands exclusive liberty, or even who is indifferent about the rights of others; for exclusive liberty is but a privilege, and the liberty which is indifferent about others is but a treason. We remark a nation, having arrived at a certain development of its social institutions, stopping short or even retrograding. Do not ask the reason. You may be sure that in the heart of that people there has been some secret sacrifice of right, and that the seeming defenders of its liberty, incapable of desiring liberty for others than themselves, have lost the prestige which conquers and saves, preserves and extends it. Degenerate sons of holy combats, their enervated language rolls in a vicious circle; to listen is already to have replied to them!

It was never thus with O'Connell; never, during fifty years, did his language once lose the invincible charm of sincerity. It vibrated for the rights of his enemy as for his own. It was heard denouncing oppression from wheresoever it came and upon whatsoever head it fell; thus he attracted to his cause, to the cause of Ireland, souls separated from his own by the abyss of the most profound disagreements; fraternal hands sought his own from the most distant parts of the world. It is because there is in the heart of the upright man who speaks for all, and who, in speaking for all, seems even sometimes to speak against himself; because there is there an omnipotence of logical and moral superiority which almost infallibly produces reciprocity.

Yes, Catholics, understand well, if you desire liberty for yourselves, you must desire it for all men and under all the

heavens. If you demand it but for yourselves, it will never be granted to you; give it where you are masters that it may be given to you where you are slaves!

RATIONALISM AND MIRACLES

DELIVERED AT NOTRE DAME

THE public life of Jesus Christ answers to his inner life, and his inner life confirms his public life. He declared himself to be God, he was believed to be God, he acted as God, and precisely because that position is one of marvellous strength, men have been forced to try their greatest efforts against it. History and common sense, speaking too loudly in favor of Jesus Christ, it was needful to have recourse to metaphysics and physics in order to snatch from his hands at least the sceptre of miracles. Let us see whether they have succeeded. Two things are advanced against him. First, Jesus Christ wrought no miracles, because it is impossible. Secondly, his working miracles is of no importance, since everybody can work them, everybody has wrought them, everybody works them.

First, "Jesus Christ wrought no miracles because it is impossible." And why? "Because nature is subject to general laws, which make of its body a perfect and harmonious unity where each part answers to all; so that if one single point were violated, the whole would at once perish. Order, even when it comes from God, is not an arbitrary thing, able to destroy or change itself at will; order necessarily excludes disorder, and no greater dis-

order can be conceived in nature than that sovereign action which would possess the faculty of destroying its laws and its constitution. Miracles are impossible under these two heads; impossible as disorder, impossible because a partial violation of nature would be its total destruction."

That is to say, gentlemen, that it is impossible for God to manifest himself by the single act which publicly and instantaneously announces his presence, by the act of sovereignty. While the lowest in the scale of being has the right to appear in the bosom of nature by the exercise of its proper force; while the grain of sand, called into the crucible of the chemist, answers to his interrogations by characteristic signs which range it in the registers of science, to God alone it should be denied to manifest his force in the personal measure that distinguishes him and makes him a separate being! Not only should God not have manifested himself, but it must be forever impossible for him to manifest himself, in virtue even of the order of which he is the creator. To act, is to live; to appear, is to live; to communicate, is to live; but God can no longer act, appear, communicate himself; that is denied to him. Banished to the profound depths of his silent and obscure eternity, if we interrogate him, if we supplicate him, if we cry to him, he can only say to us—supposing, however, that he is able to answer us: "What would you have? I have made laws! Ask of the sun and the stars, ask of the sea and the sand upon its shores! As for me, my condition is fixed. I am nothing but repose, and the contemplative servant of the works of my hands!"

Ah! gentlemen, it is not thus that the whole human race has hitherto understood God. Men have understood him as

a free and sovereign being; and, even if they have not always had a correct knowledge of his nature, they have at least never refused to him power and goodness. In all times and places, sure of these two attributes of their heavenly Father, they have offered up their ever-fervent prayer to him; they have asked all from him, and daily, upon their bended knees, they ask him to enlighten their minds, to give them uprightness of heart, health of body, to preserve them from scourge, to give them victory in war, prosperity in peace, the satisfaction of every want in every state and condition.

There is, perhaps, some poor woman here who hardly understands what I say. This morning she knelt by the bedside of her sick child; and, forsaken by all, without bread for the day, she clasped her hands and called to him who ripens the corn and creates charity. "O Lord," said she, "come to my help: O Lord, make haste to help me!" And even while I speak, numberless voices are lifted up toward God from all parts of the earth to ask from him things in which nature alone can do nothing, and in which those souls are persuaded that God can do all. Who, then, is deceived here? Is it the metaphysician, or the human race? And how has nature taught us to despise nature in order to trust in God? For it is not science that teaches us to pray; we pray in spite of science: and as there is nothing here below but science, nature, and God, if we pray in spite of science, it must be nature or God that teaches us to pray, and to believe with all our heart in the miracles of divine power and goodness. After this, whether nature become disorganized or not, or even if it must perish whenever the finger of God touches it, it is assuredly the very least concern to us. Nevertheless, out of respect for certain

minds, I will show that miracles do no violence to the natural order.

Nature, as I have already said, possesses three elements; namely, substances, forces, and laws. Substances are essentially variable; they change their form and their weight by combining and separating at each moment. Forces bear the same character; they increase and diminish, cohere, accumulate, or separate. They have nothing immutable, but the mathematical laws, which at the same time govern forces and substances, and whence the order of the universe proceeds. The mobility of forces and substances spreads movement and life in nature; the immutability of mathematical laws maintains there an order which never fails. Without the first of these, all would be lifeless; without the second, all would be chaos. This established, what does God do when he works a miracle? Does he touch the principle of universal order which is the mathematical law? By no means. The mathematical law appertains to the region of ideas—that is to say, to the region of the eternal and the absolute; God can do nothing here, for it is himself. But he acts upon substances and upon forces —upon substances which are created, upon forces which have their root in his supreme will. Like ourselves who, being subject to the general combinations of nature, nevertheless draw from our interior vitality movements which are in appearance contrary to the laws of weight, God acts upon the universe as we act upon our bodies. He applies somewhere the force needful to produce there an unusual movement; it is a miracle, because God alone, in the infinite fount of his will—which is the centre of all created and possible forces—is able to draw forth sufficient elements to act suddenly to this degree. If it please him

to stop the sun—to use a common expression—he opposes to its projective force a force which counterbalances it, and which, by virtue even of the mathematical law, produces repose. It is not more difficult for him to stop the whole movement of the universe.

It is the same with all other miracles; it is a question of force, the use of which, so far from doing violence to the physical order—which, indeed, would be of little moment—returns to it of its own accord, and, moreover, maintains upon earth the moral and religious order, without which the physical order would not exist.

This objection answered, gentlemen, let us proceed to examine the second. We are told that miracles prove nothing, because all doctrines have miracles in their favor, and because, by the help of a certain occult science, it is easy to perform them.

I boldly deny that any historical doctrine, that is, any doctrine founded in the full light of history by men authentically known, possesses miraculous works for its basis. At the present time, we have no example of it; no one, before our eyes, among so many instructors of the human race whom we see around us, has as yet dared to promise us the exercise of a power superior to the ordinary power which we dispose of. No one of our contemporaries has appeared in public giving sight to the blind and raising the dead to life. Extravagance has reached ideas and style only; it has not gone beyond. Returning from the present age back to Jesus Christ, we find no one, among the innumerable multitude of celebrated heresiarchs, who has been able to boast that he could command nature, and place the inspirations of his rebellious pride under the protection of miracles. Mahomet, at the same time heretic and unbeliever, did not

attempt it any more than the others: this I have already said, and the Koran will more fully prove it to any one who will take the pains to read that plagiarism of the Bible made by a student of rhetoric at Mecca. Beyond Jesus Christ, in the ages claimed by history, what remains if we put aside Moses and the prophets—that is, the very ancestors of Jesus Christ? Shall we notice certain strange facts connected with Greece and Rome? Shall we speak of that augur who, says Livy, cut a stone with a razor; or of that Vestal who drew along a vessel by her girdle, or even of the blind man cured by Vespasian? These facts, whatever they may be, are isolated and belong to no doctrine; they have provoked no discussion in the world, and have established nothing; they are not doctrinal facts. Now we are treating of miracles which have founded religious doctrines—the only miracles worthy of consideration; for it is evident that if God manifests himself by acts of sovereignty, it must be for some great cause worthy of himself and worthy of us, that is to say, for a cause which affects the eternal destinies of the whole human race. This places out of the question altogether all isolated facts, such as those related in the life of Apollonius of Thyana.

This personage is of the first century of the Christian era, and his life was written at a much later period by an Alexandrine philosopher called Philostratus, who designed to make of it a rival to the Gospel, and of Apollonius himself the counterpart of Jesus Christ. A most singular physiognomy is here presented to us, but that is all. What has Apollonius of Thyana accomplished in regard to the doctrine? Where are his writings, his social works, the traces of his passage upon earth? He died in the morning of his life. Instead of certain equivocal facts, even had

he removed mountains during his life, it would have been but a literary curiosity, an accident, a man, nothing.

Where, then, shall we look for doctrines founded in the light of history upon miraculous events? Where in the historical world is there another omnipotence than that of Jesus Christ? Where do we find other miracles than his and those of the saints who have chosen him for their master, and who have derived from him the power to continue what he had begun? Nothing appears upon the horizon; Jesus Christ alone remains, and his enemies, eternally attacking him, are able to bring against him nothing but doubts, and not a single fact equal or even analogous to him.

But do there not at least exist in nature certain occult forces which have since been made known to us and which Jesus Christ might have employed? I will name, gentlemen, the occult forces alluded to, and I will do so without any hesitation; they are called magnetic forces. And I might easily disembarrass myself of them, since science does not yet recognize them, and even proscribes them. Nevertheless I choose rather to obey my conscience than science. You invoke, then, the magnetic forces; I believe in them sincerely, firmly; I believe that their effects have been proved, although in a manner which is as yet incomplete, and probably will ever remain so, by instructed, sincere, and even by Christian men; I believe that these effects, in the great generality of cases, are purely natural; I believe that their secret has never been lost to the world, that it has been transmitted from age to age, that it has occasioned a multitude of mysterious actions whose trace is easily distinguished, and that it has now only left the shade of hidden transmissions because this age has borne

upon its brow the sign of publicity. I believe all this. Yes, gentlemen, by a divine preparation against the pride of materialism, by an insult to science, which dates from a more remote epoch than we can reach, God has willed that there should be irregular forces in nature not reducible to precise formulas, almost beyond the reach of scientific verification. He has so willed it, in order to prove to men who slumber in the darkness of the senses that even independently of religion there remained within us rays of a higher order, fearful gleams cast upon the invisible world, a kind of crater by which our soul, freed for a moment from the terrible bonds of the body, flies away into spaces which it cannot fathom, from whence it brings back no remembrance, but which give it a sufficient warning that the present order hides a future order before which ours is but nothingness.

All this I believe is true; but it is also true that these obscure forces are confined within limits which show no sovereignty over the natural order. Plunged into a factitious sleep, man sees through opaque bodies at certain distances; he names remedies for soothing and even for healing the diseases of the body; he seems to know things that he knew not, and that he forgets on the instant of his waking; by his will he exercises great empire over those with whom he is in magnetic communication; all this is difficult, painful, mixed up with uncertainty and prostration. It is a phenomenon of vision much more than of operation, a phenomenon which belongs to the prophetic and not to the miraculous order. A sudden cure, an evident act of sovereignty, has nowhere been witnessed. Even in the prophetic order, nothing is more pitiful.

COCKBURN

SIR ALEXANDER JAMES EDMUND COCKBURN, a noted English chief justice, was born December 24, 1802, and was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge University. He studied law at the Middle Temple, and was admitted to the bar in 1829, up to this period being distinguished for cleverness rather than for industry. He soon, however, developed the latter quality and by 1841 had become queen's counsel, and in a few years more acquired a large fortune in railway legislation. In 1847 he entered Parliament as an advanced Liberal member for Southampton, and on June 28, 1850, delivered a memorable speech before the Commons in defence of Palmerston's policy with reference to the claim of Don Pacifico and other British subjects upon the Greek government. A few hours later he denounced with great eloquence the cruelties which the government of Austria had inflicted upon the Magyar rebels. In 1851 Cockburn succeeded Sir John Romilly as attorney-general, and in 1856 became chief justice of the court of common pleas, and in June, 1859, lord chief justice of England. In the previous year he had succeeded to a baronetcy by the death of his uncle, the dean of York. In 1873 he tried the famous Tichborne case, which lasted one hundred and eighty-eight days. His charge to the jury occupied eighteen days in delivery and was published in 1874 in two huge volumes. In the Geneva tribunal for the settlement of the Alabama claims, Cockburn was selected as one of the arbitrators. He died in London November 20, 1880. Cockburn was an able and eloquent rather than a great lawyer, and his uniform courtesy and generosity to young counsel rendered him extremely popular in his profession.

ON THE GREEK DIFFICULTY

[What was known about this time as the celebrated "Don Pacifico Case" originated as follows: Don Pacifico, a Jew of Portuguese extraction, was a native of Gibraltar, and therefore a British subject. He resided at Athens, where it was a time-honored custom to burn an effigy of Judas Iscariot at Easter. The police prevented this celebration in 1847, whereupon the mob, attributing the action to the influence of the Jews, wreaked their resentment upon Don Pacifico, whose house stood close to the spot annually chosen for the burning of Judas. His claim against the Greek government, side by side with that of Mr. Finlay, being ignored, the British government took upon itself to redress the wrongs of its subjects. The following speech was delivered in the House of Commons June 28, 1850.]

I THINK, sir, as I was personally and pointedly alluded to in the course of the debate last night by the right honorable the member for the University of Oxford [Mr. Gladstone], that the House will not consider me presumptu-

ous if I trespass for a short time upon its patience. I am anxious, sir, in the first place, if the House will indulge me for a moment, to set myself right with the right honorable gentleman. He was pleased in the course of his observations in the House last night to say that I had "sneered" at him. Now, I beg to assure the right honorable gentleman and the House that nothing on earth was further from my wishes or intentions than to show him the slightest disrespect or discourtesy. The right honorable gentleman, with his accustomed talent, threw down the gauntlet on the floor of this House and challenged a reply from any honorable member to the facts which he stated or to the principles of law which he then enunciated. I felt, sir, at the time, as truly and as fully convinced as I ever was of anything in my life, that the right honorable gentleman's facts were totally inaccurate, and that his law was utterly intolerable. I ventured, therefore, to accept the challenge which he so threw out, and I meant by my cheer on that occasion—a mode which I believe to be a perfectly parliamentary one of expressing that sentiment—to say that I was ready and anxious to accept the challenge of the right honorable gentleman, and I am now prepared to answer him, although I am fully conscious of the vast difference of ability and disparity of power which exists between us; for the right honorable gentleman, from his position, his high character, and, above all, his great abilities, is entitled to be treated with the utmost respect by every member of this House.

Having thus put myself right with the right honorable gentleman, I must take the liberty of saying this, that in all my experience I never heard such a series of misrepresentations and misstatements as those which were made by the right honorable gentleman; and I will undertake to prove this assertion, step by step, and position by position, if the House

will grant me its indulgence and forbearance. I feel, however, the great difficulty in which I am placed in entering upon this debate. If I go into the details of the case for the purpose of showing the fallacies, both in the statements and arguments of the right honorable gentleman, I shall be told, by and by, because I have the misfortune of belonging to a legal profession, that it was a *nisi prius* mode of conducting my argument. I think, however, that the manner in which the discussion of this subject has been conducted, both in this House and in another place, has given us abundant evidence that it is not those only who practise in Westminster Hall who are possessed of the power of arguing in *nisi prius* fashion. For of all the pettifogging proceedings which I have ever known during my experience, this is the worst. It was so commenced elsewhere, and in the same spirit it has been conducted here. If honorable gentlemen choose to introduce this subject to Parliament, and make a grave accusation against her Majesty's government, and then conduct it, not upon the great principles of natural honor, but by raising questions of minute details and technicalities, by grossly perverting facts and distorting evidence, and by an utter misrepresentation of what were the true principles that ought to govern this case, let them not be astonished if those who belong to the legal profession, whose habits are to criticise and investigate with logical strictness every species of evidence, to minutely analyze facts as well as study the broad principles of municipal and national law, stung to the quick by the manifest injustice of this proceeding, should rush into the discussion; and above all, let not the charge come from them that the men having these acquirements are treating the subject in a *nisi prius* spirit.

I am now speaking for the interest of my profession; and I

must say that I never heard an observation more ungracious, or made in worse taste, than that which fell from the right honorable baronet the member for Ripon [Sir F. Graham], following, as it did, on the admirable speech of my honorable and learned friend, the member for Oxford [Mr. William Page Wood], than which a more masterly analysis of facts and a more convincing speech in point of argument and of law I never heard. It certainly never was surpassed in this House or in any other place. It altogether demolished the whole case against the government in all that respected Greece. And yet the right honorable baronet, because he found he was unable to grapple with the arguments of my honorable and learned friend, nor even tried to do so, said: "Oh, it is not fair to deal with this great question upon such narrow ground, or with reference to the case of Greece alone —it is all founded upon blue-books, a pack of rubbish; mere *nisi prius*. Let us come to that which is the great issue to be decided by the House, the foreign policy of the government." Now, that certainly strikes me as being a very odd position for the right honorable baronet to take, when it is considered that the verdict which has been passed by the other House of Parliament against her Majesty's government, and in consequence of which verdict they are requested to resign, proceeded entirely, not upon the question of the general policy of the government, but exclusively and distinctly upon the line pursued by them in respect of Greece. The right honorable baronet then went into the whole of the foreign policy of the country, leaving out of view the whole of the Greek case. The right honorable baronet was followed by the right honorable gentleman for South Wiltshire [Mr. Sidney Herbert], and he followed exactly in the same track, threw the Greek question overboard, and took his stand upon

the foreign policy of the government. Then came the right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford, whom I suppose we are now to consider as the representative of Lord Stanley in this House: "Gladstone *vice* Disraeli,"—am I to say, "resigned" or "superseded"?

There are therefore two questions before the House. The right honorable baronet the member for Ripon, and the right honorable member for South Wiltshire, boldly come forward and take up the question of the whole foreign policy of the government; while the right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford, arguing his case upon the *nisi prius* style, takes his stand upon the Greek question only. Which of these two different positions is the House to consider? Is it the right honorable baronet the member for Ripon, or that of the right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford? It is a matter of perfect indifference to me. I am prepared to go into both. But I must say this, that I do not think, if you sever your cases for the prosecution, if the honorable gentlemen will allow me to use so technical a phrase, and shift the ground of your accusation from one point to the other, I claim as a right that we may be fairly heard upon both. And do not tell us when we meet you on the Greek case that it is all mere *nisi prius*, but allow us to show you what the facts are, and what the nature of your arguments, and I will undertake to say that we will demolish your whole case, nor leave you a leg to stand upon.

Her Majesty's government have, it appears, interfered in the affairs of Greece for the purpose of redressing certain wrongs sustained by the subjects of this empire; and the point in dispute is whether they were justified in the course which they took upon that occasion. Now, as it is impossible to dis-

pute that in this instance the subjects of her Majesty have sustained wrong—a fact which no one has attempted to deny—they were most unquestionably entitled to redress from the government of the country in which they happened to be at the time they sustained such wrong; but if the laws of that country where the wrongs were perpetrated afforded no means of redress, they became unquestionably entitled to redress from the government of that country; and if the government would not redress those wrongs, it was not only the right, but the bounden duty of the government of this country to interfere on behalf of its subjects, and to obtain redress for the wrongs which they had suffered. I take it to be a fundamental principle in the policy of nations that it is the right and duty of a State to protect its subjects against injuries sustained at the hands of other States, or subjects of such States. This has been the principle upon which nations have acted in all ages. The noble lord who addressed the House the other night [Lord Palmerston] referred to the great principle that the Roman State never allowed a Roman citizen to be injured. But what said the right honorable member for the University of Oxford to that? He said that it was because Rome exercised a universal dominion over the world; because it considered a Roman citizen as superior to the subjects of all other States, and by its universal supremacy and power was enabled to tyrannize over other countries, and obtain redress for the wrongs sustained by its citizens even in cases where they were not entitled to such redress. I dissent from that position altogether. I say that it was not after the Roman empire had become established, and had obtained its supremacy over the whole world, that that position was first taken up by the Roman State. It was a principle upon which it acted from the very earliest ages of the empire, and there-

fore it was that the great orator was entitled triumphantly to exclaim, with all the noble pride and triumph of a Roman, "Quot bella majores nostri suscepti erint, quot cives Romani injuria affecti sunt, navicularii retenti, mercatores spoliati, esse dicerentur." It was not only before they had established universal dominion over the world that they adopted this principle, but it was at a period of their history when they had to fight their battles for empire with other States upon almost equal terms, that they invariably asserted that first right and duty of a State to protect its citizens, and to obtain redress for their wrongs when they sustained any at the hands of other States. That course, I take it, was not unknown to this country either in one of the most glorious periods of its history. What is it that, in spite of all the dark shades that rest upon his character, has made the memory of Cromwell illustrious? What but that he would suffer no Englishman to be injured by any State or potentate, no matter how great? But, after all, can the proposition be denied that the government of a country is bound to obtain redress for and to afford protection to its citizens when injured? The right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford did not dispute that position; but he qualified it by saying that British subjects living in foreign states, and sustaining any wrong there, either from the government of the country or any of the subjects of that State, are bound to have recourse to the tribunals of the country for redress, and if redress can be obtained from such tribunals they are not to call upon the country of which they are the subjects to interfere. I cheerfully assent to that proposition, and I will undertake to make it perfectly manifest that in neither of the cases which have led to the interference of this country was there the slightest or most remote probability—

looking to the law of Greece, and the condition of its tribunals—that any English subject, however injured, could succeed in obtaining redress from the tribunals of that country.

Now I will take in the first place the case of Mr. Finlay. I do not intend to cite blue-books upon this subject—the whole matter is capable of being placed before the House in a very short and succinct form. Mr. Finlay, it appears, was the proprietor of some land in Athens. That gentleman, with some other inhabitants at Athens, was anxious, when King Otho was in possession of the actual sovereignty of Greece, to induce the king to fix the seat of government at Athens; and accordingly Mr. Finlay, with those other inhabitants, presented a memorial to the government of Greece proposing to give or sell the land which belonged to them to the government upon certain terms, in order that it might be made applicable for the establishment of the necessary public buildings in Athens, with the view of inducing the government to fix it there. But they coupled their offer of the land with these conditions, that the land to be taken should be scheduled and set out within six months from the time of taking possession of it. When the government came to Athens, the land of many of the individuals which had been thus offered to the government was taken. Mr. Finlay's land, however, was not so taken. The land taken by the Greek government of the other individuals was paid for according to a price which the parties had agreed upon; and it is easy to understand that the inhabitants of a city like Athens, possessing property, and being desirous of bringing the government to Athens, should be perfectly willing to dispose of a portion of their land at a lower rate, if by so doing they could attain their object, as the existence of the government at Athens would

have the effect of enhancing the value of the remainder of their property. Mr. Finlay's land was not, however, taken upon this ground; it was taken some time after by the arbitrary command of the king, without law or ordinance, or without anything whatever which could give a sanction to such a proceeding—nothing except the arbitrary and absolute will of the sovereign.

That is a matter of fact upon which I defy any man to dispute. That being done, what was the consequence? Mr. Finlay's land was taken and converted into the palace garden of the king. Mr. Finlay applied for compensation in 1836; and according to the statement of Sir Edmund Lyons—who, I apprehend, notwithstanding the insinuations of the right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford, is in every way worthy of credit—the proceedings of Mr. Finlay toward the Greek government were characterized by the most gentlemanly moderation and forbearance; yet for six long years (until 1842) Mr. Finlay continued, from time to time, to put forward, kindly and temperately, his demand for compensation. Do you tell me that the delay arose from any dispute as to the amount of compensation which should be given to that gentleman? He could not obtain even the slightest answer to his communications. But in 1842, when this injustice became too grievous to be patiently borne any longer, Mr. Finlay addressed the noble lord who was at the head of foreign affairs of this country—not the present lord, but the Earl of Aberdeen—who instructed Sir Edmund Lyons to apply to the Greek government, and to enforce by all means in his power the legitimate demands of Mr. Finlay. What was the result? After a great deal of difficulty and delay the king of Greece proposed to issue a commission to inquire into the claims of Mr. Finlay. But of whom was it proposed that

the commission should consist? Of M. Glarakis and M. Manitaki, the Minister of the Interior. One of these persons was a most remarkable character; and Sir Edward Codrington, speaking of him in a public despatch, said that he was a man who had made himself notorious by fostering and encouraging pirates. The other was a mere creature of the king, and would have acted, if appointed, on the part of the king.

Mr. Finlay therefore objected to this commission. Further communications took place, and no redress could be obtained. This was in 1845. Now a commission thus constituted Mr. Finlay was justified in repudiating. He said very truly, "It is not an inspired tribunal; I can place no confidence in it; I will have nothing to do with it, but will appeal to the government at home." He did so, and the present noble lord, then at the head of foreign affairs, having inquired into the matter, a despatch was sent to Sir Edmund Lyons, instructing him to enforce the claims of Mr. Finlay. The king proposed another commission, which was appointed, and in the end, after all these years of evasion, shuffling, quirks, and chicanery of every description, it was agreed to refer the matter to arbitration. At first the Greek government had the assurance to propose that it should have the nomination of the umpire; but being shamed out of this extravagant proposal, a proper umpire was appointed. What was the next trick they resorted to? Why, they delayed the production of the necessary documents beyond the period of three months within which, by the law of Greece, an arbitration must be concluded or it falls to the ground. The right honorable gentleman [Mr. Gladstone] has stated that the delay had originated with Mr. Finlay; but this is not so; the blue-book proves directly the contrary. It was the government who asked for the delay.

Now, was this fair of the right honorable gentleman? Talk of *nisi prius*, indeed! At least lawyers hold this at *nisi prius*—that though they may use sophistry to induce a jury or a court to adopt their conclusions, it is a sacred duty not to misstate facts.

Well, then, Mr. Finlay could get no redress; but the right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford says he might have gone to the tribunals of the country. The tribunals of the country, indeed! They say, "a little learning is a dangerous thing"; but this is equally the case when applied to law. The right honorable gentleman possesses every quality which would have made a most brilliant advocate. He has eloquence unlimited, subtlety unrivalled, casuistry unexampled; all he wants is a little knowledge of law. If he had not been a great statesman he would have been a great lawyer if he only would have condescended to put on the wig and gown, and acquired a little knowledge of the very first principles of law. I would advise him, if he would accept of my humble advice, to confine himself to that science of which he is so great a master—politics—and not to meddle with law. The right honorable gentleman is ignorant of the fundamental principle of law—that a subject cannot sue a sovereign. That is the rule in every country, with the exception of this. And why is it not the law in England? Simply because, by the established usage and magnanimous practice of this country, the sovereign, upon the petition of a subject complaining of a wrong sustained from the Crown, refers it to the first law officer of the Crown and indorses upon the petition the important and solemn words, "Let right be done." And upon that the sovereign condescends to submit herself to an equality with her subjects before the throne of law, and allow justice to be administered between

her and the meanest of her subjects by the ordinary tribunals of the land. And thank God that we have tribunals and that we have judges who would administer the law between the sovereign and her subjects with so much impartiality, with as even a hand and with as unbiassed a mind as between any two ordinary persons. But is that the case in Greece? No! I ask, then, what becomes of the position that Mr. Finlay could have appealed to the tribunals of the country against the king of Greece? The king of Greece is utterly irresponsible, not only politically, but civilly, to any of his subjects, and you can only seek redress, if you have sustained any injury, against the officers of state. In this case, however, the officers of state were not responsible, because this matter had occurred before the constitution by which alone even they became responsible and were called into power. With respect, therefore, to the claim of Mr. Finlay, I think that case is pretty well disposed of.

I now come to M. Pacifico, and I rejoice that we shall be able to discuss that case on its merits, and not on the ground of M. Pacifico being a Jew or a usurer, or, as it was ungenerously suggested, and when he could not defend himself, a delinquent who had committed an act of forgery. All these questions are utterly beside the one at issue. And here, sir, let me say that I never felt stronger indignation than when I read the observations, as to who and what M. Pacifico was and is, which have been repeated over and over again in that portion of the press devoted to the interests of Russian despotism, and which have been spoken over and over again by certain lords who come forward either for their own behoof or that of Continental tyrants. According to these authorities M. Pacifico is a species of Jew broker, a Jew usurer, a Jew trafficker, a hybrid Jew. And then, sir, forsooth, we

are told in the same breath as that in which such phrases are employed, that they are not used to prejudice the individual to whom they are applied! For what purpose then, I ask, are they used? Why, sir, even at *nisi prius* we should not stoop to such shabby artifices as these. Even lawyers would not resort to such mean and dirty acts as these; they would not think themselves justified in saying that, on a man sustaining a civil wrong and demanding justice, the question was to be tried by his character; yet that has been done again and again to prejudice this case. However, the right honorable gentleman, in taking the place of those who had carried on this accusation against the government elsewhere, thought it necessary to protect himself from being supposed to take any part in such acts as these. But the right honorable gentleman has pursued the course followed elsewhere of making the most of the abused extravagance of M. Pacifico's demand. But I will show the House that the amount of compensation claimed has nothing to do with the question; and for this simple reason, it never was a matter of dispute with the Greek government. The objection which the Greek government took was to the principle of the demand, not to its amount. The dispute never advanced as far as to have anything to do with the amount.

As for the wrongs inflicted on M. Pacifico, I need not dwell upon them. They are known to all the world. The man was outraged in his person, in his family, and in his property. The question then is, Was he entitled to redress? He may be a Jew, a broker, a usurer, a hybrid Jew—he may have committed an act of forgery. It is possible—although God forbid that I should believe such a charge against any man without the opportunity of answering it!—he may have been a forger; it did not lie in the mouth of the Portuguese govern-

ment to say so, after having appointed him consul—first at Morocco, and then at Athens; but for all that he was injured, and therefore entitled to redress. Now, what are the known facts as to his position? He had been living at Athens for many years in comfort and respectability—a substantial citizen, carrying on his business with the Greek people. Well, he was grievously injured. The right honorable gentleman said he ought to have gone before the Greek tribunals. What tribunals? He did go before one. He tried to proceed in a criminal court—with what success we know. A crime had been committed in the broad daylight, at noon, in the midst of Athens. The perpetrators were seen and well known They were denounced to the police; and the police, in reply, contended that there was no evidence to fix their identity, and so let them loose again. So much for the honor and honesty of Greek tribunals. But the right honorable gentleman says, Why did he not go before a civil tribunal? Why did he not sue the rioters for damages? Good God! Is it possible that the right honorable gentleman can be in earnest? Does he really consider us so weak, so fallible, as to be likely to swallow an obvious, a palable, or gross absurdity such as that? What! seek for compensation from a mob—from a rabble of brigands, vagabonds, and ruffians, in rags and tatters, who wrecked his house and stole his furniture? Is he to proceed for damages against such a horde as this? Let me ask the House—let me ask the right honorable gentleman this question: Suppose that, in some time of trouble and popular excitement, a mob were to sack his house, as the mob sacked M. Pacifico's, would he bring an action against each and every member of that mob? We have had instances of such riots taking place, I think, Nottingham Castle was destroyed. It belonged to the Duke of Newcastle. Did he

prosecute the mob for damages? The Marquis of Londonderry's house in St. James's Square was attacked and damaged. Did he prosecute the mob for damages? The palace of the bishop at Bristol was burnt down, and property to a great extent destroyed. Did he prosecute the mob for damages? No; you don't proceed against paupers. There is nothing to be got out of them.

Observe the difference between Greece and this country. England, with wiser legislation, proceeding on the principle that for injuries done in times of tumult it is idle to leave the people to a remedy by civil action against the parties committing them, provides this wise regulation: that in the case of such injuries the local community, the hundred, should be responsible for the property which has been demolished. If, however, the property fall under a certain category for which the hundred is not liable, the government is nevertheless bound to make the loss good, so that no owner of property need suffer from the lawless violence of mobs, which it is the business of the executive to keep in order.[1] If, then, this state of things had existed in Athens—if M. Pacifico could have claimed redress from the Greek tribunals, he was no doubt bound to go there. But I say he could not. It is idle to assert that he could. The right honorable gentleman tells us that there are courts of law in Greece, that there is a regular bar there, always ready to undertake the case of anybody applying to them. Is there? Stop a minute. M. Pacifico having been attacked a second time, and having made his complaint, the noble lord at the head of the foreign office instructed Sir Edmund Lyons to institute a prosecution against the parties who had committed the outrage. What

[1] A modern instance of the working of this principle was the compensation granted by the government to the sufferers by the Socialist riots in the West End of London in February, 1886.

was the result? The offending parties had actually been apprehended, when M. Pacifico was told that he could not get a lawyer to bring his case on, and that such was the strict compulsion under which the courts were kept that they did not dare to place themselves in opposition to the prime minister of the country.

But, says the right honorable gentleman, the judges at Athens administer justice impartially and fairly; there is a court called the Areopagus, and its judges are perfectly free to act according to the dictates of their conscience. Let me tell the right honorable gentleman that he never labored under a more complete mistake. The constitution undoubtedly provides that the judges shall not be dismissed at the king's pleasure; but they are so dismissed every day. And not only that, but the Greek government have established this system—and it shows their Greek subtlety, as they have a number of courts of equal jurisdiction and authority—they transplant the judges from one to the other, as the purpose of each case may seem to require. When a particular case which the government is interested in bringing to a particular decision occurs in a court, why then they transplant the judge on whom they can depend into that court. Let me cite an instance. An action was brought by M. Piscatori, the French ambassador at Athens, against the editor of a newspaper published there—the "Athena." This was in 1846. M. Piscatori was, of course, all-powerful with the government. Well, the sentence was against the editor. Two of the judges pronounced for his acquittal; three for his condemnation. One of the former, called, I believe, Disachi, was summarily dismissed in the following curt terms: "The king has been pleased to remove you from the bench." Well, the editor appealed to the court of the Are-

opagus, and on the eve of his case coming on, two of his judges who were to be were suddenly dismissed, without any reason whatever being assigned. I have these facts from authority upon which I can implicitly rely, and for their exact truth I pledge myself to the House. Again, there was a president of the court of the Areopagus called Cleonares. He was dismissed upon the instant, without any reason assigned, but for causes of which no one who has listened to what I have stated can for a moment doubt.

And after this you tell me that the Greek tribunals are pure. "Oh, but," says the right honorable gentleman, "I produce Sir Edmund Lyons to prove my case. He says that the press is free, and the tribunals are fair and independent." True; Sir Edmund Lyons says so; but when? Sir, the reference to Sir Edmund Lyons shows that there are other texts besides those of Scripture which the —— which certain persons can quote for their own purposes. The despatch in question was written in 1836, and under what circumstances? King Otho having been advised by his father, as young gentlemen who have lived too fast and extravagantly sometimes are, to go and travel and look out for a wife,—of course, a rich one,—obeyed the paternal injunction, and left his kingdom under the charge of Count Armansperg, who took advantage of the absence of his royal master to set matters a little to rights. Well, he began by reforming the tribunals, by making them independent. He set the press free—he established provincial councils, so as to give the people some sort of means of expressing their opinions on public matters—in short, he set the kingdom so far to rights, hoping, of course, that upon the return of his royal master he would reap the reward of his merits in a rich overflow of royal favors. Notice, however, of what Count Armansperg had

been doing had, it seems, been conveyed to King Otho, who straightway returned in alarm, and before the boat which conveyed him from the ship touched the soil of Greece, Count Armansperg was ignominiously dismissed. Arbitrary dominion resumed its tyrannical rule—injustice, oppression, and wrong were re-established in their old supremacy; and such is the system which has ruled supreme in Greece ever since.

Well, to proceed. The right honorable gentleman dwelt last night on the case of the man Sumachi, who was tortured; and he set out by saying that he did not believe Sumachi's statement, and that Sir Edmund Lyons was just the man ready to receive and record any unauthenticated case bearing against the Greek government. Sir, I say that Sir Edmund Lyons is a man who, after eight or nine years' service as minister of Athens, received, as a token of his sovereign's approbation, the Grand Cross of the Bath; and I hope that a gentleman who has been thus specially and highly honored is at least entitled to have his official assertions believed—at all events until the contrary shall have been shown. But is this case of Sumachi a single instance? No. Torture has over and over again been applied in Greece. Torture, I repeat, is commonly applied in Greece. I can prove innumerable instances of it. One is so disgusting that I cannot mention it; yet I ought to mention it—I will mention it. I feel that it ought to be told, that we may at least know what these people, of whom so much has been said, really are. How do they torture women? They attach cats to their naked persons, and then flog the animals, that in their furious struggles they may lacerate the flesh to which they are tied. Another species of torture is this: a man is tied, hands, feet, and head together, and in this position flung upon the

ground and bastinadoed. And still, sir, the right honorable gentleman is right—perfectly right—in saying that all such atrocities are forbidden by the constitution of Greece. But what is the value of that constitution? I say, sir, not so much as that of the paper on which it is written. It has been set aside, violated, outraged in every respect and in every way. It exists but in name; while oppression and corruption reign in unmitigated horror in its room.

And now, sir, I dismiss the right honorable gentleman and his Greek arguments. I trust I have given him and them satisfactory answers. Transcendent as are the abilities of the right honorable gentleman, I believe that even his talents will not support a case when truth is in the other scale. But truth, if it does not prevail here, will prevail elsewhere. The country is beginning to appreciate what is the truth in this question. The country will fully appreciate, too, the motives which induce you, after four years of silence, now at length to come forward and attack the noble lord at the head of the foreign affairs of this country. But whatever may be the result here, I tell you that the people of England will only rally the more heartily around that government which stands pledged to extend the safeguard of its power to all its subjects, in whatever land their business may have led them; and which is also able and willing, if on any occasion it may be too late to interfere for the purposes of protection, at all events to stand forward and to demand from them reparation and redress.

BROWNSON

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON, a versatile American writer and theologian, was born at Stockbridge, Vermont, in 1803. Not until he had joined the Presbyterian Church in 1821 and become a Universalist minister in 1825, and later a Unitarian, did he at last, in 1844, find rest in the Catholic fold. In 1838 he founded the Boston "Quarterly Review" and published a novel entitled "Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted." He was a popular lecturer and writer on literary and theological topics. He died in Detroit, April 16, 1876.

ORATION ON LIBRARY STUDIES

DELIVERED IN BALTIMORE, JUNE 29, 1853

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you very sincerely for the honor of being selected as your orator on this most interesting anniversary to you and your personal friends. It is always an honor to be called upon to address those who are preparing themselves in academic halls, or having completed their academic course, are bidding adieu to the quiet and peaceful scenes of college life, and taking their leave of beloved classmates and venerated professors, to go forth and bear an active and honorable part in the multifarious affairs of this work-day world; but it is more especially so to be invited to address a literary society connected with this venerable college of Mount St. Mary, already so rich in classic associations, so hallowed by the memory of saintly virtues, and so dear to every American Catholic heart for the eminent servants of the church of God it has nurtured.

Although I may repeat several things which I ventured to advance in this hall some five years since, I have thought that I could not better respond to the confidence which calls

me here than by inviting my young friends to follow me in some remarks on liberal studies in relation to the wants of a free State. I shall have thus the advantage of treating a subject to which your minds must have often been turned during your collegiate course and of connecting what has been your occupation as students with what are to be your practical duties as American citizens.

Liberal studies, as the name itself implies, whether etymologically or historically considered, are those studies or those arts which are proper for the free as distinguished from the menial or servile classes of society, or, in more modern language, the nobility as distinguished from the people, gentlemen as distinguished from simplemen. Originally "nobleman" meant nothing more or less than "freeman," and in Hungary to-day all freemen are noble.

The distinction of society into two classes, the one free, the other servile, the one noble and the other low, or the one gentle and the other simple, is older than profane history, and in one form and under one name or another has always existed; and, as long as human nature remains what it is, probably will continue to exist. Perfect equality of ranks and conditions is never found, is never to be expected, and is, indeed, incompatible with the very idea of society itself. The distinction, whether a good or an evil, is a fact in all society, and in vain do we seek by political constitutions, social arrangements, and legislative enactments to obliterate or disguise it. It exists and reappears at every step under all forms of civil polity and social organization—in democratic America no less than in aristocratic England, feudal Germany, monarchical France, and despotic Turkey; in the so-called free States of the North no less than in the slave States of the South. The entire universe, having its proto-

type in the eternal nature of God, in the ever-blessed Trinity, unity in essence and distinction in persons, is hierarchically organized and governed, and save in the sense of justice between man and man, and man and society, equality is an idle dream, an empty word—nay, an impious word, fit only to be inscribed on the blood-red banner of the atheistical revolutionist. Whoso seeks to reduce all men to the same level, whether by levelling downwards or by levelling upwards, wars against God and nature. Diversities of ranks and conditions are in the order of divine Providence, and obtain even in heaven, where there are many mansions, and where the saints differ from each other as one star differs from another in glory. Society without them is inconceivable, and were undesirable. It would be as dull and as monotonous as the boundless sandy plain diversified by no variety of hill and dale, mountain and valley, land and water—where the flocks and herds find no pasture, the bird no grove or bush from which to carol, and man no habitation. It would lose all its charms, all its variety, all its activity, and become stagnant and putrid as the ocean when the long calm sleeps on its bosom.

> "Order is Heaven's first law, and this confessed,
> Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

You of the South consist of freemen and slaves, of gentle and simple, and so do we of the North. In both sections we find at bottom the same distinction of classes, though while you have the manliness to avow it we have the art to disguise it from the careless observer under the drapery of fine names. You call your slaves by their proper name, and while you impose upon them the duties of slaves you relieve them from the cares and burdens of freemen; we call our slaves freemen and impose on them the labors and burdens of

slavery while we secure to them none of the advantages of freedom. The only advantage we can claim over you is that our slaves, being of the same race and color with our freemen, are individually less hopelessly slaves than yours. The class is as permanent with us as with you; but individuals of the class may more easily escape from it and rise in their own persons or in their children to the class of freemen. But, on the other hand, if our slaves are under certain aspects less slaves than yours, our freemen are less free than yours. The Southern gentleman has a personal freedom and independence which we rarely find in the Northern gentleman and which give to Southern manners a charm, a freshness, an ease, and a grace which our Northern manners, I am sorry to say, for the most part lack.

It is of no use to war against this inevitable distinction. To attempt either with you or with us to obliterate it and make all freemen can result only in the distinction of freedom and the reduction of all to slavery; as the attempt to make all gentlemen can end only in leaving no gentlemen and in reducing all to simplemen, with low and vulgar tastes, habits, and manners. It is then our duty to accept the distinction of classes as a social fact, permanent and indestructible in civilized society, and conform to it in all our political and social arrangements.

The strength and glory of a nation depend not on the vulgar, the commonalty, the low born, the servile, or the simple, but on its freemen, its gentlemen, its nobility. It is one of the saddest, as well as one of the silliest mistakes of our age, that the few may be safely overlooked, and for all that is great and good, wise and just in the action of the state or of society, reliance must be placed on the many, on the masses so-called. But a nation is wise and great, good and just, only

in its freemen, its noblemen; and a great nation without nobles or gentlemen, titled or untitled, is an unheard of anomaly. You may tell me there is no army without private soldiers; but there is even less an army without a general. It is the man, Bonaparte was accustomed to say, not the men, that is the principal thing. Give us the man qualified to organize and command an army, and an army he will rarely lack. He will find everywhere the materials needed. All troops are brave under brave and competent officers, and no matter how brave the men may naturally be, they will be cowards in action if their officers are incompetent or white-livered. As long as the gentry and nobility of a country retain their integrity, are high-minded, patriotic, and virtuous, really deserving the name of *generosi*, it stands firm, and has in itself the recuperative energy speedily to recover from any reverses it may for a moment experience; but let these fail, or let them become corrupt, base, and selfish in their principles and feelings, real churls in their character, and you may see the handwriting on the wall recording its doom. Its days are numbered; it is weighed in the balance and found wanting; and it must speedily fall, to rise no more forever.

I tell you only what you must have read in the histories you have studied. When flourished ancient Athens? Was it not when her eupatrids were really free and noble; when they retained the virtues of the olden times, and were chivalric, generous, brave, and patriotic? Was it the arms of all-conquering Rome that prostrated her in the dust and left her wallowing for long ages in the mire? Why gained the Roman a victory which the Persian with far greater forces failed to win? Because Athens had not men; because her population had dwindled, or her wealth been exhausted? By no means. But because she had no Miltiades, no Aristides, no

Themistocles. Her eupatrids had lost their nobility, had ceased to be freemen, and the poor people, brave even to daring, were beaten for the lack of brave and competent leaders. Had the brave old tyrant of the Chersonesus commanded, as at Marathon, the Roman Æmilianus had perhaps shared the fate of the Persian datis. The decline of Rome dates from the corruption of her nobles, and she fell when they had lost all vestiges of the old Roman virtues.

At the time when the Barbarians began to cross the Rhine and invade the Gallic provinces of the empire, those provinces were as rich and as populous as modern France, and perhaps even more so; and yet what more contemptible than the resistance they offered! Indeed, they seem to have offered no resistance at all. In reading their history it seems as if with the imperial armies the whole population disappeared and the invaders took possession of a country without inhabitants. Yet the Romano-Gallic people remained on the soil, and in numbers of a hundred, if not of a thousand, to one of the conquerors. France under Charles le Chauve was populous, wealthy, cultivated, and possessed of vast resources both for defence and conquest, as Charlemagne had proved, and yet a handful of Norse pirates were able to ravage her coast with impunity, to sail up her rivers into the interior, to sack even the city of Paris, to plunder her sacred shrines, churches, and monasteries, massacre or enslave her priests and religious, and to threaten the conquest of the whole kingdom, with no resistance worth mentioning but from the dead, and their ravages were interrupted only by the conversion to Christianity of their famous chief, Rollo. Why was this? Because her people were cowards and could not be induced to fight in their own defence? We all know better. In all ages and under all dynasties the French

people have been brave and warlike, none more so. It was not the men, but the man that failed, not the people, but their chiefs. Her noblemen, her gentry, lacked the virtues of their order, had become selfish and mean, and were chiefly engaged in plundering the Church and one another. The moment a man appears, the Great Hugh Capet, founder of the third dynasty of French kings, or rather of the line of French as distinguished from Frankish monarchs, the whole face of things is changed, and the kingdom from being unable to defend itself against the petty expeditions of the Norsemen, suddenly rises to the rank of the first power of Europe. Why again lies Ireland prostrate for ages with the armed heel of the Anglo-Saxon on her neck? Because her people fail? Because she wants men? The armies of England, France, Austria, and Spain have long since proved the contrary. No people are shrewder, more intellectual, moral, religious, braver, or more capable of endurance. But it is her nobility, her gentry that fail through corruption, venality, or want of national character. She has no chiefs. Give her a man who would be to her what Wellington might have been, what he was to all countries but his own, or a nobility and gentry as truly Irish, as the nobility and gentry of England are English, and she would instantly throw off her foreign oppressor and rise to a high and commanding position among the free nations of the world. But what can she do without a man, without chiefs, or when those who should be her nobles and her gentlemen are each for himself, without patriotism, without virtue, capable of being bought by a paltry office whenever the British ministry regard them as worth buying.

All history, if you know how to read it, proves that it is the nobility, or the gentlemen, that make the nation and de-

termine its rank and character among the nations of the earth, never the people as detached or distinguished from them. I speak not against the people; I have perhaps more genuine love and respect for them than have the wordy demagogues who make it their business to flatter and cajole them that they may use them; but I tell you, young gentlemen, however democratically inclined you may be, that God gives to every nation an aristocracy, titled or untitled, recognized or unrecognized by the civil constitution, hereditary or unhereditary, whose mission it is to guide and lead the people, and to direct, sustain, and defend their interests. When these, by faction, by sloth, by luxury, or venality are deprived of their nobility and strength, or when through the neglect or abuse of their powers they have no longer the capacity or the disposition to discharge the proper duties of their state, the glory of the nation has departed, its days, as I have said, are numbered, and its people are as sheep without a shepherd. As long as a nation is really a living nation, as long as it has a future and a part to play in the great drama of nations, it has and must have its *generosi*, its nobility, its aristocracy, who, although the smaller part, must always be regarded as its *pars sanior*, and act as its chiefs and counsellors. When these are true and loyal, your nation prospers; when they become base and corrupt, or when they lose the manners, sentiments, and virtues of their order, and adopt those of the people, there is, save in God's gracious providence, no longer any hope for the nation. It is on the brink of the precipice, rushing headlong into the abyss of barbarianism that yawns below. Ask the Oriental states of antiquity, where the nobles lost their nobility, not as they are now losing it by the despotism of the people, but by the despotism of the monarch, who suf-

fered no head but his own to rise above the universal level, if it is not so. Ask ancient Assyria and Egypt, Tyre and Carthage, if it is not so. Let the recently disinterred remains of Nineveh, the mummies brought hither from the catacombs of Thebes, the degraded Moslemin groping amid the fallen colonnades and broken capitals of Balbec and Palmyra, the poor fisherman drying his nets on the site of ancient Tyre, where once her merchant princes did congregate, or the wild Kurd robbing the defenceless traveller, over the graves of forgotten nations read you your answer, and teach you better than to listen for one moment to the insane dreams of modern demagogues and radicals, who would persuade you that the strength and glory of a nation are in the ignorance, selfishness, and vulgarity of the many, not in the science, the wisdom, the disinterestedness, the chivalry, the heroism of the few,—the nobility and gentry, by whatever name you choose to call them. The wise man weighs votes, he does not count them. He seeks the approbation of the few, not of the multitude, who, as Pope John XXII says, are always wrong. "Quicquid laudat, vituperio dignum est; quicquid cogitat, vanum; quicquid loquitur, falsum; quicquid improbat, bonum; quicquid extollit, infame est." And the most discouraging thing in our beloved country, for I trust that whatever her faults we all love her, and should were those faults a thousand times greater, is the tendency to place the servant above the master, and the rapid decline of the better class, the disappearance of our gentlemen from high official station, and the entrusting of all affairs to the management of men who want nobility, elevation, and manliness of character.

The prejudice against aristocracy arises from the very common error that if there is an aristocracy it must exist

for itself, and that the people must be held to exist for the aristocracy, not the aristocracy for the people. I have as little sympathy as any of my democratic countrymen with the doctrine which teaches that the many are made to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the few. I am a Christian, not a pagan, and I hold all men to be of one blood and to have the common rights of humanity, and one man has and can have no dominion in another except in consideration of services rendered. I say not with our Abolitionists that man can have no property in man, but I do say, after the Supreme Pontiff Alexander III that all men by the law of nature are free. I do not deny the right of the Southern master to the services of his slave; but I do deny that he derives that right from the municipal law which recognizes and defends it. As between him and his slave the master's right is founded, and can be founded, only on the benefits he confers on the slave, and the measure of these benefits is the measure of the services he has the right to exact in return. The slave, no matter what his color or his race, is a man, a human being, with all the natural rights of his master. He has the *jus dominii* of himself as fully as any other man has of himself. I must go against common sense, and the spirit of all Catholic teachings, to deny this. But the master has a claim upon him for the services he renders him. He protects and nurses him during his infancy, feeds and clothes him during life, and takes care of him in sickness and old age. This may not be, and probably is not, ordinarily as much as the services of the slave are worth to the master; but it is more than the labor of the slave, upon a general average, would be worth to himself if obliged to take the sole care of himself. Take the class of slaves, and suppose the masters take proper care of them and do not

overwork them, which seldom happens, and there can be no doubt that the slave receives in his maintenance, in the provision made for him in infancy, sickness, and old age, a reasonable compensation for his services, and more than the Northern laborer ever does or can receive for the same amount of labor, for the Northern laborer works nearly double the number of hours that the slave does, with far more intensity and with fewer recreations. Your negroes when properly treated are no doubt better off and better paid for their labor than they would be if emancipated, and therefore the masters have a right to their services and to retain them in their present condition. No doubt there are instances in which the relation is abused, but this is another consideration and to be disposed of on other principles, for the abuse of a thing does not deny the legitimacy of its use.

Society is to be regarded as a whole as a sort of living organism in which there are many parts, distinguishable but not separable one from another. All the parts are necessary, all should be knit together in a living union and move on in concert as a living and reasonable being. The head is not to be valued without the body, nor the body without the members; yet the body should have a head, and the head should be regarded as the more noble part. The aristocracy are not to be separated from the body of the nation, are not to be regarded as existing apart and for themselves alone, but as existing for the nation, for the service of the people, and the common good of the whole. Nobility is not a personal right, it is a trust—a trust from God for the common good of the nation. "Let him that would be greatest among you be your servant." When the nobility forget this,—when they live only for themselves, regard their rank and privileges as their indefeasible property and use their superiority only

in reference to their own selfish ends, they lose their character of *generosi*, forget their nobility, sink to mere churls, and instead of serving the nation are served by it, and instead of guiding and leading society for the common good become an intolerable burden upon the people which they will be sure to attempt to shake off. Such became the old French noblesse under the reign of Louis XV, the new nobility under the emperor, the Orleanist noblesse under the "Citizen King," and hence the revolutions of 1789, 1814, 1830 and 1848, which have threatened the very existence of European society, and which though checked for the moment by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, are not yet concluded. Such are rapidly becoming our own American nobility or aristocracy. Our gentlemen are bankers, sharpers, brokers, stockjobbers, traders, speculators, attorneys, pettifoggers, and in general worshippers of mammon. They have sometimes the manners, uniformly the sentiments, passions, and churlishness of the lowest of the people, and use the people instead of serving them. Hence the alarm which wise men feel for the safety of our republic and the real prosperity of our people.

I am well aware that the dominant doctrine of the day is the contrary of the one which, relying on the wisdom of antiquity and the experience of all ages and nations, I venture to reassert. The prevalent doctrine of the day is that all good ascends from below, and that everything is to be condemned that does not operate from low to high. The higher classes instead of guiding and directing the lower must consent to be guided and directed by them; the flock must choose and commission the pastor; the ignorant must teach the learned; the inept instruct the experienced; the subject give the law to the sovereign; and the Church must

follow the instinct of the masses, be fed and governed by the people, instead of feeding and governing them according to the ordination of God. This is the grand heresy of our age. It floats in our atmosphere as a fatal miasma and we inhale it with every breath. It is the *Welt-Geist* which even men who pass for philosophers bid us worship as the true and ever-living God, and which inspires all the revolutionary movements of our times. But be assured that it is itself from below, not from above, and is as false and as destructive as everything else that rises to us with smoke from the bottomless pit. Every good and perfect gift is from above and cometh down to us from the Father of Light, with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning. The whole order of Providence is that the higher should guide and govern the lower, and that whatever is wise and good cometh from above and operates from high to low, never, as the age presumptuously teaches, from low to high.

I quarrel not with forms of government; I find no fault with the political institutions of our country or the form of civil policy our fathers have bequeathed us. It is not of our republican institutions, nor of the popular power in their administration, that a wise man will complain, but the false and dangerous doctrines according to which these institutions are interpreted and with which it is become the fashion to identify them. I accept and defend all the democracy that was incorporated into the American institutions by their original framers, but I do not accept, and I should blush to defend, the vague and destructive democracy which we have borrowed from European radicals, and which has turned the heads of so large a portion of our people. I am,—as the members of the old Jeffersonian party in my boyhood were accustomed to say,—"a Republican, but I am not a

Democrat," and he who is a Democrat in the modern European sense, and the sense now generally adopted here as elsewhere, is no loyal American citizen; for democracy as now generally understood both at home and abroad means either the unrestricted right of the majority to rule, which is social despotism, or the unrestricted liberty of the individual to do what he pleases, which is anarchy. No institutions more than ours demand the sanctity of law, and none more imperiously demand the existence and influence of a noble or superior class—a real nobility, titled or untitled. It is not necessary that our nobility should be titled, for the title no more makes the noble than the habit makes the monk; nor is it necessary that they should be recognized by the law and have a civil constitution as in England; but it is necessary that they exist and that they have the direction of affairs. The larger the sphere we give in our institutions to the great body of the people the more necessary are the wisdom, the virtue, the chivalry, the personal worth and authority of their natural chiefs to preserve the constitution and to secure the wise and salutary administration of government.

The great mistake of our politicians of all parties, and perhaps of one party no more than of another, is in supposing that the criterion of truth and virtue is popular sentiment, that the people are competent to teach and direct their natural chiefs, and that they who are in office are not to ascertain and do what seems to them just and proper according to their own reason and conscience, but simply to ascertain and give effect to the wishes of the people, or rather of the party which has placed them in power. Hence the highest officer in the State, nay, in the nation, becomes but the mere tool of his party and is held to be as irresponsible, save to

his party, as the trowel or the spade in the hands of the workman; even our best men are inclined to echo the sentiment and pander to the prejudices of the mob. They who should be our gentlemen, our noblemen, maintain no personal independence and cease to speak and act as freemen. They lack the courage, the virtue, to stand up as bold and chivalrous knights in defence of truth and justice. They lose the nice sense of honor, the invincible courage, the manliness of character, and the true nobility of feeling, which constitute the freeman or make the nobleman, and become sly and subtle, cunning and artful, seeking not to govern the people, but to use them, and to accomplish their own selfish ends by flattery, cajolery, and intrigue. They stoop to conquer, consent to be slaves of the base passions of the mob that they may be its masters. Hence the baseness and venality of our public men and our lack, as a people, of the noble virtue of loyalty, in the sense of the French *loyauté*, and our contempt for the rights of our neighbors, which if not corrected must ultimately place us out of the pale of civilized nations.

No doubt others as well as I see whither our republic is tending and feel the necessity of a remedy; but, following out the false doctrine borrowed from the old French Jacobins, the greater part of them seek the remedy in popular education or in the extension and support of common schools. Far be it from me to speak lightly of common schools, but I do not believe that any education can entirely remedy the evil. The age is as mad in its worship of education as it is in its worship of radical or socialistic democracy. Education at best is far from being omnipotent, and no possible training of youth will infallibly make them what the wants of a free state demand. There is no subject on

which there is more disgusting cant vented in our days than this very subject of education, and I fear something worse than cant. It is far easier to educate for evil than for good, for children since the fall take to evil as naturally as ducks take to water. The enemies of religion and society understand this perfectly well, and hence whenever in their power they seize upon the schools and seek to control the education of the young. To accomplish their purposes they have only to exclude religion from the schools under the plea of excluding sectarianism, and instead of teaching religion, teach, as Frances Wright was accustomed to say, know-*ledge*, and they may soon have a community whose thoughts and affections will be exclusively of the earth earthy.

It is not without design that I have mentioned the name of Frances Wright, the favorite pupil of Jeremy Bentham, and famous infidel lecturer through our country some twenty years ago; for I happen to know, what may not be known to you all, that she and her friends were the great movers in the scheme of godless education, now the fashion in our country. I knew this remarkable woman well and it was my shame to share, for a time, many of her views, for which I ask pardon of God and of my countrymen. I was for a brief time in her confidence and one of those selected to carry into execution her plans. The great object was to get rid of Christianity and to convert our churches into halls of science. The plan was not to make open attacks on religion, although we might belabor the clergy and bring them into contempt where we could; but to establish a system of State, we said, national schools, from which all religion was to be excluded, in which nothing was to be taught but such knowledge as is verifiable by the senses, and to which all parents were to be compelled by law to send their children.

Our complete plan was to take the children from their parents at the age of twelve or eighteen months, and to have them nursed, fed, clothed, and trained in these schools at the public expense; but at any rate, we were to have godless schools for all the children of the country, to which the parents would be compelled by law to send them. The first thing to be done was to get this system of schools established. For this purpose a secret society was formed and the whole country was to be organized somewhat on the plan of the Carbonari of Italy, or as were the revolutionists throughout Europe by Bazard preparatory to the revolutions of 1820 and 1830. This organization was commenced in 1829 in the city of New York, and to my own knowledge was effected throughout a considerable part of New York State. How far it was extended in other States, or whether it is still kept up I know not, for I abandoned it in the latter part of the year 1830 and have since had no confidential relations with any engaged in it; but this much I can say, the plan has been successfully pursued, the views we put forth have gained great popularity, and the whole action of the country on the subject has taken the direction we sought to give it. I have observed too that many who were associated with us and relied upon to carry out the plan have taken the lead in what has been done on the subject. One of the principal movers of the scheme had no mean share in organizing the Smithsonian Institute, and is now, I believe, one of the representatives of our government at an Italian court. It would be worth inquiring, if there were any means of ascertaining, how large a share this secret infidel society, with its members all through the country unsuspected by the public and unknown to each other, yet all known to a central committee, and moved by it, have had in giving the extraor-

dinary impulse to godless education which all must have remarked since 1830, an impulse which seems too strong for any human power now to resist.

But though such an education as we are laboring to give American children in our common schools is only fitted to make them infidels, libertines, sharpers, and rogues, I do not believe even a thoroughly religious education given in Catholic schools by Catholic teachers and professors would wholly remedy the evil, because the practical part of our education is never received within the schoolroom, but at home, in the streets, in the saloons, from associates, and the general habits, manners, customs, and tone of the society in which children grow up; and because not natural training but grace alone can elevate our fallen nature to genuine virtue. The schoolhouse can never be a substitute for the church, the schoolmaster for the priest, or education for the sacraments. Nevertheless, education can do something and it is the ordinary human mode by which we are to attempt to secure the virtue of a community. That is, a religious education, not merely instruction in simply human knowledge.

But there is no greater mistake than that of placing our chief reliance on common schools, however well organized, and however religious, or of expecting our security from the education of the mass, as seems to be the general opinion of our countrymen. With a territory stretching from the Atlantic, and which will soon stretch, in all probability, from the Isthmus of Darien to the North Pole, we have not a single institution deserving the name of "university"; and claiming to be a reading people, we stand in regard to public libraries the lowest on the list of civilized nations. There is not a single branch of literature or science which demands erudition for its treatment that can be treated by the American scholar

without going abroad to consult foreign libraries. No adequate provision is made for the higher class of liberal studies, for the higher branches of genuine scholarship. We have indeed a good military academy, a good naval school, perhaps, and some passable law schools; but in matters of political and civil administration, of statesmanship and diplomacy, we have no system of training and are compelled to rely on ineptness and inexperience. Yet we boast of being an enlightened people. Our whole land is, so to speak, covered over with common schools, filled with common school libraries composed of a few dozen wishy-washy volumes each, and we seem to imagine that to read, write, and cipher is all that is necessary to enlighten a people and to make them wise and virtuous, competent to all the complicated affairs of civil and social life.

I complain not that common schools are universal, I complain not that they do not teach more branches and turn out more thorough scholars. They already attempt too much, more than is requisite for the mass of a people, more than the great body of our children can study to any advantage. Common schools are well enough in their place, though less important than our age would have us believe. They can impart as much instruction as the people, considering their ordinary duties and avocations in life, can acquire; but they cannot suffice for the wants of a nation. You can never make all the people scholars, give to all a liberal training—not, if you will, for lack of ability on their part, but for lack of opportunity, and for the necessary incompatibility between such training and the menial offices of life, which require the constant labor and application of the great majority of every community. These offices unfit one for liberal studies and liberal studies unfit one for them. Give, if it were possible,

to the whole community the education, the culture, the refinement, and elevated manners and tastes of the few, and without which a nation remains uncivilized, the great business of life would come to a standstill and your nation would be like an army without privates or a ship without common sailors. On the other hand, to reduce all education and all culture to the level of your common schools is to have no officers, none qualified to take the command and fill the higher offices of civilized society. The Mexican war taught our Democratic statesmen the value of West Point, and we shall not very soon see again ignorant civilians chosen in preference to trained soldiers to command our troops. The great bulk of every community always has depended and always will depend on the leadership in all things of the few.

Here, then, you see the significance of liberal studies, and their absolute necessity to every enlightened and well-ordered state. Liberal studies are the studies of the few, they are the studies of freemen, that is, of gentlemen, and their office is to qualify them to be wise and prudent, just and noble, able guides and leaders, that is, the faithful and competent servants of the community. It is not because you have better blood than others, it is not that society exists for you, for you all nature blooms, and for you the people live and labor, that you are to pursue liberal studies and acquire the knowledge, the tastes, and accomplishments of gentlemen, but that you may exert a wise and salutary influence on the great body of the nation. You are for the nation, not the nation for you; you are to sustain it, not it you. Your liberal education is a trust which you hold from God for the people and you are to use it not for your own private benefit, but in their service; not as a facile means of compelling

them to serve you, but as the necessary means of serving them.

In the view of the case I have presented, the important thing in every nation, above all in every popularly constituted State, is not, as we have foolishly imagined, common school education, is not the education of the mass, but the education of the gentlemen. When what we call the upper classes are properly trained—which by the by they are not, with us—when they have the principles, the virtues, the habits and the tastes proper to their order your State will flourish. It is the few that lift the many, and the virtues of the aristocracy, that secure the virtues of the people on the principle I have all along contended for, that all good is from above and operates from high to low, not, as a wild and inept democracy will have it, from low to high.

Do not suppose, gentlemen, that I am unaware that the doctrine I have set forth is directly opposed to the popular doctrine of our country or that I need to be told that it may easily be misapprehended, and made the occasion of representing me as opposed to the people and in favor of despotism, monarchy, and a titled aristocracy. I am well aware of all this, for I am not utterly without experience, and if I sought to win popularity or to gain the applause of the multitude I should have brought out a very different doctrine, and proved my utter unworthiness to be your orator on an occasion like this. I cannot boast of a long line of distinguished ancestors, I cannot boast of having received even a liberal education in any adequate sense of the word; but I can with honest pride boast that I am and always have been, according to the measure of my light and ability, a freeman. I glory in bending my knee to God and to God's minister, but I have never yet learned to bend it to the mob, or to

surrender the freedom and independence of my own soul to the despotism of public opinion. I claim to be a man, an individual, with rights which I will die sooner than surrender, and duties which I dare not neglect. As far as I am able I labor to form a true and noble public opinion, not to obey public opinion whatever it may be. I ask not what the people will say, but what is just, what is true, what is necessary or useful to be said.

Such, gentlemen, I conceive is the spirit of the true scholar, of the gentleman, of the freeman, and such is the spirit with which I wish you to be animated. You are, I take it for granted, Catholics, and as such you have been taught the truth from God himself and know what you are to believe and to do and have no need to learn it from popular opinion, from the *Welt-Geist*, or spirit of the age. You are instructed from above; therefore you can safely labor to form the popular mind, without danger of misforming it, and in your several spheres prove yourselves safe guides and leaders of the people. Understand well that this is your mission, and dare discharge it, fearlessly, bravely, heroically, whether you have the multitude with you or have, as most likely will be the case, the multitude against you. Be brave, courteous, chivalrous knights in defence of truth and justice, so shall you be without fear and without reproach; so shall you serve your country, avert, it may be, the dangers which threaten it, gain a name which "posterity will not willingly let die," and what is infinitely better, everlasting life and eternal glory in heaven.

BULWER

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER LYTTON, first Lord Lytton, a distinguished English novelist, was born in London May 25, 1803. He was the son of William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and Elizabeth Lytton, of Knebworth, and upon the death of his mother in 1843 succeeded to her estate and assumed her family name of Lytton. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge University, and in 1827 married Rosina Wheeler, from whom he was separated in 1836. He entered Parliament in 1831, where his voice was heard in defence of the Reform Bill, and sat in the House of Commons until 1841, when he withdrew for a time from political life and gave himself up to literary work and to travel. He returned to Parliament in 1852 as a Conservative member for Hertfordshire, and spoke well and frequently. While colonial secretary, 1858-59, he provided for the organization of British Columbia and the separation of Queensland from New South Wales, a town in each colony being named in his honor. He became Baron Lytton of Knebworth in 1863, and entered the House of Lords, but took no part in its debates. He died at Torquay, Devonshire, January 11, 1873. Bulwer's earliest books obtained a remarkable popularity, although his latest writings are considered his best. He was one of the most energetic, versatile, and prolific authors of his time, and his writings include novels, essays, poems, and dramas. Among his principal works are "Eugene Aram" (1832); "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1834); "The Lady of Lyons" (1838); "Richelieu" (1839); "Rienzi" (1835); "The Last of the Barons" (1843), and "Harold, the Last of the Saxons" (1848).

ON THE CRIMEAN WAR

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JUNE 4, 1855

SIR,—The right honorable gentleman the member for Manchester [Mr. Milner Gibson], toward the close of his able speech, summed up his strongest objections to the continuance of the war by asking how it would profit the country. In answer to that question let me remind the right honorable gentleman of the laudable earnestness with which, in a recent debate, he assured the House that he, and those with whom he concurred in the policy to be adopted for the restoration of peace, were no less anxious than we are for the due maintenance of the national honor.

I cordially believe him; and when he asks how the continuance of the war can profit the country, I answer, because the continuance of the war is as yet essential to the vindication of the national honor, and because the national honor is the bulwark of the national interests. For there is this distinction between individuals and nations: with the first a jealous tenacity of honor may be a mere sentiment, with the last it is a condition of power.

If you lower the honor of a man in the eyes of his equals, he may still say, "My fortune is not attacked, my estate is unimpaired, the laws still protect my rights and my person, I can still command my independence and bestow my beneficence upon those who require my aid;" but if you lower the honor of a nation in the eyes of other states, and especially a nation like England, which owes her position, not to her territories, but to her character; not to the amount of her armies, nor even to the pomp of her fleets, but to a general belief in her high spirit and indomitable will—her interests will be damaged in proportion to the disparagement of her name. You do not only deface her scutcheons, you strike down her shield. Her credit will be affected, her commerce will suffer at its source.

Take the awe from her flag, and you take the wealth from her merchants; in future negotiations her claims will be disputed, and she can never again interfere with effect against violence and wrong in behalf of liberty and right.

These are some of the consequences which might affect the interests of this country if other nations could say, even unjustly, that England had grown unmindful of her honor. But would they not say it with indisputable justice if, after encouraging Turkey to a war with her most powerful enemy, we could accept any terms of peace which Turkey herself

indignantly refuses to indorse? Honor, indeed, is a word on which many interpreters may differ, but at least all interpreters must agree upon this, that the essential of honor is fidelity to engagements. What are the engagements by which we have pledged ourselves to Turkey? Freedom from the aggressions of Russia. Is that all? No; reasonable guaranties that the aggression shall not be renewed. But would any subject of the Ottoman Empire think such engagements fulfilled by a peace that would not take from Russia a single one of her fortresses, a single one of her ships, by which she now holds Constantinople itself under the very mouth of her cannon?

Sir, both the members for Manchester have the merit of consistency in the cause they espouse. They were against this war from the first. But I cannot conceive how any government which led us into this war and is responsible for all it has cost us should now suddenly adopt the language of peace societies, and hold it as a crime if we push to success the enterprise which they commenced by a failure.

I approach the arguments of the right honorable member for the University of Oxford [Mr. Gladstone] with a profound respect for his rare intellect and eloquence, and still more for that genuine earnestness which assures us that if he ever does diverge into sophistry and paradox it is not till he has religiously puzzled his conscience into a belief of their simplicity and truth.

The main argument on which the right honorable gentleman rests the vindication of the views he entertains is this: He says, "I supported the war at the commencement because then it was just; I would now close the war because its object may be attained by negotiation."

That is his proposition; I would state it fairly. But what

at the commencement was the object of the war, stripped of all diplomatic technicalities? The right honorable gentleman would not, I am sure, accept the definition of his ex-colleague, the right honorable member for Southwark [Sir William Molesworth], that one object of the war was to punish Russia for her insolence—a doctrine I would never have expected in so accomplished a philosopher as my right honorable friend, the pupil of Bentham and the editor of "Hobbes." Either in war or legislation, punishment is only a means which has for its object the prevention of further crime.

The right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford will no doubt say to me, The object was the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But how did he describe that object in his speech at Manchester in September, 1853? He said then to that important audience (I quote his very words):

"Remember the independence and integrity of Turkey are not like the independence of England and France. It is a government full of anomaly, of difficulty, and distress."

This is the mode in which, simultaneously with those articles in the "Times" quoted by the right honorable member for Manchester [Mr. Gibson], on the very eve of a war that the right honorable member for the University of Oxford then believed to be just, and when he would naturally place the object in the most favorable light his convictions would permit before the people whose ardor it became his duty to rouse, whose pockets it was his office to tax—this is the laudatory mode in which the right honorable gentleman warmed the enthusiasm of his listeners to acknowledge the justice of his object; and is the statesman who at the onset could take so chilling a view of all the great human interests involved in

this struggle likely to offer us unprejudiced and effective counsels for securing to Turkey that independence and integrity in which he sees anomaly and distress and in which we see the safeguard to Europe?

The right honorable gentleman complains that the terms in which our object is to be sought are now unwisely extended. Who taught us to extend them? Who made not only the terms but the object itself indefinite? Was it not the head of the government of which the right honorable gentleman was so illustrious a member? Did not Lord Aberdeen, when repeatedly urged to state to what terms of peace he would apply the epithets "safe" and "honorable," as repeatedly answer, "That must depend on the fortune of war; and the terms will be very different if we receive them at Constantinople or impose them at St. Petersburg"?

Sir, if I may say so without presumption, I always discourage that language. I always held the doctrine that if we once went to war it should be for nothing more and nothing less than justice. [Mr. M. Gibson: "Hear, hear!"]

Ay, but do not let me dishonestly catch that cheer, for I must add, "and also for adequate securities that justice will be maintained." No redresses should induce us to ask for less—no conquests justify us in demanding more. But when the right honorable gentleman, being out of office, now also asserts that doctrine, why did he not refuse his sanction to the noble earl, who took the whole question out of the strict limits of abstract justice the moment he made the indefinite arbitration of military success the only principle to guide us in the objects and terms of peace?

And if the right honorable gentleman rigidly desired to limit our war to one of protection, how could he have consented to sit in a cabinet which at once changed its whole

character into a war of invasion? All the complications which now surround us—all the difficulties in the way of negotiation which now perplex even the right honorable gentleman's piercing intellect—date from the day you landed in the Crimea and laid siege to Sebastopol. I do not say your strategy was wrong; but, wrong or right, when you invaded the Crimea you inevitably altered the conditions on which to establish peace.

The right honorable gentleman was a party to that campaign, and he cannot now shrink from its logical consequences. Those consequences are the difficulties comprehended in the third article—the lie that your policy would give to your actions if you accepted the conditions proposed by Russia; for why did you besiege Sebastopol but because it was that fortress which secured to Russia her preponderance in the Black Sea, and its capture or dismantlement was the material guarantee you then and there pledged yourselves to obtain for the independence of Turkey and the security of Europe? And if the fortunes of war do not allow you yet to demand that Sebastopol be disfortified, they do authorize you to demand an equivalent in Russia's complete resignation of a fleet in the Black Sea; for at this moment not one Russian ship can venture to show itself in those waters.

If the right honorable gentleman is perplexed to determine what mode of limiting the Russian preponderance can be invented, one rule for his guidance at least he is bound to consider imperative—namely, that the mode of limitation must be one which shall not content England alone, but the ally to whom the faith of England was pledged by the cabinet which the right honorable gentleman adorned. It is strange to what double uses the right honorable gentleman can put an ally. When we wished to inquire into the causes of calam-

ities purely our own—calamities which the right honorable gentleman thinks were so exaggerated—an exaggeration that inquiry has not served to dispel—then we are told, "What are you doing? Take care! To inquire into the fate of an English army may offend and alienate our ally, France."

But now, when the right honorable gentleman would have desired us to patch up a peace, he forgets altogether that we have an ally upon the face of the globe. He recommends us singly to creep out of the quarrel with Russia, and would leave us equally exposed to the charge of desertion by Turkey and of perfidy by France. But it has been insinuated, I know not on what authority, that France would have listened to these terms if we had advised it. If this be true, I thank our government for declining such a responsibility. For if, in that noble courtesy which has characterized the Emperor of the French in his intercourse with us, he had yielded to your instances and consented to resume and complete negotiations based upon terms he had before refused, who amongst us can lay his hand on his heart and say that a peace which would have roused the indignation even of our commercial and comparatively pacific people might not so have mortified the pride of that nation of soldiers to which the name of Napoleon was the title-deed to empire, as to have shaken the stability of a throne which now seems essential to the safety and social order of the civilized globe?

"Oh," says the right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford, with a solecism in logic which I could never have expected from so acute a reasoner, "see how Russia has come down to terms which she before so contemptuously scouted. In February, 1853, she declared such and such terms were incompatible with her honor; she would

dictate terms to Turkey only at St. Petersburg, under the frown of the Czar, or at the headquarters of the Russian camp; and now see how mild and equitable Russia has become."

Yes; but how was that change effected? By diplomacy and negotiations? By notes and protocols? No—these had been tried in vain; the result of these was the levying of armaments—the seizure of provinces—the massacre of Sinope. That change was effected by the sword—effected in those fields of Alma and Inkerman to which the right honorable gentleman so touchingly appealed—effected by those military successes inspired by the passion for fame and glory on which, as principles of action, his humanity is so bitterly sarcastic. The right honorable gentleman dwelt in a Christian spirit, which moved us all, on the gallant blood that had been shed by us, our allies, and even by our foes in this unhappy quarrel. But did it never occur to him that all the while he was speaking this question was irresistibly forcing itself on the minds of his English audience:

"And shall all this blood have been shed in vain? Was it merely to fertilize the soil of the Crimea with human bones? And shall we, who have buried two thirds of our army, still leave a fortress at Sebastopol and a Russian fleet in the Black Sea, eternally to menace the independence of that ally whom our heroes have perished to protect?"

And would not that blood have been shed in vain? Talk of recent negotiations effecting the object for which you commenced the war! Let us strip those negotiations of diplomatic quibbles and look at them like men of common sense. Do not let gentlemen be alarmed lest I should weary them with going at length over such hackneyed ground—two minutes will suffice.

The direct question involved is to terminate the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea; and with this is involved another question—to put an end to the probabilities of renewed war arising out of the position which Russia would henceforth occupy in those waters. Now, the first proposition of Russia is to open to all ships the passage of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. "That is the right thing," says the right honorable member for Manchester.

Yes, so it would be if Russia had not the whole of that coast bristling with fortresses; but while these fortresses remain it is simply to say: Let Russia increase as she pleases the maritime forces she can direct against Turkey, sheltered by all the strongholds she has established on the coasts, and let France and England keep up, if they please, the perpetual surveillance of naval squadrons in a sea, as the note of a French minister well expresses it, "where they could find neither a port of refuge nor an arsenal of supply."

This does not, on the one hand, diminish the preponderance of Russia; it only says you may, at great expense, and with great disadvantages, keep standing navies to guard against its abuse; and on the other hand, far from putting an end to the probabilities of war, it leaves the fleets of Russia perpetually threatening Turkey, and the fleets of England and France perpetually threatening Russia. And while such a position could hardly fail sooner or later to create jealousy between England and France, I can scarcely imagine any disease that would more rot away the independence of Turkey than this sort of chronic protection established in her own waters.

The second proposition, which retains the *mare clausum*, not only leaves the preponderance of Russia exactly what it was before the war began, but, in granting to the Sultan the

power to summon his allies at any moment he may require them, exposes you to the fresh outbreak of hostilities whenever the Sultan might even needlessly take alarm; but with these differences between your present and future position: first, that Russia would then be strengthened and you might be unprepared; and next, that while, as I said before, now not one Russian flag can show itself on those waters, you might then, before you could enter the Straits, find that flag waving in triumph over the walls of the Seraglio.

And to prove that this is no imaginary danger just hear what is said upon the subject by the practical authority of Marshal Marmont, which was loosely referred to the other night by the noble lord the member for London [Lord John Russell], and remember the Marshal is speaking at a period when the force of Russia in those parts was far inferior to what it would be now if you acceded to her terms: "At Sebastopol Russia has twelve sail of the line, perfectly armed and equipped." Let me here observe that the Marshal recommends that this number should be increased to thirty, and says that if Sebastopol were made the harbor of a powerful navy nothing could prevent Russia from imposing laws on the Mediterranean—

"In the immediate neighborhood a division of the army is cantoned; it could embark in two days and in three more reach Constantinople—the distance between Sebastopol and the Bosphorus being 180 miles, and a speedy passage almost a matter of certainty, owing to the prevalence of northerly winds and the constant current from the Euxine toward the Sea of Marmora. Thus, on the apprehension of interference from the allied fleet, that of Russia would pass and take up such a position as circumstances might dictate, while an army of 60,000 men would cross the Danube, pass the Balkan, and place itself at Adrianople; these movements

being effected with such promptitude and facility that no circumstances whatever could prevent their being carried into execution."

And now I put it to the candor of those distinguished advocates for the Russian proposals, whose sincerity I am sure is worthy of their character and talents, whether the obvious result of both these propositions for peace is not to keep your powers in the unrelaxing attitude of war—one of those powers always goaded on by cupidity and ambition, the other three always agitated by jealousy and suspicion? And is it on such a barrel of gunpowder as this that you would ask the world to fall asleep? But, say the honorable gentlemen, "The demand of the western powers on the third article is equally inadequate to effect the object."

Well, I think there they have very much proved their case, very much proved how fortunate it was that negotiations were broken off. However when a third point is to be raised again let us clear it of all difficulties and raise it not in a Congress of Vienna but within the walls of Sebastopol.

Sir, before I pass from this part of the subject let me respectfully address one suggestion to those earnest and distinguished reasoners who would make peace their paramount object. You desire peace as soon as possible; do you think you take the right way to obtain it? Do you think that when Russia can say, "Here are members of the very government who commenced the war declaring that our moderation has removed all ground for further hostilities; they are backed by the most conspicuous leaders of the popular party; the representatives of those great manufacturing interests which so often influence, and sometimes control, the councils of a commercial State;" do you think that Russia will not add

also: "These are signs that encourage us, the Russian Empire, to prosecute the war; they are signs that our enemy foresees the speedy exhaustion of its means, the relaxing ardor of its people, and must, after some bravado, accept the terms which are recommended in the National Assembly by experienced statesmen and popular tribunes"?

You are leading Russia to deceive herself, to deceive her subjects. You are encouraging her to hold out, and every speech you make in such a strain a Russian general might read to his troops, a Russian minister might translate to trembling merchants and beggared nobles, if he desired to animate them all to new exertions against your country. I do not wish to malign and misrepresent you. I respect the courage with which you avow unpopular opinions. I know you are patriots as sincere as we are. You have proved your attachment to the abstract principle of freedom; but do you reflect whether you make a right exercise of your powers if, when we are sending our sons and kinsmen to assist a cause which would at least secure weakness from oppression, and the free development of one nation from the brute force of another, you take the part of the enemy against your country? [Mr. M. Gibson: "No, no!"] "No, no?"

What means that denial? You take part with the enemy when you say he is in the right, and against your country when you say we are in the wrong. You transfer from our cause to his that consciousness of superior justice which gives ardor to the lukewarm, endurance to the hesitating, and by vindicating his quarrel you invigorate his arms.

If I now turn to the amendments before the House, I know not one that I can thoroughly approve; not, of course, that by the honorable member for the University of Oxford [Sir William Heathcote], not that of the honorable member for

Kidderminster [Mr. Robert Lowe]; for I feel no regret that Russia should not have terminated hostilities by accepting proposals inadequate in my judgment to secure our object; while I think it scarcely consistent with the prerogative of the Crown, and might furnish a dangerous precedent hereafter, if we were to contest the right of her Majesty to judge for herself whether the means of peace on the basis of the Third Negotiation are exhausted or not.

The amendment of the right honorable member for Portsmouth [Sir F. Baring] would have been more complimentary to the quarter whence he stole it if he had not added the crime of murder to that of theft. He takes an infant from the paternal cradle, cuts it in half, and the head which he presents to us has no longer a leg to stand upon. The original motion of my right honorable friend the member for Buckinghamshire [Mr. Disraeli], in censuring the government for ambiguous language and uncertain conduct, gave a substantial reason for conveying to her Majesty that we, at least, would support her in the conduct of war. Omit that censure, imply by your silence that there is no reason to distrust her Majesty's responsible advisers, and the rest of the resolution becomes an unmeaning platitude.

It is with great satisfaction that I think of the effect produced by the original motion of my right honorable friend; for to my mind that effect atones for its want of success in meeting with the sanction of the House. It has not, it is true, changed the government, but it assuredly has changed its tone. I do not know whether that change will be lasting, but I hope that we are not to take, as a test of the earnestness of a government thus suddenly galvanized into vigor the speech of the noble lord the member for London [Lord John Russell], which, before the division, implied so much,

but which, after the division, was explained away in so remarkable a manner. I rejoice that in wringing direct declarations from the government it leaves us free to discuss that which is before us, not as Englishmen against Englishmen, but as citizens of one common state equally interested in surveying the grounds of a common danger.

Much reference has been made in the course of this debate as to the position of Austria. The mediation of Austria is withdrawn for the present, but Austria is still there, always ready to mediate as long as she hesitates to act. It is well to consider what may be our position with regard to a power with which we have constantly been brought into contact. I cannot too earnestly entreat you to distinguish with Austria and the alliance with Austria. I think it is of the utmost importance, if you would confine this war within compact and definite limits, that you should maintain friendly terms with a power which, as long as it is neutral, if it cannot serve does not harm you, and which you could not seriously injure without casting out of the balance of Europe one of the weights most necessary to the equilibrium of the scales.

It is easy to threaten Austria with the dismemberment of her ill-cemented empire, easy to threaten her with reduction to a fourth-rate power. But she has this answer to the practical sagacity of England and the chivalrous moderation of France: "Is the empire of Austria not less essential as a counterpoise to France than the integrity of Turkey is essential as a barrier against Russia? If the balance of power be not a mere dream, I trust my cause to every statesman by whom the balance of power is respected."

But though, for this and for other reasons, I would desire you to maintain friendly relations with Austria, pardon me if I doubt the wisdom of having so earnestly solicited

her alliance. Supposing you had now gained it, what would you have done? Just what a government here might do if it pressed into its cabinet some able and influential man with views not congenial to its own, and who used his power on your councils to modify the opinions and check the plans upon which you had before been united.

Add Austria now, while she is still timid and reluctant, to the two western powers, give her a third co-equal voice in all the conduct of the war, and it could only introduce into their councils a certain element of vacillation and discord. But if you bide your time, preserving Austria in her present attitude of friendly neutrality, if you do not threaten and affront her into action against you, the natural consequences of continued war, the common inclinations of her statesmen and her people—which I have reason to know are not favorable to Russia—will bring her to you at length with coincidence in your objects, because according to the dictates of her own sense of self-interest.

As far as I can judge, our tone with Austria has been much too supplicating and our mode of arguing with her somewhat ludicrous. It reminds me of the story of an American who saw making up to him in the woods an enormous bear. Upon that he betook himself to his devotions and exclaimed, "O Lord, there is going to be a horrible fight between me and the bear. All I seek is fair play and no favor. If there is justice in heaven, you ought to help me; but if you won't help me, don't help the bear."

But now comes the grave and solemn problem which the withdrawal of all negotiations forces still more upon the mind of every one who thinks deeply, and which the right honorable gentleman the member from Manchester has so properly raised. War being fairly upon us, of what nature shall

be that war? Shall it assume that vast and comprehensive character which excites in the honorable member for Aylesbury [Mr. Layard] hopes for the human race too daring even for him to detail to this sober House?

In plain words, shall it be a war in which, to use the language of Mr. Canning in 1826, you will enlist "all those who, whether justly or unjustly, are dissatisfied with their own countries;" in which you will imitate the spirit of revolutionary France when she swept over Europe and sought to reconcile humanity to slaughter by pointing to a rainbow of freedom on the other side of the deluge? Does history here give to the honorable member an example or a warning? How were these promises fulfilled? Look round Europe! You had the carnage—where is the freedom? The deluge spread, the deluge rolled away—half a century is fled and where is the rainbow visible? Is it on the ruins of Cracow? on the field of Novara? or over the walls of defeated Rome?

No; in a war that invokes liberal opinion against established rules, what I most dread and deprecate is, not that you will fulfil your promises and reap the republics for which you sowed rebellions; what I dread far more is that all such promises would in the end be broken—that the hopes of liberty would be betrayed—that the moment the monarchies of England and France could obtain a peace that realized the objects for which monarchs go to war, they would feel themselves compelled by the exhaustion of their resources, by the instincts of self-conservatism, to abandon the auxiliaries they had lured into revolution—restore to despotism "the right divine to govern wrong," and furnish with it new excuse for vigilance and rigor by the disorders which always distinguish armed revolution from peaceable reforms.

I say nothing here against the fair possibility of reconstructing in some future congress the independence of Poland, or such territorial arrangements as are comprised in the question, "What is to be done in the Crimea, provided we take it?"

But these are not all that is meant by the language we hear, less vaguely out of this House than in it, except when a minister implies what he shrinks from explaining. And woe and shame to the English statesman who, whatever may be his sympathy for oppressed subjects, shall rouse them to rebellion against their native thrones, not foreseeing that in the changes of popular representative government all that his cabinet may promise to-day a new cabinet to-morrow may legally revoke; that he has no power to redeem in freedom the pledges that he writes in blood! And woe still more to brave populations that are taught to rest democracy on the arms of foreign soldiers, the fickle cheers of foreign popular assemblies, or to dream that liberty can never be received as a gift, extorted as a right, maintained as a hereditary heirloom, except the charter be obtained at their own Runnymede and signed under the shadow of their own oaks!

But there is all the difference between rousing nations against their rulers and securing the independence and integrity of a weak nation against a powerful neighbor. The first is a policy that submits the destinies of a country to civil discord, the other relieves those destinies from foreign interference; the one tends to vain and indefinite warfare—the other starts, at the outset, with intelligible conditions of peace.

Therefore in this war let us strictly keep to the object for which it was begun—the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, secured by all the guaranties which states-

men can desire or victory enable us to demand. The more definite the object the more firm you will be in asserting it.

How the object is to be effected, how these securities are to be obtained, is not the affair of the House of Commons. The strategy must be planned by the allied cabinets, and its execution entrusted to councils of war. We in this House can only judge by results; and, however unfair that may seem to governments, it is the sole course left to us, unless we are always dictating to our allies and hampering our generals. But we thus make the end of the war purely protective; we cannot make the means we adopt purely defensive. In order to force Russia into our object we must assail and cripple her wherever she can be crippled and assailed. I say, with the right honorable gentleman the member for the University of Oxford, do not offer to her an idle insult, do not slap her in the face, but paralyze her hands.

"Oh," said a noble friend of mine the other night [Lord Stanley], "it is a wretched policy to humble the foe that you cannot crush; and are you mad enough to suppose that Russia can be crushed?"

Let my noble friend, in the illustrious career which I venture to prophesy lies before him, beware how he ever endeavors to contract the grand science of statesmen into scholastic aphorisms. No, we cannot crush Russia as Russia, but we can crush her attempts to be more than Russia. We can, and we must, crush any means that enable her to storm or to steal across that tangible barrier which now divides Europe from a power that supports the maxims of Machiavelli with the armaments of Britain.

You might as well have said to William of Orange, "You cannot crush Louis XIV; how impolitic you are to humble him!" You might as well have said to the burghers of

Switzerland, "You cannot crush Austria; don't vainly insult her by limiting her privilege to crush yourselves."

William of Orange did not crush France as a kingdom; Switzerland did not crush Austria as an empire; but William did crush the power of France to injure Holland; Switzerland did crush the power of Austria to enslave her people; and in that broad sense of the word, by the blessing of heaven, we will crush the power of Russia to invade her neighbors and convulse the world.

The right honorable gentleman the member for Manchester has sought to frighten us by dwelling on the probable duration of this war; but if you will only be in earnest, and if you will limit yourselves strictly to its legitimate object, I have no fear that the war will be long. I do not presume on our recent successes, important though they are, for Kertch is the *entrepôt* of all the commerce of the Sea of Azof; nor on the exaggerated estimate of the forces which Russia has in Sebastopol or can bring to the Crimea; nor on her difficulty, through any long series of campaigns to transport and provision large armies from great distances; nor on many circumstances which, of late especially, tend to show that for exertions at once violent and sustained her sinews are not strong enough to support her bulk.

But I look only to the one fact, that in these days war is money; and that no power on earth can carry on a long war with a short purse. Russia's pecuniary resources are fast failing her. In no country is recruiting so costly or attended with such distress to the proprietors of the soil. Every new levy, in depriving the nobles of their serfs, leaves poverty and discontent behind; while in arresting her commercial intercourse, you exhaust the only springs that can recruit the capital which she robs from the land. In the great "History of

Treaties," now publishing by the Count de Garden, and which must supersede all other authorities on that subject, he speaks thus of Russia in 1810:

"The closing of her ports, which was the result of her war with England, deprived Russia of all outlet for her exportations, which, consisting chiefly of raw materials, such as timber, potash, iron, etc., could only be transported by sea. The balance of commerce thus fixed itself entirely to the detriment of Russia, and producing there a disastrous fall in the course of exchange and a depreciation of the currency, menaced with ruin all the financial resources of the State."

You have therefore always at work for you, not only your fleets and armies, but the vital interests of Russia herself. She cannot resist you long, provided you are thoroughly in earnest. She may boast and dissimulate to the last, but rely on it that peace will come to you suddenly—will, in her proper name, knock loudly at the door which you do not close against peace herself, but against her felonious counterfeit who would creep through the opening disguised in her garments and with the sword concealed under her veil.

The noble lord who has just spoken with so much honesty of conviction [Lord Archibald Hamilton] ventured to anticipate the verdict of history. Let me do the same. Let me suppose that when the future philanthropist shall ask what service on the human race did we in our generation signally confer, some one—trained perhaps in the schools of Oxford, or in the Institute of Manchester—shall answer:

"A power that commanded myriads—as many as those that under Xerxes exhausted rivers in their march—embodied all the forces of barbarism on the outskirts of civilization. Left there to develop its own natural resources, no State molested, though all apprehended, its growth. But, long pent by merciful nature in its own legitimate domains,

this power schemed for the outlet to its instinctive ambition. To that outlet it crept by dissimulating guile, by successive treaties that, promising peace, graduated spoliation to the opportunities of fraud. At length, under pretexts too gross to deceive the common sense of mankind, it prepared to seize that outlet—to storm the feeble gates between itself and the world beyond."

Then the historian shall say that we in our generation—the united families of England and France—made ourselves the vanguard of alarmed and shrinking Europe, and did not sheathe the sword until we had redeemed the pledge to humanity made on the faith of two Christian sovereigns, and ratified at those distant graves which liberty and justice shall revere forever.

EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, an American poet, lecturer, and essayist, was born in Boston May 25, 1803. His father, the Rev. William Emerson, was a man of remarkable wit, wisdom, and eloquence, and, during his brief ministry in Boston, a leader in the intellectual and social life of the town. The son was graduated from Harvard College in 1821, studied at the Divinity School, and after teaching in various places became minister to the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. A sermon on the institution of the Lord's Supper offended his congregation and he resigned his pulpit in 1832. The following year he visited Europe and began a personal acquaintance with Carlyle, which lasted for nearly two-score years and resulted in a large mass of published correspondence, unique in its varied intellectual interest. After Emerson returned from Europe he preached, and lectured, and wrote poems and essays. Having decided not to accept any definite pastorate he settled in Concord, Massachusetts, which was his home for the rest of his life. In 1836 he published a volume of poems entitled "Nature," which some critics still consider the most original poetry that America has as yet produced. It was too irregular in form and abstruse in thought to be generally popular. His address before the divinity class in 1838 produced a great sensation and a bitter controversy among his friends and opponents. In 1849 he revisited England and delivered a series of lectures on "Representative Men." Throughout his life a large part of his income was realized from his lectures. His collected works are published in eleven volumes: I, "Nature: Addresses and Lectures;" II, III, "Essays;" IV, "Representative Men;" V, "English Traits;" VI, "The Conduct of Life;" VII, "Society and Solitude;" VIII, "Letters and Social Aims;" IX, "Poems;" X, "Lectures and Biographical Sketches;" XI, "Miscellanies." Emerson died at Concord, April 27, 1882, regarded as on the whole the most distinguished man of letters of his country. His influence was incalculable; his depth of thought, brilliancy of imagination, grace of style, and originality of expression being stimulative to the last degree.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, AT CAMBRIDGE, AUGUST 31, 1837

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and perhaps not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient

Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our contemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time has already come when it ought to be and will be something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years?

In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage, but the nature of our association, seem to prescribe to this day—the American Scholar. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which, out of an unknown antiquity, convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods in the beginning divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime;

that there is One Man—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the divided or social state these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies, that the individual to possess himself must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about, so many walking monsters—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is Man Thinking. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or, still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. Him nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not, indeed, every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And finally is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said, "All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one." In life too often the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and after sunset, night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day men and women conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find—so entire, so boundless. Far, too, as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without centre, without circumference—in the mass and in the particle nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind everything is individual, stands by itself. By and by it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature, then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground, whereby contrary and remote

things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another, reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fibre of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that Root? Is not that the soul of his soul?—a thought too bold,—a dream too wild. Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures,—when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And in fine the ancient precept, "Know thyself,"

and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim.

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past,—in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,—learn the amount of this influence more conveniently,—by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind and uttered it again. It came into him, life; it went out from him, truth. It came to him, short-lived actions; it went out from him, immortal thoughts. It came to him, business; it went from him, poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to cotemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which

attaches to the act of creation,—the act of thought,—is transferred to the record. The poet chanting, was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled, the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence, the book-learned class who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence, the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although, in almost all men, ob-

structed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence, it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead; man hopes, genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his; cinders and smoke there maybe, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. The literature of every nation bear me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakspearized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to

guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig-tree, looking on a fig-tree, becomes fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us with the conviction, that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy,—with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all time from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had wellnigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some pre-established harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know that, as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say, that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is, then, creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of

whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that, as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakespeare, only that least part,—only the authentic utterances of the oracle; all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakespeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and, by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

III. There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork or public labor as a penknife for an axe. The so-called "practical men" sneer at speculative men as if, because they speculate or see, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,—who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and, indeed, there are ad-

vocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it, he is not yet man. Without it, thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world,—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct, that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by as a loss of power.

It is the raw material out of which the intellect moulds her splendid products. A strange process too, this, by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,—with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet or the hand or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour, it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly, it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe, too, the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

Of course he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards, who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen,

for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees. Authors we have in numbers who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble around Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town, in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and cope-stones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is, that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity,—these "fits of easy transmission and reflection," as Newton called them, are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks; now acts; and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer ap-

prehended, and books are a weariness,—he has always the resource to live. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truths? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those "far from fame," who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and berserkirs, come at last Alfred and Shakespeare.

I hear, therefore, with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to

cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and, the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such,—watching days and months, sometimes, for a few facts; correcting still his old records;—must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept,—how often! poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations, and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its com-

mentary on the world of actions,—these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day,—this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach; and bide his own time,—happy enough, if he can satisfy himself alone, that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind, he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions,—his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses,—until he finds that he is the com-

plement of his hearers; that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that, like children and women, his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,—see the whelping of this lion, which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the

world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,—darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say,—one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet

their own green and crude being,—ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so that may attain to its full stature. What a testimony,—full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,—the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them, and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strown along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy,—more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor, has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The

books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one; then, another; we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person, who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily; and, now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say, of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not, however, that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot enjoy anything for hanker-

ing to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness—

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Is it so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried, as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side, and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with joy some of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning

of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign, is it not? of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic, what is doing in Italy or Arabia, what is Greek art or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common; I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan, the ballad in the street, the news of the boat, the glance of the eye, the form and the gait of the body; show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger, referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order; there is no trifle; there is no puzzle; but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and, in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very

thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated; I mean Emanuel Swedenborg. The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt, of course, must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connection between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to insulate the individual—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign State with a sovereign State—tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be an university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all

nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust—some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career, do not yet see that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience—patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace, the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work, the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be an unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our

opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends; please God ours shall not be so! We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul, which also inspires all men.

LITERARY ETHICS

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, JULY, 24, 1838

GENTLEMEN—The invitation to address you this day, with which you have honored me, was a call so welcome that I made haste to obey it. A summons to celebrate with scholars a literary festival is so alluring to me as to overcome the doubts I might well entertain of my ability to bring you any thought worthy of your attention. I have reached the middle age of man; yet I believe I am not less glad or sanguine at the meeting of scholars than when a boy I first saw the graduates of my own college assembled at their anniversary. Neither years nor books have yet availed to extirpate a prejudice then rooted in me, that a scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men. His duties lead him directly into the holy ground where other men's aspirations only point. His successes are occasions of the purest joy to all men. Eyes is he to the blind; feet is he to the lame. His failures, if he is worthy, are inlets to higher

advantages. And because the scholar, by every thought he thinks, extends his dominion into the general mind of men, he is not one, but many. The few scholars in each country, whose genius I know, seem to me not individuals, but societies; and, when events occur of great import, I count over these representatives of opinion, whom they will affect, as if I were counting nations. And, even if his results were incommunicable; if they abode in his own spirit; the intellect hath somewhat so sacred in its possessions, that the fact of his existence and pursuits would be a happy omen.

Meantime I know that a very different estimate of the scholar's profession prevails in this country, and the importunity, with which society presses its claim upon young men, tends to pervert the views of the youth in respect to the culture of the intellect. Hence the historical failure, on which Europe and America have so freely commented. This country has not fulfilled what seemed the reasonable expectation of mankind. Men looked, when all feudal straps and bandages were snapped asunder, that nature, too long the mother of dwarfs, should reimburse itself by a brood of Titans, who should laugh and leap in the continent, and run up the mountains of the west with the errand of genius and of love. But the mark of American merit in painting, in sculpture, in poetry, in fiction, in eloquence, seems to be a certain grace without grandeur, and itself not new but derivative; a vase of fair outline, but empty,—which whoso sees, may fill with what wit and character is in him, but which does not, like the charged cloud, overflow with terrible beauty and emit lightnings on all beholders.

I will not lose myself in the desultory questions, what are the limitations, and what the causes of the fact. It suffices

me to say in general that the diffidence of mankind in the soul has crept over the American mind; that men here as elsewhere are indisposed to innovation and prefer any antiquity, any usage, any livery productive of ease or profit, to the unproductive service of thought.

Yet, in every sane hour, the service of thought appears reasonable, the despotism of the senses insane. The scholar may lose himself in schools, in words, and become a pedant; but when he comprehends his duties, he above all men is a realist and converses with things. For the scholar is the student of the world, and of what worth the world is, and with what emphasis it accosts the soul of man, such is the worth, such the call of the scholar.

The want of the times, and the propriety of this anniversary, concur to draw attention to the doctrine of literary ethics. What I have to say on that doctrine distributes itself under the topics of the resources, the subject, and the discipline of the scholar.

I. The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the attributes of the intellect. The resources of the scholar are co-extensive with nature and truth, yet can never be his unless claimed by him with an equal greatness of mind. He cannot know them until he has beheld with awe the infinitude and impersonality of the intellectual power. When he has seen that it is not his nor any man's, but that it is the soul which made the world, and that it is all accessible to him, he will know that he, as its minister, may rightfully hold all things subordinate and answerable to it. A divine pilgrim in nature, all things attend his steps. Over him stream the flying constellations; over him streams time, as they scarcely divided into months and years. He inhales the year as a vapor: its fragrant midsummer breath, its spark-

ling January heaven. And so pass into his mind, in bright transfiguration, the grand events of history, to take a new order and scale from him. He is the world; and the epochs and heroes of chronology are pictorial images in which his thoughts are told. There is no event but sprung somewhere from the soul of man; and therefore there is none but the soul of man can interpret. Every presentiment of the mind is executed somewhere in a gigantic fact. What else is Greece, Rome, England, France, St. Helena? What else are churches, literatures, and empires? The new man must feel that he is new and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe, and Asia, and Egypt. The sense of spiritual independence is like the lovely varnish of the dew, whereby the old, hard, peaked earth and its old self-same productions are made new every morning, and shining with the last touch of the artist's hand. A false humility, a complaisance to reigning schools, or to the wisdom of antiquity, must not defraud me of supreme possession of this hour. If any person have less love of liberty and less jealousy to guard his integrity, shall he therefore dictate to you and me? Say to such doctors, We are thankful to you, as we are to history, to the pyramids, and the authors; but now our day is come; we have been born out of the eternal silence; and now will we live,—live for ourselves,—and not as the pall-bearers of a funeral, but as the upholders and creators of our age; and neither Greece nor Rome, nor the three Unities of Aristotle, nor the three kings of Cologne, nor the College of the Sorbonne, nor "The Edinburgh Review," is to command any longer. Now that we are here, we will put our own interpretation on things, and our own things for interpretation. Please himself with complaisance who will,—for me, things must take my scale, not I theirs. I will say

with the warlike king, "God gave me this crown and the whole world shall not take it away."

The whole value of history, of biography, is to increase my self-trust, by demonstrating what man can be and do. This is the moral of the Plutarchs, the Cudworths, the Tennemanns, who give us the story of men or of opinions. Any history of philosophy fortifies my faith by showing me that what high dogmas I had supposed were the rare and late fruit of a cumulative culture, and only now possible to some recent Kant or Fichte,—were the prompt improvisations of the earliest inquirers; of Parmenides, Heraclitus, and Xenophanes. In view of these students, the soul seems to whisper, "There is a better way than this indolent learning of another. Leave me alone; do not teach me out of Leibnitz or Schelling and I shall find it all out myself."

Still more do we owe to biography the fortification of our hope. If you would know the power of character, see how much you would impoverish the world, if you could take clean out of history the lives of Milton, Shakespeare, and Plato,—these three, and cause them not to be. See you not, how much less the power of man would be? I console myself in the poverty of my thoughts; in the paucity of great men, in the malignity and dulness of the nations, by falling back on these sublime recollections, and seeing what the prolific soul could beget on actual nature; seeing that Plato was, and Shakespeare, and Milton,—three irrefragable facts. Then I dare; I also will essay to be. The humblest, the most hopeless, in view of these radiant facts, may now theorize and hope. In spite of all the rueful abortions that squeak and gibber in the street, in spite of slumber and guilt, in spite of the army, the bar-room, and the jail, have been these glorious manifestations of the mind; and I will thank my great

brothers so truly for the admonition of their being, as to endeavor also to be just and brave, to aspire and to speak. Plotinus too, and Spinoza, and the immortal bards of philosophy, that which they have written out with patient courage makes me bold. No more will I dismiss with haste the visions which flash and sparkle across my sky; but observe them, approach them, domesticate them, brood on them, and draw out of the past genuine life for the present hour.

To feel the full value of these lives, as occasions of hope and provocation, you must come to know that each admirable genius is but a successful diver in that sea whose floor of pearls is all your own. The impoverishing philosophy of ages has laid stress on the distinctions of the individual and not on the universal attributes of man. The youth, intoxicated with his admiration of a hero, fails to see that it is only a projection of his own soul which he admires. In solitude, in a remote village, the ardent youth loiters and mourns. With inflamed eye in this sleeping wilderness he has read the story of the Emperor Charles V until his fancy has brought home to the surrounding woods the faint roar of cannonades in the Milanese and marches in Germany. He is curious concerning that man's day. What filled it? the crowded orders, the stern decisions, the foreign despatches, the Castilian etiquette? The soul answers—Behold his day here! In the sighing of these woods, in the quiet of these gray fields, in the cool breeze that sings out of these northern mountains; in the workmen, the boys, the maidens, you meet,—in the hopes of the morning, the ennui of noon, and sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons; in the regrets at want of vigor; in the great idea, and the puny execution;—behold Charles V's day; another, yet the same; behold Chatham's, Hampden's, Bayard's,

Alfred's, Scipio's, Pericles's day,—day of all that are born of women. The difference of circumstance is merely costume. I am tasting the self-same life,—its sweetness, its greatness, its pain, which I so admire in other men. Do not foolishly ask of the inscrutable, obliterated past, what it cannot tell,—the details of that nature, of that day, called Byron, or Burke—but ask it of the enveloping now; the more quaintly you inspect its evanescent beauties, its wonderful details, its spiritual causes, its astounding whole,—so much the more you master the biography of this hero and that and every hero. Be lord of a day, through wisdom and justice, and you can put up your history books.

An intimation of these broad rights is familiar in the sense of injury which men feel in the assumption of any man to limit their possible progress. We resent all criticism which denies us anything that lies in our line of advance. Say to the man of letters, that he cannot paint a transfiguration, or build a steamboat, or be a grand-marshal,—and he will not seem to himself depreciated. But deny to him any quality of literary or metaphysical power and he is piqued. Concede to him genius, which is a sort of stoical *plenum* annulling the comparative, and he is content; but concede him talents never so rare, denying him genius, and he is aggrieved. What does this mean? Why, simply that the soul has assurance, by instincts and presentiments, of all power in the direction of its ray, as well as of the special skills it has already acquired.

In order to a knowledge of the resources of the scholar, we must not rest in the use of slender accomplishments,—of facilities to do this and that other feat with words; but we must pay our vows to the highest power and pass, if it be possible, by assiduous love and watching, into the visions,

of absolute truth. The growth of the intellect is strictly analogous in all individuals. It is larger reception. Able men in general have good dispositions and a respect for justice; because an able man is nothing else than a good, free, vascular organization, whereinto the universal spirit freely flows; so that his fund of justice is not only vast, but infinite. All men, in the abstract, are just and good; what hinders them in the particular is the momentary predominance of the finite and individual over the general truth. The condition of our incarnation in a private self seems to be a perpetual tendency to prefer the private law, to obey the private impulse, to the exclusion of the law of universal being. The hero is great by means of the predominance of the universal nature; he has only to open his mouth and it speaks; he has only to be forced to act and it acts. All men catch the word or embrace the deed with the heart, for it is verily theirs as much as his; but in them this disease of an excess of organization cheats them of equal issues. Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great. The vision of genius comes by renouncing the too officious activity of the understanding and giving leave and amplest privilege to the spontaneous sentiment. Out of this must all that is alive and genial in thought go. Men grind and grind in the mill of a truism and nothing comes out but what was put in. But the moment they desert the tradition for a spontaneous thought, then poetry, wit, hope, virtue, learning, anecdote, all flock to their aid. Observe the phenomenon of extempore debate. A man of cultivated mind, but reserved habits, sitting silent, admires the miracle of free, impassioned, picturesque speech in the man addressing an assembly—a state of being and power, how unlike his own! Presently his own emotion rises to his lips, and over-

flows in speech. He must also rise and say somewhat. Once embarked, once having overcome the novelty of the situation, he finds it just as easy and natural to speak,—to speak with thoughts, with pictures, with rhythmical balance of sentences,—as it was to sit silent; for, it needs not to do, but to suffer; he only adjusts himself to the free spirit which gladly utters itself through him, and motion is as easy as rest.

II. I pass now to consider the task offered to the intellect of this country. The view I have taken of the resources of the scholar presupposes a subject as broad. We do not seem to have imagined its riches. We have not heeded the invitation it holds out. To be as good a scholar as Englishmen are; to have as much learning as our contemporaries; to have written a book that is read; satisfies us. We assume that all thought is already long ago adequately set down in books,—all imaginations in poems; and what we say, we only throw in as confirmatory of this supposed complete body of literature. A very shallow assumption. Say rather, all literature is yet to be written. Poetry has scarce chanted its first song. The perpetual admonition of nature to us, is, "The world is new, untried. Do not believe the past. I give you the universe a virgin to-day."

By Latin and English poetry, we were born and bred in an oratorio of praises of nature,—flowers, birds, mountains, sun, and moon; yet the naturalist of this hour finds that he knows nothing, by all their poems, of any of these fine things; that he has conversed with the mere surface and show of them all; and of their essence or of their history knows nothing. Further inquiry will discover that nobody,—that not these chanting poets themselves, knew anything sincere of these handsome natures they so commended; that they contented themselves with the passing chirp of a bird, that

they saw one or two mornings, and listlessly looked at sunsets, and repeated idly these few glimpses in their song. But go into the forest, you shall find all new and undescribed. The screaming of the wild geese flying by night; the thin note of the companionable titmouse in the winter day; the fall of swarms of flies in autumn, from combats high in the air, pattering down on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of the woodbirds; the pine throwing out its pollen for the benefit of the next century; the turpentine exuding from the tree; and indeed any vegetation; any animation; any and all, are alike unattempted. The man who stands on the seashore, or who rambles in the woods, seems to be the first man that ever stood on the shore, or entered a grove, his sensations and his world are so novel and strange. Whilst I read the poets I think that nothing new can be said about morning and evening. But when I see the daybreak I am not reminded of these Homeric, or Skakespearian, or Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures. No; but I feel perhaps the pain of an alien world; a world not yet subdued by the thought; or, I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour, that takes down the narrow walls of my soul and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. That is morning, to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and to become as large as nature.

The noonday darkness of the American forest, the deep, echoing, aboriginal woods, where the living columns of the oak and fir tower up from the ruins of the trees of the last millennium; where from year to year the eagle and the crow see no intruder; the pines, bearded with savage moss, yet touched with grace by the violets at their feet; the broad, cold lowland, which forms its coat of vapor with the stillness of subterranean crystallization; and where the traveller,

amid the repulsive plants that are native in the swamp, thinks with pleasing terror of the distant town; this beauty,—haggard and desert beauty, which the sun and the moon, the snow and the rain, repaint and vary, has never been recorded by art, yet is not indifferent to any passenger. All men are poets at heart. They serve nature for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara; these pilgrims to the White Hills? Men believe in the adaptations of utility, always: in the mountains they may believe in the adaptations of the eye. Undoubtedly the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen garden; but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochook up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, hearkens with joy, and yet his own conversation with nature is still unsung.

Is it otherwise with civil history? Is it not the lesson of our experience that every man, were life long enough, would write history for himself? What else do these volumes of extracts and manuscript commentaries that every scholar writes indicate? Greek history is one thing to me; another to you. Since the birth of Niebuhr and Wolf, Roman and Greek history have been written anew. Since Carlyle wrote French history we see that no history that we have is safe, but a new classifier shall give it new and more philosophical arrangement. Thucydides, Livy, have only provided materials. The moment a man of genius pronounces the name of the Pelasgi, of Athens, of the Etrurian, of the Roman people, we see their state under a new aspect. As in poetry and history, so in the other departments. There are few masters or none. Religion is yet to be settled on its fast foundations in the breast of man; and politics, and philoso-

phy, and letters, and art. As yet we have nothing but tendency and indication.

This starting, this warping of the best literary works from the adamant of nature, is especially observable in philosophy. Let it take what tone of pretension it will, to this complexion must it come at last. Take for example the French eclecticism, which Cousin esteems so conclusive; there is an optical illusion in it. It avows great pretensions. It looks as if they had all truth in taking all the systems, and had nothing to do but to sift and wash and strain, and the gold and diamonds would remain in the last colander. But truth is such a flyaway, such a slyboots, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light. Shut the shutters never so quick, to keep all the light in, it is all in vain; it is gone before you can cry, hold. And so it happens with our philosophy. Translate, collate, distil all the systems, it steads you nothing; for truth will not be compelled in any mechanical manner. But the first observation you make in the sincere act of your nature, though on the veriest trifle, may open a new view of nature and of man, that, like a menstruum, shall dissolve all theories in it; shall take up Greece, Rome, stoicism, eclecticism, and what not, as mere data and food for analysis, and dispose of your world-containing system as a very little unit. A profound thought, anywhere, classifies all things: a profound thought will lift Olympus. The book of philosophy is only a fact, and no more inspiring fact than another, and no less; but a wise man will never esteem it anything final and transcending. Go and talk with a man of genius, and the first word he utters sets all your so-called knowledge afloat and at large. Then Plato, Bacon, Kant, and the eclectic Cousin, condescend instantly to be men and mere facts.

I by no means aim, in these remarks, to disparage the merit of these or of any existing compositions; I only say that any particular portraiture does not in any manner exclude or forestall a new attempt, but when considered by the soul, warps and shrinks away. The inundation of the spirit sweeps away before it all our little architecture of wit and memory as straws and straw-huts before the torrent. Works of the intellect are great only by comparison with each other. Ivanhoe and Waverley compared with Castle Radcliffe and the Porter novels; but nothing is great,—not mighty Homer and Milton,—beside the infinite reason. It carries them away as a flood. They are as a sleep.

Thus is justice done to each generation and individual,—wisdom teaching man that he shall not hate, or fear, or mimic his ancestors; that he shall not bewail himself as if the world was old and thought was spent and he was born into the dotage of things; for, by virtue of the Deity, thought renews itself inexhaustibly every day, and the thing whereon it shines, though it were dust and sand, is a new subject with countless relations.

III. Having thus spoken of the resources and the subject of the scholar, out of the same faith proceeds also the rule of his ambition and life. Let him know that the world is his, but he must possess it by putting himself into harmony with the constitution of things. He must be a solitary, laborious, modest, and charitable soul.

He must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. His own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him. And why must the student be solitary and silent? That he may become acquainted with his thoughts. If he pines in a lonely place hankering for the crowd, for display, he is not

in the lonely place; his heart is in the market; he does not see; he does not hear; he does not think. But go cherish your soul; expel companions; set your habits to a life of solitude; then will the faculties rise fair and full within, like forest trees and field flowers; you will have results, which, when you meet your fellow men, you can communicate and they will gladly receive. Do not go into solitude only that you may presently come into public. Such solitude denies itself; is public and stale. The public can get public experience, but they wish the scholar to replace to them those private, sincere, divine experiences of which they have been defrauded by dwelling in the street. It is the noble, manlike, just thought which is the superiority demanded of you, and not crowds, but solitude confers this elevation. Not insulation of place, but independence of spirit is essential, and it is only as the garden, the cottage, the forest, and the rock, are a sort of mechanical aids to this, that they are of value. Think alone, and all places are friendly and sacred. The poets who have lived in cities have been hermits still. Inspiration makes solitude anywhere. Pindar, Raphael, Angelo, Dryden, De Staël, dwell in crowds it may be, but the instant thought comes the crowd grows dim to their eye; their eye fixes on the horizon,—on vacant space; they forget the bystanders; they spurn personal relations; they deal with abstractions, with verities, with ideas. They are alone with the mind.

Of course I would not have any superstition about solitude. Let the youth study the uses of solitude and of society. Let him use both, not serve either. The reason why an ingenious soul shuns society is to the end of finding society. It repudiates the false out of love of the true. You can very soon learn all that society can teach you for one while. Its foolish

routine, an indefinite multiplication of balls, concerts, rides, theatres, can teach you no more than a few can. Then accept the hint of shame, of spiritual emptiness and waste, which true nature gives you and retire and hide; lock the door; shut the shutters; then welcome falls the imprisoning rain,—dear hermitage of nature. Re-collect the spirits. Have solitary prayer and praise. Digest and correct the past experience; and blend it with the new and divine life.

You will pardon me, gentlemen, if I say I think that we have need of a more rigorous scholastic rule; such an asceticism, I mean, as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar himself can enforce. We live in the sun and on the surface,—a thin, plausible, superficial existence, and talk of muse and prophet, of art and creation. But out of our shallow and frivolous way of life, how can greatness ever grow? Come now, let us go and be dumb. Let us sit with our hands on our mouths, a long, austere, Pythagorean lustrum. Let us live in corners and do chores, and suffer, and weep, and drudge, with eyes and hearts that love the Lord. Silence, seclusion, austerity, may pierce deep into the grandeur and secret of our being, and so diving bring up out of secular darkness the sublimities of the moral constitution. How mean to go blazing, a gaudy butterfly, in fashionable or political saloons, the fool of society, the fool of notoriety, a topic for newspapers, a piece of the street, and forfeiting the real prerogative of the russet coat, the privacy, and the true and warm heart of the citizen!

Fatal to the man of letters, fatal to man, is the lust of display, the seeming that unmakes our being. A mistake of the main end to which they labor is incident to literary men, who, dealing with the organ of languages,—the subtlest,

strongest, and longest-lived of man's creations, and only fitly used as the weapon of thought and of justice,—learn to enjoy the pride of playing with this splendid engine, but rob it of its almightiness by failing to work with it. Extricating themselves from the tasks of the world, the world revenges itself by exposing at every turn the folly of these incomplete, pedantic, useless, ghostly creatures. The scholar will feel that the richest romance,—the noblest fiction that was ever woven,—the heart and soul of beauty,—lies enclosed in human life. Itself of surpassing value, it is also the richest material for his creations. How shall he know its secrets of tenderness, of terror, of will, and of fate? How can he catch and keep the strain of upper music that peals from it? Its laws are concealed under the details of daily action. All action is an experiment upon them. He must bear his share of the common load. He must work with men in houses, and not with their names in books. His needs, appetites, talents, affections, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful museum of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not know, in his own beating bosom, its sweet and smart? Out of love and hatred, out of earnings, and borrowings, and lendings, and losses; out of sickness and pain; out of wooing and worshipping; out of travelling, and voting, and watching, and caring; out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slur his lesson; let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavor exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him. And this, by punctual action and not by promises or dreams. Believing, as in God, in the presence and favor of the grandest influences, let him deserve that favor and learn how to receive and use it by fidelity also to the lower observances.

This lesson is taught with emphasis in the life of the great actor of this age and affords the explanation of his success. Bonaparte represents truly a great recent revolution, which we in this country, please God, shall carry to its farthest consummation. Not the least instructive passage in modern history, seems to me a trait of Napoleon, exhibited to the English when he became their prisoner. On coming on board the "Bellerophon," a file of English soldiers drawn up on deck, gave him a military salute. Napoleon observed, that their manner of handling their arms differed from the French exercise, and, putting aside the guns of those nearest him, walked up to a soldier, took his gun, and himself went through the motion in the French mode. The English officers and men looked on with astonishment, and inquired if such familiarity was usual with the emperor.

In this instance, as always, that man, with whatever defects or vices, represented performance in lieu of pretension. Feudalism and Orientalism had long enough thought it majestic to do nothing; the modern majesty consists in work. He belonged to a class, fast growing in the world, who think that what a man can do is his greatest ornament, and that he always consults his dignity by doing it. He was not a believer in luck; he had a faith, like sight, in the application of means to ends. Means to ends is the motto of all his behavior. He believed that the great captains of antiquity performed their exploits only by correct combinations and by justly comparing the relation between means and consequences; efforts and obstacles. The vulgar call good fortune that which really is produced by the calculations of genius. But Napoleon, thus faithful to facts, had also this crowning merit; that whilst he believed in number and weight and omitted no part of prudence, he believed also in the freedom

and quite incalculable force of the soul. A man of infinite caution, he neglected never the least particular of preparation of patient adaptation; yet nevertheless he had a sublime confidence, as in his all, in the sallies of the courage, and the faith in his destiny, which at the right moment repaired all losses and demolished cavalry, infantry, king, and kaiser as with irresistible thunderbolts. As they say the bough of the tree has the character of the leaf, and the whole tree of the bough, so, it is curious to remark, Bonaparte's army partook of this double strength of the captain; for, whilst strictly supplied in all its appointments and everything expected from the valor and discipline of every platoon in flank and centre, yet always remained his total trust in the prodigious revolutions of fortune, which his reserved Imperial Guard were capable of working, if, in all else, the day was lost. Here he was sublime. He no longer calculated the chance of the cannon ball. He was faithful to tactics to the uttermost,—and when all tactics had come to an end then he dilated and availed himself of the mighty saltations of the most formidable soldiers in nature.

Let the scholar appreciate this combination of gifts which applied to better purpose make true wisdom. He is a revealer of things. Let him first learn the things. Let him not, too eager to grasp some badge of reward, omit the work to be done. Let him know that though the success of the market is in the reward, true success is the doing; that, in the private obedience to his mind; in the sedulous inquiry, day after day, year after year, to know how the thing stands; in the use of all means and most in the reverence of the humble commerce and humble needs of life,—to hearken what they say, and so, by mutual reaction of thought and life to make thought solid, and life wise; and in a contempt for the gabble

of to-day's opinions the secret of the world is to be learned, and the skill truly to unfold it is acquired. Or rather it is not that by this discipline the usurpation of the senses is overcome and the lower faculties of man are subdued to docility; through which, as an unobstructed channel, the soul now easily and gladly flows?

The good scholar will not refuse to bear the yoke in his youth; to know, if he can, the uttermost secret of toil and endurance; to make his own hands acquainted with the soil by which he is fed and the sweat that goes before comfort and luxury. Let him pay his tithe and serve the world as a true and noble man; never forgetting to worship the immortal divinities, who whisper to the poet and make him the utterer of melodies that pierce the ear of eternal time. If he have this twofold goodness—the drill and the inspiration —then he has health; then he is a whole and not a fragment; and the perfection of his endowment will appear in his compositions. Indeed, this twofold merit characterizes ever the productions of great masters. The man of genius should occupy the whole space between God, or pure mind, and the multitude of uneducated men. He must draw from the infinite reason on one side and he must penetrate into the heart and sense of the crowd on the other. From one he must draw his strength; to the other he must owe his aim. The one yokes him to the real, the other to the apparent. At one pole is reason, at the other common sense. If he be defective at either extreme of the scale his philosophy will seem low and utilitarian; or it will appear too vague and indefinite for the uses of life.

The student, as we all along insist, is great only by being passive to the superincumbent spirit. Let this faith, then, dictate all his action. Snares and bribes abound to mislead

him; let him be true nevertheless. His success has its perils too. There is somewhat inconvenient and injurious in his position. They whom his thoughts have entertained or inflamed seek him before yet they have learned the hard conditions of thought. They seek him that he may turn his lamp on the dark riddles whose solution they think is inscribed on the walls of their being. They find that he is a poor, ignorant man, in a white-seamed, rusty coat, like themselves, no wise emitting a continuous stream of light, but now and then a jet of luminous thought, followed by total darkness; moreover, that he cannot make of his infrequent illumination a portable taper to carry whither he would and explain now this dark riddle, now that. Sorrow ensues. The scholar regrets to damp the hope of ingenuous boys; and the youth has lost a star out of his new flaming firmament. Hence the temptation to the scholar to mystify; to hear the question; to sit upon it; to make an answer of words in lack of the oracle of things. Not the less let him be cold and true, and wait in patience, knowing that truth can make even silence eloquent and memorable. Truth shall be policy enough for him. Let him open his breast to all honest inquiry and be an artist superior to tricks of art. Show frankly, as a saint would do, your experience, methods, tools, and means. Welcome all comers to the freest use of the same. And out of this superior frankness and charity you shall learn higher secrets of your nature, which gods will bend and aid you to communicate.

If, with a high trust, he can thus submit himself, he will find that ample returns are poured into his bosom out of what seemed hours of obstruction and loss. Let him not grieve too much on account of unfit associates. When he sees how much thought he owes to the disagreeable antagonism of vari-

ous persons who pass and cross him he can easily think that in a society of perfect sympathy no word, no act, no record, would be. He will learn that it is not much matter what he reads, what he does. Be a scholar, and he shall have the scholar's part of everything. As in the counting-room the merchant cares little whether the cargo be hides or barilla; the transaction a letter of credit or a transfer of stocks; be it what it may, his commission comes gently out of it; so you shall get your lesson out of the hour and the object, whether it be a concentrated or a wasteful employment, even in reading a dull book or working off a stint of mechanical day labor, which your necessities or the necessities of others impose.

Gentlemen, I have ventured to offer you these considerations upon the scholar's place, and hope, because I thought that, standing as many of you now do, on the threshold of this college, girt and ready to go and assume tasks, public and private, in your country, you would not be sorry to be admonished of those primary duties of the intellect whereof you will seldom hear from the lips of your new companions. You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. "What is this truth you seek? what is this beauty?" men will ask with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, "As others do, so will I; I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season;" then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history; and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect. It is

this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science; and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate. Bend to the persuasion which is flowing to you from every object in nature, to be its tongue to the heart of man, and to show the besotted world how passing fair is wisdom. Forewarned that the vice of the times and the country is an excessive pretension, let us seek the shade and find wisdom in neglect. Be content with a little light, so it be your own. Explore and explore. Be neither chided nor flattered out of your position of perpetual inquiry. Neither dogmatize nor accept another's dogmatism. Why should you renounce your right to traverse the star-lit deserts of truth for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof, and bed, and board. Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread, and if not store of it, yet such as shall not take away your property in all men's possessions, in all men's affections, in art, in nature, and in hope.

You will not fear that I am enjoining too stern an asceticism. Ask not, Of what use is a scholarship that systematically retreats? or, Who is the better for the philosopher who conceals his accomplishments and hides his thoughts from the waiting world? Hides his thoughts! Hide the sun and moon. Thought is all light and publishes itself to the universe. It will speak, though you were dumb, by its own miraculous organ. It will flow out of your actions, your manners, and your face. It will bring you friendships. It will impledge you to truth by the love and expectation of generous minds. By virtue of the laws of that nature which is one and perfect it shall yield every sincere good that is in the soul to the scholar beloved of earth and heaven.

THE CONSERVATIVE

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON, DECEMBER 9, 1841

THE two parties which divide the State, the party of Conservatism and that of Innovation, are very old, and have disputed the possession of the world ever since it was made. This quarrel is the subject of civil history. The conservative party established the reverend hierarchies and monarchies of the most ancient world. The battle of patrician and plebeian, of parent, state, and colony, of old usage and accommodation to new facts, of the rich and the poor, reappears in all countries and times. The war rages not only in battlefields, in natural councils, and ecclesiastical synods, but agitates every man's bosom with opposing advantages every hour. On rolls the old world meantime, and now one, now the other gets the day, and still the fight renews itself as if for the first time, under new names and hot personalities.

Such an irreconcilable antagonism of course must have a correspondent depth of seat in the human constitution. It is the opposition of past and future, of memory and hope, of the understanding and the reason. It is the primal antagonism, the appearance in trifles of the two poles of nature.

There is a fragment of old fable which seems somehow to have been dropped from the current mythologies, which may deserve attention as it appears to relate to this subject.

Saturn grew weary of sitting alone, or with none but the great Uranus or heaven beholding him, and he created an oyster. Then he would act again, but he made nothing more,

but went on creating the race of oysters. Then Uranus cried, "A new work, O Saturn! the old is not good again."

Saturn replied, "I fear there is not only the alternative of making and not making but also of unmaking. Seest thou the great sea, how it ebbs and flows? so is it with me; my power ebbs; and if I put forth my hands, I shall not do, but undo. Therefore I do what I have done; I hold what I have got; and so I resist night and chaos."

"O Saturn," replied Uranus, "thou canst not hold thine own but by making more. Thy oysters are barnacles and cockles, and with the next flowing of the tide they will be pebbles and sea-foam."

"I see," rejoins Saturn, "thou art in league with night, thou art become an evil eye; thou spakest from love; now thy words smite me with hatred. I appeal to fate, must there not be rest?"—"I appeal to fate also," said Uranus, "must there not be motion?"—but Saturn was silent and went on making oysters for a thousand years.

After that the word of Uranus came into his mind like a ray of the sun, and he made Jupiter; and then he feared again, and nature froze, the things that were made went backward, and to save the world, Jupiter slew his father Saturn.

This may stand for the earliest account of a conversation on politics between a Conservative and a Radical, which has come down to us. It is ever thus. It is the counteraction of the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. Innovation is the salient energy; Conservatism the pause on the last movement. "That which is was made by God," saith Conservatism. "He is leaving that, he is entering this other;" rejoins Innovation.

There is always a certain meanness in the argument of

conservatism, joined with a certain superiority in its fact. It affirms because it holds. Its fingers clutch the fact, and it will not open its eyes to see a better fact. The castle, which conservatism is set to defend, is the actual state of things, good and bad. The project of innovation is the best possible state of things. Of course, conservatism always has the worst of the argument, is always apologizing, pleading a necessity, pleading that to change would be to deteriorate; it must saddle itself with the mountainous load of the violence and vice of society, must deny the possibility of good, deny ideas, and suspect and stone the prophet; whilst innovation is always in the right, triumphant, attacking, and sure of final success. Conservatism stands on man's confessed limitations, reform on his indisputable infinitude, conservatism on circumstance, liberalism on power, one goes to make an adroit member of the social frame, the other to postpone all things to the man himself; conservatism is debonnair and social; reform is individual and imperious. We are reformers in spring and summer, in autumn and winter we stand by the old, reformers in the morning, conservers at night. Reform is affirmative, conservatism negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth. Conservatism is more candid to behold another's worth, reform more disposed to maintain and increase its own. Conservatism makes no poetry, breathes no prayer, has no invention; it is all memory. Reform has no gratitude, no prudence, no husbandry. It makes a great difference to your figure and to your thought, whether your foot is advancing or receding. Conservatism never puts the foot forward; in the hour when it does that it is not establishment but reform. Conservatism tends to universal seeming and treachery, believes in a negative fate; believes that men's temper governs them; that

for me, it avails not to trust in principles; they will fail me; I must bend a little; it distrusts nature; it thinks there is a general law without a particular application,—law for all that does not include any one. Reform in its antagonism inclines to asinine resistance, to kick with hooks; it runs to egotism and bloated self-conceit; it runs to a bodiless pretension, to unnatural refining and elevation, which ends in hypocrisy and sensual reaction.

And so whilst we do not go beyond general statements, it may be safely affirmed of these two metaphysical antagonists, that each is a good half, but an impossible whole. Each exposes the abuses of the other, but in a true society, in a true man, both must combine. Nature does not give the crown of its approbation, namely, beauty, to any action or emblem or actor, but to one which combines both these elements; not to the rock which resists the waves from age to age, nor to the wave which lashes incessantly the rock, but the superior beauty is with the oak, which stands with its hundred arms against the storms of a century and grows every year like a sapling; or the river which ever flowing, yet is found in the same bed from age to age; or, greatest of all, the man who has subsisted for years amid the changes of nature, yet has distanced himself, so that when you remember what he was and see what he is you say, what strides! what a disparity is here!

Throughout nature the past combines in every creature with the present. Each of the convolutions of the seashell, each node and spine marks one year of the fish's life, what was the mouth of the shell for one season, with the addition of new matter by the growth of the animal, becoming an ornamental node. The leaves and a shell of soft wood are all that the vegetation of this summer has made, but the solid

columnar stem which lifts that bank of foliage into the air to draw the eye and to cool us with its shade is the gift and legacy of dead and buried years.

In nature, each of these elements being always present, each theory has a natural support. As we take our stand on necessity or on ethics shall we go for the conservative or for the reformer. If we read the world historically we shall say, Of all the ages the present hour and circumstance is the cumulative result; this is the best throw of the dice of nature that has yet been or that is yet possible. If we see it from the side of will, or the moral sentiment, we shall accuse the past and the present and require the impossible of the future.

But although this bifold fact lies thus united in real nature, and so united that no man can continue to exist in whom both these elements do not work, yet men are not philosophers, but are rather very foolish children who by reason of their partiality see everything in the most absurd manner and are the victims at all times of the nearest object. There is even no philosopher who is a philosopher at all times. Our experience, our perception is conditioned by the need to acquire in parts and in succession, that is, with every truth a certain falsehood. As this is the invariable method of our training, we must give it allowance and suffer men to learn as they have done for six millenniums, a word at a time, to pair off into insane parties, and learn the amount of truth each knows, by the denial of an equal amount of truth. For the present, then, to come at what sum is attainable to us, we must even hear the parties plead as parties.

That which is best about conservatism, that which, though it cannot be expressed in detail, inspires reverence in all, is the inevitable. There is the question not only what the con-

servative says for himself, but why must he say it? What insurmountable fact binds him to that side? Here is the fact which men call fate, and fate in dread degrees, fate behind fate, not to be disposed of by the consideration that the conscience commands this or that, but necessitating the question whether the faculties of man will play him true in resisting the facts of universal experience? For although the commands of the conscience are essentially absolute, they are historically limitary. Wisdom does not seek a literal rectitude, but an useful, that is, a conditioned one, such a one as the faculties of man and the constitution of things will warrant. The reformer, the partisan loses himself in driving to the utmost some specialty of right conduct, until his own nature and all nature resists him; but wisdom attempts nothing enormous and disproportioned to its powers, nothing which it cannot perform or nearly perform. We have all a certain intellection or presentiment of reform existing in the mind, which does not yet descend into the character, and those who throw themselves blindly on this lose themselves. Whatever they attempt in that direction fails, and reacts suicidally on the actor himself. This is the penalty of having transcended nature. For the existing world is not a dream and cannot with impunity be treated as a dream; neither is it a disease; but it is the ground on which you stand, it is the mother of whom you were born. Reform converses with possibilities, perchance with impossibilities; but here is sacred fact. This also was true or it could not be; it had life in it or it could not have existed; it has life in it or it could not continue. Your schemes may be feasible, or may not be, but this has the indorsement of nature and a long friendship and cohabitation with the powers of nature. This will stand until a better cast of the dice is made. The contest

between the future and the past is one between divinity entering and divinity departing. You are welcome to try your experiments, and, if you can, to displace the actual order by that ideal republic you announce, for nothing but God will expel God. But plainly the burden of proof must lie with the projector. We hold to this until you can demonstrate something better.

The system of property and law goes back for its origin to barbarous and sacred times; it is the fruit of the same mysterious cause as the mineral or animal world. There is a natural sentiment and prepossession in favor of age, of ancestors, of barbarous and aboriginal usages, which is a homage to the element of necessity and divinity which is in them. The respect for the old names of places, of mountains, and streams, is universal. The Indian and barbarous name can never be supplanted without loss. The ancients tell us that the gods loved the Ethiopians for their stable customs; and the Egyptians and Chaldeans, whose origin could not be explored, passed among the junior tribes of Greece and Italy for sacred nations.

Moreover, so deep is the foundation of the existing social system that it leaves no one out of it. We may be partial, but fate is not. All men have their root in it. You who quarrel with the arrangements of society, and are willing to embroil all and risk the indisputable good that exists for the chance of better, live, move, and have your being in this, and your deeds contradict your words every day. For as you cannot jump from the ground without using the resistance of the ground, nor put out the boat to sea without shoving from the shore, nor attain liberty without rejecting obligation, so you are under the necessity of using the actual order of things in order to disuse it; to live by it whilst you

wish to take away its life. The past has baked your loaf, and in the strength of its bread you would break up the oven. But you are betrayed by your own nature. You also are conservatives. However men please to style themselves, I see no other than a conservative party. You are not only identical with us in your deeds, but also in your methods and aims. You quarrel with my conservatism, but it is to build up one of your own; it will have a new beginning, but the same course and end, the same trials, the same passions; among the lovers of the new I observe that there is a jealousy of the newest, and that the seceder from the seceder is as damnable as the pope himself.

On these and the like grounds of general statement, conservatism plants itself without danger of being displaced. Especially before this personal appeal, the innovator must confess his weakness, must confess that no man is to be found good enough to be entitled to stand champion for the principle. But when this great tendency comes to practical encounters and is challenged by young men to whom it is no abstraction, but a fact of hunger, distress, and exclusion from opportunities, it must needs seem injurious. The youth, of course, is an innovator by the fact of his birth. There he stands, newly born on the planet a universal beggar with all the reason of things, one would say, on his side. In his first consideration how to feed, clothe, and warm himself, he is met by warnings on every hand that this thing and that thing have owners and he must go elsewhere. Then he says: If I am born into the earth, where is my part? have the goodness, gentlemen of this world, to show me my wood-lot where I may fell my wood, my field where to plant my corn, my pleasant ground where to build my cabin.

"Touch any wood or field or house-lot, on your peril," cry

all the gentlemen of this world; "but you may come and work in ours for us, and we will give you a piece of bread."

And what is that peril?

Knives and muskets, if we meet you in the act; imprisonment if we find you afterward.

And by what authority, kind gentlemen?

By our law.

And your law,—is it just?

As just for you as it was for us. We wrought for others under this law, and got our lands so.

I repeat the question, is your law just?

Not quite just, but necessary. Moreover it is juster now than it was when we were born; we have made it milder and more equal.

I will none of your law, returns the youth; it incumbers me. I cannot understand or so much as spare time to read that needless library of your laws. Nature has sufficiently provided me with rewards and sharp penalties to bind me not to transgress. Like the Persian noble of old, I ask "that I may neither command nor obey." I do not wish to enter into your complex social system. I shall serve those whom I can, and they who can will serve me. I shall seek those whom I love and shun those whom I love not, and what more can all your laws render me?

With equal earnestness and good faith replies to this plaintiff an upholder of the establishment, a man of many virtues:

Your opposition is feather-brained and over-fine. Young man, I have no skill to talk with you, but look at me; I have risen early and sat late, and toiled honestly and painfully for very many years. I never dreamed about methods; I laid my bones to, and drudged for the good I possess; it was not got by fraud nor by luck, but by work, and you must show me

a warrant like these stubborn facts in your own fidelity and labor before I suffer you on the faith of a few fine words to ride into my estate and claim to scatter it as your own.

Now you touch the heart of the matter, replies the reformer. To that fidelity and labor I pay homage. I am unworthy to arraign your manner of living until I too have been tried. But I should be more unworthy if I did not tell you why I cannot walk in your steps. I find this vast network which you call property extended over the whole planet. I cannot occupy the bleakest crag of the White Hills or the Alleghany range, but some man or corporation steps up to me to show me that it is his. Now, though I am very peaceable, and on my private account could well enough die, since it appears there was some mistake in my creation and that I have been missent to this earth, where all the seats were already taken,—yet I feel called upon in behalf of rational nature, which I represent, to declare to you my opinion, that if the earth is yours, so also is it mine. All your aggregate existences are less to me a fact than is my own; as I am born to the earth so the earth is given to me, what I want of it to till and to plant; nor could I without pusillanimity omit to claim so much. I must not only have a name to live, I must live. My genius leads me to build a different manner of life from any of yours. I cannot then spare you the whole world. I love you better. I must tell you the truth practically; and take that which you call yours. It is God's world and mine; yours as much as you want, mine as much as I want. Besides, I know your ways; I know the symptoms of the disease. To the end of your power you will serve this lie which cheats you. Your want is a gulf which the possession of the broad earth would not fill. Yonder sun in heaven you would pluck down from shining on the universe and make him a property

and privacy if you could; and the moon and the north star you would quickly have occasion for in your closet and bedchamber. What you do not want for use you crave for ornament, and what your convenience could spare your pride cannot.

On the other hand precisely the defence which was set up for the British constitution, namely, that with all its admitted defects, rotten boroughs, and monopolies, it worked well and substantial justice was somehow done; the wisdom and the worth did get into Parliament, and every interest did by right, or might, or slight, get represented: the same defence is set up for the existing institutions. They are not the best; they are not just; and in respect to you, personally, O brave young man! they cannot be justified. They have, it is most true, left you no acre for your own and no law but our law to the ordaining of which you were no party. But they do answer the end, they are really friendly to the good; unfriendly to the bad; they second the industrious and the kind; they foster genius. They really have so much flexibility as to afford your talent and character on the whole the same chance of demonstration and success which they might have if there was no law and no property.

It is trivial and merely superstitious to say that nothing is given you, no outfit, no exhibition; for in this institution of credit, which is as universal as honesty and promise in the human countenance, always some neighbor stands ready to be bread and land and tools and stock to the young adventurer. And if in any one respect they have come short, see what ample retribution of good they have made. They have lost no time and spared no expense to collect libraries, museums, galleries, colleges, palaces, hospitals, observatories, cities. The ages have not been idle, nor kings slack, nor the rich

niggardly. Have we not atoned for this small offence (which we could not help) of leaving you no right in the soil by this splendid indemnity of ancestral and national wealth? Would you have been born like a gypsy in a hedge, and preferred your freedom on a heath, and the range of a planet which had no shed or boscage to cover you from sun and wind,—to this towered and citied world? to this world of Rome, and Memphis, and Constantinople, and Vienna, and Paris, and London, and New York? For thee Naples, Florence, and Venice; for thee the fair Mediterranean, the sunny Adriatic; for thee both Indies smile; for thee the hospitable north opens its heated palaces under the polar circle; for thee roads have been cut in every direction across the land and fleets of floating palaces, with every security for strength and provision for luxury, swim by sail and by steam through all the waters of this world. Every island for thee has a town, every town a hotel. Though thou wast born landless, yet to thy industry and thrift and small condescension to the established usage,—scores of servants are swarming in every strange place with cap and knee to thy command, scores, nay hundreds and thousands, for thy wardrobe, thy table, thy chamber, thy library, thy leisure; and every whim is anticipated and served by the best ability of the whole population of each country. The king on the throne governs for thee and the judge judges; the barrister pleads, the farmer tills, the joiner hammers, the postman rides. Is it not exaggerating a trifle to insist on a formal acknowledgment of your claims, when these substantial advantages have been secured to you? Now can your children be educated, your labor turned to their advantage, and its fruits secured to them after your death. It is frivolous to say you have no acre, because you have not a mathematically measured piece of land. Providence takes care

that you shall have a place, that you are waited for and come accredited; and as soon as you put your gift to use you shall have acre or acre's worth according to your exhibition of desert,—acre, if you need land; acre's worth, if you prefer to draw, or carve, or make shoes, or wheels, to the tilling of the soil.

Besides, it might temper your indignation at the supposed wrong which society has done you, to keep the question before you, how society got into this predicament. Who put things on this false basis? No single man, but all men. No man voluntarily and knowingly; but it is the result of that degree of culture there is in the planet. The order of things is as good as the character of the population permits. Consider it as the work of a great and beneficent and progressive necessity, which, from the first pulsation of the first animal life up to the present high culture of the best nations, has advanced thus far. Thank the rude foster-mother though she has taught you a better wisdom than her own and has set hopes in your heart which shall be history in the next ages. You are yourself the result of this manner of living, this foul compromise, this vituperated Sodom. It nourished you with care and love on its breast, as it had nourished many a lover of the right, and many a poet, and prophet, and teacher of men. Is it so irremediably bad? Then again, if the mitigations are considered, do not all the mischiefs virtually vanish? The form is bad, but see you not how every personal character reacts on the form and makes it new? A strong person makes the law and custom null before his own will. Then the principle of love and truth reappears in the strictest courts of fashion and property. Under the richest robes, in the darlings of the selectest circles of European or American aristocracy, the strong heart will beat with love of mankind, with

impatience of accidental distinctions, with the desire to achieve its own fate and make every ornament it wears authentic and real.

Moreover, as we have already shown that there is no pure reformer, so it is to be considered that there is no pure conservative, no man who from the beginning to the end of his life maintains the defective institutions; but he who sets his face like a flint against every novelty when approached in the confidence of conversation in the presence of friendly and generous persons has also his gracious and relenting motions and espouses for the time the cause of man; and even if this be a short-lived emotion, yet the remembrance of it in private hours mitigates his selfishness and compliance with custom.

The Friar Bernard lamented in his cell on Mount Cenis the crimes of mankind, and rising one morning before day from his bed of moss and dry leaves, he gnawed his roots and berries, drank of the spring, and set forth to go to Rome to reform the corruption of mankind. On his way he encountered many travellers who greeted him courteously; and the cabins of the peasants and the castles of the lords supplied his few wants. When he came at last to Rome his piety and good will easily introduced him to many families of the rich, and on the first day he saw and talked with gentle mothers with their babes at their breasts, who told him how much love they bore their children and how they were perplexed in their daily walk lest they should fail in their duty to them. "What!" he said, "and this on rich embroidered carpets, on marble floors, with cunning sculpture, and carved wood, and rich pictures, and piles of books about you?"— "Look at our pictures and books," they said, "and we will tell you, good father, how we spent the last evening. These are stories of godly children and holy families and romantic

sacrifices made in old or in recent times by great and not mean persons; and last evening our family was collected, and our husbands and brothers discoursed sadly on what we could save and give in the hard times." Then came in the men, and they said, "What cheer, brother? Does thy convent want gifts?" Then the Friar Bernard went home swiftly with other thoughts than he brought, saying, "This way of life is wrong, yet these Romans whom I prayed God to destroy, are lovers, they are lovers; what can I do?"

The reformer concedes that these mitigations exist, and that, if he proposed comfort, he should take sides with the establishment. Your words are excellent, but they do not tell the whole. Conservatism is affluent and open-handed, but there is a cunning juggle in riches. I observe that they take somewhat for everything they give. I look bigger, but am less; I have more clothes, but am not so warm; more armor, but less courage; more books, but less wit. What you say of your planted, builded, and decorated world, is true enough, and I gladly avail myself of its convenience; yet I have remarked that what holds in particular holds in general, that the plant man does not require for his most glorious flowering this pomp of preparation and convenience, but the thoughts of some beggarly Homer who strolled, God knows when, in the infancy and barbarism of the old world; the gravity and sense of some slave Moses who leads away his fellow slaves from their masters; the contemplation of some Scythian anacharsis; the erect formidable valor of some Dorian townsmen in the town of Sparta; the vigor of Clovis the Frank, and Alfred the Saxon, and Alaric the Goth, and Mahomet, Ali, and Omar the Arabians, Saladin the Curd, and Othman the Turk, sufficed to build what you call society, on the spot and in the instant when the sound mind in a sound

body appeared. Rich and fine is your dress, O conservatism! your horses are of the best blood; your roads are well cut and well paved; your pantry is full of meats and your cellar of wines, and a very good state and condition are you for gentlemen and ladies to live under; but every one of these goods steals away a drop of my blood. I want the necessity of supplying my own wants. All this costly culture of yours is not necessary. Greatness does not need it. Yonder peasant who sits neglected there in a corner carries a whole revolution of man and nature in his head, which shall be a sacred history to some future ages. For man is the end of nature; nothing so easily organizes itself in every part of the universe as he; no moss, no lichen is so easily born; and he takes along with him and puts out from himself the whole apparatus of society and condition extempore, as an army encamps in a desert, and where all was just now blowing sand, creates a white city in an hour, a government, a market, a place for feasting, for conversation, and for love.

These considerations, urged by those whose characters and whose fortunes are yet to be formed, must needs command the sympathy of all reasonable persons. But beside that charity which should make all adult persons interested for the youth and engage them to see that he has a free field and fair play on his entrance into life, we are bound to see that the society of which we compose a part does not permit the formation or continuance of views and practices injurious to the honor and welfare of mankind. The objection to conservatism, when embodied in a party, is that in its love of acts it hates principles; it lives in the senses, not in truth; it sacrifices to despair; it goes for availableness in its candidate, not for worth; and for expediency in its measures, and not for the right. Under pretence of allowing for friction it

makes so many additions and supplements to the machine of society that it will play smoothly and softly, but will no longer grind any grist.

The conservative party in the universe concedes that the radical would talk sufficiently to the purpose if we were still in the garden of Eden; he legislates for man as he ought to be; his theory is right, but he makes no allowance for friction; and this omission makes his whole doctrine false. The idealist retorts that the conservative falls into a far more noxious error in the other extreme. The conservative assumes sickness as a necessity and his social frame is a hospital, his total legislation is for the present distress, a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and papspoon, swallowing pills and herb-tea. Sickness gets organized as well as health, the vice as well as the virtue. Now that a vicious system of trade has existed so long, it has stereotyped itself in the human generation and misers are born. And now that sickness has got such a foothold, leprosy has grown cunning, has got into the ballot-box; the lepers outvote the clean; society has resolved itself into a hospital committee, and all its laws are quarantine. If any man resist and set up a foolish hope he has entertained as good against the general despair, society frowns on him, shuts him out of her opportunities, her granaries, her refectories, her water and bread, and will serve him a sexton's turn. Conservatism takes as low a view of every part of human action and passion. Its religion is just as bad; a lozenge for the sick; a dolorous tune to beguile the distemper; mitigations of pain by pillows and anodynes; always mitigations, never remedies; pardons for sin, funeral honors,—never self-help, renovation, and virtue. Its social and political action has no better aim; to keep out wind and weather, to bring the day and year about, and make

the world last our day; not to sit on the world and steer it; not to sink the memory of the past in the glory of a new and more excellent creation; a timid cobbler and patcher, it degrades whatever it touches. The cause of education is urged in this country with the utmost earnestness,—on what ground? why on this, that the people have the power, and if they are not instructed to sympathize with the intelligent, reading, trading, and governing class, inspired with a taste for the same competitions and prizes, they will upset the fair pageant of judicature and perhaps lay a hand on the sacred muniments of wealth itself and new distribute the land. Religion is taught in the same spirit. The contractors who were building a road out of Baltimore some years ago found the Irish laborers quarrelsome and refractory to a degree that embarrassed the agents and seriously interrupted the progress of the work. The corporation were advised to call off the police and build a Catholic chapel, which they did; the priest presently restored order and the work went on prosperously. Such hints, be sure, are too valuable to be lost. If you do not value the Sabbath or other religious institutions, give yourself no concern about maintaining them. They have already acquired a market value as conservators of property; and if priest and church member should fail, the chambers of commerce and the presidents of the banks, the very inn-holders and landlords of the county would muster with fury to their support.

Of course religion in such hands loses its essence. Instead of that reliance which the soul suggests on the eternity of truth and duty, men are misled into a reliance on institutions, which, the moment they cease to be the instantaneous creations of the devout sentiment, are worthless. Religion among the low becomes low. As it loses its truth, it

loses credit with the sagacious. They detect the falsehood of the preaching, but when they say so, all good citizens cry, hush; do not weaken the state, do not take off the strait jacket from dangerous persons. Every honest fellow must keep up the hoax the best he can; must patronize providence and piety, and wherever he sees anything that will keep men amused, schools or churches or poetry, or picture-galleries or music, or what not, he must cry "Hist-a-boy," and urge the game on. What a compliment we pay to the good spirit with our superserviceable zeal!

But not to balance reasons for and against the establishment any longer, and if it still be asked in this necessity of partial organization, which party on the whole has the highest claims on our sympathy? I bring it home to the private heart, where all such questions must have their final arbitrament. How will every strong and generous mind choose its ground,—with the defenders of the old? or with the seekers of the new? Which is that state which promises to edify a great, brave, and beneficent man; to throw him on his resources and tax the strength of his character? On which part will each of us find himself in the hour of health and of aspiration?

I understand well the respect of mankind for war, because that breaks up the Chinese stagnation of society and demonstrates the personal merits of all men. A state of war or anarchy, in which law has little force, is so far valuable that it puts every man on trial. The man of principle is known as such, and even in the fury of faction is respected. In the civil wars of France, Montaigne alone among all the French gentry kept his castle gates unbarred and made his personal integrity as good at least as a regiment. The man of courage and resources is shown and the effeminate and base

person. Those who rise above war, and those who fall below it, it easily discriminates, as well as those who, accepting its rude conditions, keep their own head by their own sword.

But in peace and a commercial state we depend, not as we ought, on our knowledge and all men's knowledge that we are honest men, but we cowardly lean on the virtue of others. For it is always at last the virtue of some men in the society which keeps the law in any reverence and power. Is there not something shameful that I should owe my peaceful occupancy of my house and field, not to the knowledge of my countrymen that I am useful, but to their respect for sundry other reputable persons, I know not whom, whose joint virtues still keep the law in good order?

It will never make any difference to a hero what the laws are. His greatness will shine and accomplish itself unto the end, whether they second him or not. If he have earned his bread by drudgery and in the narrow and crooked ways which were all an evil law had left him, he will make it at least honorable by his expenditure. Of the past he will take no heed; for its wrongs he will not hold himself responsible; he will say, all the meanness of my progenitors shall not bereave me of the power to make this hour and company fair and fortunate. Whatsoever streams of power and commodity flow to me shall of me acquire healing virtue and become fountains of safety. Cannot I, too, descend a Redeemer into nature? Whosoever hereafter shall name my name shall not record a malefactor, but a benefactor in the earth. If there be power in good intention, in fidelity, and in toil, the north wind shall be purer, the stars in heaven shall glow with a kindlier beam, that I have lived. I am primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of all the gods, to demonstrate

to all men that there is intelligence and good will at the heart of things, and ever higher and yet higher leadings. These are my engagements; how can your law further or hinder me in what I shall do to men? On the other hand, these dispositions establish their relations to me. Wherever there is worth I shall be greeted. Wherever there are men are the objects of my study and love. Sooner or later all men will be my friends, and will testify in all methods the energy of their regard. I cannot thank your law for my protection. I protect it. It is not in its power to protect me. It is my business to make myself revered. I depend on my honor, my labor, and my dispositions, for my place in the affections of mankind, and not on any conventions or parchments of yours.

But if I allow myself in derelictions, and become idle and dissolute, I quickly come to love the protection of a strong law, because I feel no title in myself to my advantages. To the intemperate and covetous person no love flows; to him mankind would pay no rent, no dividend, if force were once relaxed; nay, if they could give their verdict, they would say that his self-indulgence and his oppression deserved punishment from society, and not that rich board and lodging he now enjoys. The law acts then as a screen of his unworthiness, and makes him worse the longer it protects him.

In conclusion, to return from this alternation of partial views to the high platform of universal and necessary history, it is a happiness for mankind that innovation has got on so far, and has so free a field before it. The boldness of the hope men entertain transcends all former experience. It calms and cheers them with the picture of a simple and equal life of truth and piety. And this hope flowered on what tree? It was not imported from the stock of some celestial

plant, but grew here on the wild crab of conservatism. It is much that this old and vituperated system of things has borne so fair a child. It predicts that amidst a planet peopled with conservatives one reformer may yet be born.

ON ROBERT BURNS

CELEBRATION OF CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS, HELD IN BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1859

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced,—and I forbear to inquire,—that in this accomplished circle it should fall to me, the worst Scotsman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour, too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which indeed makes the occasion. But I am told there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspirations of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist.

Yet, sir, I heartily feel the singular claims of the occasion. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th of January was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies and states, all over the world, to keep the festival.

We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the middle ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness and better singers than we,—though that is yet to be known,—but they could not have better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, each for himself,—by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the

middle class, represents in the minds of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities,—that uprising which worked politically in the American and French revolutions, and which, not in governments so much as in education and in social order, has changed the face of the world.

In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding, and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and resting, as it should, on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible.

Not Latimer, not Luther, struck more telling blows against false theology than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the French "Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise," are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air.

He is so substantially a reformer that I find his grand plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters—Rabelais, Shakespeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns. He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent—they thought who saw him—whether he wrote verses or not; he could have done anything else as well.

Yet how true a poet is he! And the poet, too, of poor men, of grey hodden, and the guernsey coat, and the blouse. He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farmhouse and cottage, patches and poverty,

beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thought. What a love of nature, and, shall I say it? of middle-class nature. Not great, Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, on the ocean, or Moore in the luxurious east, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, and sleet, and rain, and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles, and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons," and "John Anderson my joes," and "Auld Lang Synes," all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love-songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm-work, the country holiday, the fishing coble, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus poet of poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so he had the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made that lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But, more than this, he had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes: he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs, and gypsys, blacksmiths, and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody.

But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns, —I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmur-

ing it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the stone chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns,—every man's, and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

HARVARD'S HEROES

SPEECH DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865, AT COMMEMORATION EXERCISES

WITH whatever opinions we come here, I think it is not in man to see, without a feeling of pride and pleasure, a tried soldier,—the armed defender of the right. I think that in these last years all opinions have been affected by the magnificent and stupendous spectacle which divine Providence has offered us of the energies that slept in the children of this country,—that slept, and gave awakened. I see thankfully those who are here; but dim eyes in vain explore for some who are not. They shine the brighter "in the domain of tender memory." The old Greek, Heraclitus, said, "War is the father of all things." He said it, no doubt, as science, but we of this day can repeat it as a political and social truth.

War passes the power of all chemical solvents, breaking up the old cohesions and allowing the atoms of society to take a new order. It is not the government, but the war that has appointed the great generals, sifted out the pedants, put in the new and vigorous blood. The war has lifted many other people besides Grant and Sherman into their true places. Even divine Providence, we may say, always seems to work after a certain military necessity. Every nation punishes the general who is not victorious. It is a rule in games of chance that "the cards beat all the players," and revolutions disconcert and outwit all the insurgents. The revolutions carry their own points sometimes to the ruin of those who set them on foot. The proof that war also is within the highest right, is a marked benefactor in the hands of divine Providence, is its *morale*. The war gave back integrity to this erring and immoral nation. It charged with power peaceful, amiable men, to whose whole life war and discord were abhorrent. What an infusion of character went out from this and the other colleges! What an infusion of character down to the ranks! The experience has been uniform, that it is the gentle soul that makes the firm hero after all.

It is easy to recall the mood in which our young men, snatched from every peaceful pursuit, went to the war. Many of them had never handled a gun. They said: "It is not in me to resist. I go because I must. It is a duty which I shall never forgive myself if I decline it. I do not know that I can make a soldier. I may be very clumsy, perhaps I shall be timid; but you can rely on me. Only one thing is certain, I can well die, but I cannot afford to misbehave."

In fact, the infusion of culture and tender humanity from these scholars and idealists who went to the war in their own despite,—God knows they had no fury for killing their old

friends and countrymen,—had its signal and lasting effect. It was found that enthusiasm was a more potent ally than science and munitions of war without it. "'Tis a principle of war," said Napoleon, *principe de guerre*, "that when you can use the thunderbolt you must prefer it to the cannon." Enthusiasm was the thunderbolt. Here in this little Massachusetts, in smaller Rhode Island, in this little nest of New England republics, it flamed out when that guilty gun was aimed at Sumter.

Mr. Chairman, standing here in Harvard College, the parent of all the colleges in Massachusetts, the mother of all the North, when I consider her influence on the country as a principal planter of the western States, and now by her teachers, preachers, journalists, and books, as well as by traffic and production, the diffuser of religious, literary, and political opinion, and when I see how irresistible the convictions of Massachusetts are on those swarming populations I think the little State bigger than I knew; and when her blood is up she has a fist that could knock down an empire. And her blood was roused. Scholars exchanged the black coat for the blue. A single company in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts contained thirty-five sons of Harvard. You all know as well as I the story of these dedicated men who knew well on what duty they went,—whose fathers and mothers said of each slaughtered son, "We gave him up when he enlisted."

One mother said, when her son was offered the command of the first negro regiment, "If he accepts it I shall be as proud as if I had heard that he was shot." These men, thus tender, thus high bred, thus peaceable, were always in the front, and always employed. They might say, with their forefathers, the old Norse Vikings, "We sung the mass of lances from morning until evening;" and in how many cases it chanced,

when the hero had fallen, they who came by night to his funeral on the morrow returned to his warpath to show his slayers the way to death! Ah! young brothers, all honor and gratitude to you! you, manly defenders, liberty's and humanity's home guard. We shall not again disparage America, now that we have seen what men it will bear. We see—we thank you for it—a new era, worth to mankind all the treasure and the lives it has cost; yes, worth to the world the lives of all this generation of American men, if they had been demanded.

THE MINUTE-MAN

SPEECH AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT CONCORD, APRIL 19, 1875

EBENEZER HUBBARD, a farmer who inherited the land in the village on which the British troops committed depredation, and who had a deep interest in the history of the raid, erected many years ago a flagstaff on his land and never neglected to hoist the Stars and Stripes on the Nineteenth of April and the Fourth of July. It grieved him deeply that yonder monument erected by the town in 1836 should be built on the ground which the enemy occupied in the Concord fight, and he bequeathed in his will a sum of money to the town of Concord on condition that a monument should be erected on the identical ground occupied by our minute-men and militia on that day; and another sum of money on the condition that the town should build a foot bridge across the river where the old bridge stood in 1775. The town accepted the legacy, built the bridge, and employed Daniel French to prepare a statue to be erected on the specified spot. Meanwhile Congress at Washington

gave to the town bronze cannons to furnish the artist with material to complete his work. His statue is before you; it was approved by the town and to-day it speaks for itself. The sculptor has rightly conceived the proper emblems of the patriot farmer who at the morning alarm left his plow to grasp his gun. He has built no dome over his work, believing that blue ground makes the best background. The statue is the first series of work of our young townsman who is now in Italy to pursue his profession.

We had many enemies and many friends in England, but our one benefactor was King George III. The time had arrived for that political severance of America that it might play its part in the history of this globe; and the way of divine Providence to do it was to give an insane king to England. On the resistance of the colonies he alone was immovable on the question of force. England was so dear to us that the colonies could only be absolutely united by violence from England and only one man could compel the resort to violence. So the king became insane.

Parliament wavered, all the ministers wavered, Lord North wavered; but the king had the insanity of one idea. He was immovable; he insisted on the impossible; so the army was sent. America was instantly united and the nation born.

On the 19th of April 800 soldiers with hostile intent were sent hither from Boston. Nature itself put on a new face on that day. You see the rude fields of this morning, but on the same day of 1775 a rare forwardness of the spring is recorded. It appears the patriotism of the people was so hot that it melted the snow and the rye waved on the 19th of April.

We see gladly around us to-day the representatives of Acton, Bedford, Lincoln, and Carlisle, once included in our

own town limits, and who were mindful of their mother and risked their lives for her on the memorable day we celebrate. Isaac Davis of Acton was the first martyr.

In all noble action we say 'tis only the first step that costs. Who will carry out the rule of right must take his life in his hand. We have no need to magnify the facts. Only three of our men were killed at this bridge and a few others wounded; here the British army was first fronted and driven back, and if only three men or only one man had been slain, it was the first victory. The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon. The British instantly retreated. We had no electric telegraph, but the news of the triumph of the farmers over the king's troops sped through the country to New York, to Philadelphia, to Kentucky, to the Carolinas, with speed unknown before and ripened the colonies to inevitable decision.

The sharp beginning of real war was followed sixty days later by the battle of Bunker Hill; then by General Washington's arrival in Cambridge, and his redoubts on Dorchester Heights. In one year and twelve days from the death of Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, 120 vessels loaded with Gen. Howe and his army, 8,000 men and all their effects, sailed out of Boston harbor never to return. 'Tis a proud and a tender story. I challenge any lover of Massachusetts to read the sixth chapter of Bancroft's History without tears of joy.

LORD BEACONSFIELD

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, was born in 1804. He was the son of Isaac D'Israeli, the descendant of a Jewish family which, having been driven from Spain by the Inquisition toward the end of the fifteenth century, settled at Venice, whence the grandfather of the subject of this sketch removed to England in 1748. Both Isaac D'Israeli and his wife, who had been born and bred a Jewess, gradually dropped connection with their coreligionists, with whom their son seems never to have associated himself. Benjamin D'Israeli was not sent to one of the great public schools of England, nor to a university, but, having received a desultory education, was articled to a solicitor. He soon tired of legal drudgery, however, and, devoting himself to literature, published a series of novels which attracted a great deal of attention. In 1837 he entered the House of Commons, and, although his first speech was a failure, he gradually acquired a great deal of influence in the Tory ranks, and organized the secession of the protectionist rump of that party which brought about the downfall of Sir Robert Peel. When Lord Derby became Premier in 1852, D'Israeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. The same place was allotted to him in 1858, when Lord Derby next formed a Cabinet, and he succeeded Lord Derby upon the latter's resignation of the post of Premier in 1868. In 1874 D'Israeli became for the second time Prime Minister, and retained office until 1880, having meanwhile accepted the title of Earl of Beaconsfield. He died in 1881, at the age of seventy-seven.

DEMOCRACY UNSUITED FOR ENGLAND

DELIVERED IN 1865

SIR, I could have wished, and once I almost believed, that it was not necessary for me to take part in this debate. I look on this discussion as the natural epilogue of the Parliament of 1859; we remember the prologue. I consider this to be a controversy between the educated section of the Liberal party and that section of the Liberal

party, according to their companions and colleagues, not entitled to an epithet so euphuistic and complimentary. But after the speech of the Minister, I hardly think it would become me, representing the opinions of the gentlemen with whom I am acting on this side of the House, entirely to be silent. We have a measure before us to-night which is to increase the franchise in boroughs. Without reference to any other circumstances I object to that measure. I object to it because an increase of the franchise in boroughs is a proposal to redistribute political power in the country. I do not think political power in the country ought to be treated partially; from the very nature of things it is impossible, if there is to be a redistribution of political power, that you can only regard the suffrage as it affects one section of the constituent body. Whatever the proposition of the honorable gentleman, whether abstractedly it may be expedient or not, this is quite clear, that it must be considered not only in relation to the particular persons with whom it will deal, but to other persons with whom it does not deal, though it would affect them. And therefore it has always been quite clear that if you deal with the subject popularly called Parliamentary Reform, you must deal with it comprehensively. The arrangements you may make with reference to one part of the community may not be objectionable in themselves, but may be extremely objectionable if you consider them with reference to other parts.

Consequently it has been held—and the more we consider the subject the more true and just appears to be the conclusion—that if you deal with the matter you must deal with it comprehensively. You must not only consider borough constituencies, you must consider county constituencies: and when persons rise up and urge their claims to

be introduced into the constituent body, even if you think there is a plausible claim substantiated on their part, you are bound in policy and justice to consider also the claims of other bodies not in possession of the franchise, but whose right to consideration may be equally great. And so clear is it when you come to the distribution of power that you must consider the subject in all its bearings, that even honorable gentlemen who have taken part in this debate have not been able to avoid the question of what they call the redistribution of seats—a very important part of the distribution of power. It is easy for the honorable member for Liskeard, for example, to rise and say, in supporting this measure for the increase of the borough franchise, that it is impossible any longer to conceal the anomalies of our system in regard to the distribution of seats. "Is it not monstrous," he asks, "that Calne, with 173 voters, should return a member, while Glasgow returns only two, with a constituency of 20,000?" Well, it may be equally monstrous that Liskeard should return one member, and that Birkenhead should only make a similar return. The distribution of seats, as any one must know who has ever considered the subject deeply and with a sense of responsibility toward the country, is one of the most profound and difficult questions that can be brought before the House. It is all very well to treat it in an easy, offhand manner; but how are you to reconcile the case of North Cheshire, of North Durham, of West Kent, and many other counties, where you find four or six great towns, with a population, perhaps, of 100,000, returning six members to this House, while the rest of the population of the county, though equal in amount, returns only two members? How are you to meet the case of the representation of South Lan-

cashire in reference to its boroughs? Why, those are more anomalous than the case of Calne.

Then there is the question of Scotland. With a population hardly equal to that of the metropolis, and with wealth greatly inferior—probably not more than two-thirds of the amount—Scotland yet possesses forty-eight members, while the metropolis has only twenty. Do you Reformers mean to say that you are prepared to disfranchise Scotland; or that you are going to develop the representation of the metropolis in proportion to its population and property; and so allow a country like England, so devoted to local government and so influenced by local feeling, to be governed by London? And, therefore, when those speeches are made which gain a cheer for the moment, and are supposed to be so unanswerable as arguments in favor of parliamentary change, I would recommend the House to recollect that this, as a question, is one of the most difficult and one of the deepest that can possibly engage the attention of the country. The fact is this—in the representation of this country you do not depend on population or on property merely, or on both conjoined; you have to see that there is something besides population and property—you have to take care that the country itself is represented. That is one reason why I am opposed to the second reading of the bill. There is another objection which I have to this bill brought forward by the honorable member for Leeds, and that is, that it is brought forward by the member for Leeds. I do not consider this a subject which ought to be intrusted to the care and guidance of any independent member of this House. If there be one subject more than another that deserves the consideration and demands the responsibility of the government, it certainly is the recon-

struction of our parliamentary system; and it is the government or the political party candidates for power, who recommend a policy, and who will not shrink from the responsibility of carrying that policy into effect if the opportunity be afforded to them, who alone are qualified to deal with a question of this importance. But, sir, I shall be told, as we have been told in a previous portion of the adjourned debate, that the two great parties of the state cannot be trusted to deal with this question, because they have both trifled with it. That is a charge which has been made repeatedly during this discussion and on previous occasions, and certainly a graver one could not be made in this House. I am not prepared to admit that even our opponents have trifled with this question. We have had a very animated account by the right honorable gentleman who has just addressed us as to what may be called the Story of the Reform Measures. It was animated, but it was not accurate. Mine will be accurate, though I fear it will not be animated.

I am not prepared to believe that English statesmen, though they be opposed to me in politics, and may sit on opposite benches, could ever have intended to trifle with this question. I think that possibly they may have made great mistakes in the course which they took; they may have miscalculated, they may have been misled; but I do not believe that any men in this country, occupying the posts, the eminent posts, of those who have recommended any reconstruction of our parliamentary system in modern days, could have advised a course which they disapproved. They may have thought it perilous, they may have thought it difficult, but though they may have been misled I am convinced they must have felt that it was necessary. Let me

say a word in favor of one with whom I have had no political connection, and to whom I have been placed in constant opposition in this House when he was an honored member of it—I mean Lord Russell. I cannot at all agree with the lively narrative of the right honorable gentleman, according to which Parliamentary Reform was but the creature of Lord John Russell, whose cabinet, controlled by him with the vigor of a Richelieu, at all times disapproved his course; still less can I acknowledge that merely to amuse himself, or in a moment of difficulty to excite some popular sympathy, Lord John Russell was a statesman always with Reform in his pocket, ready to produce it and make a display. How different from that astute and sagacious statesman now at the head of her Majesty's Government, who I almost hoped to have seen in his place this evening. I am sure it would have given the House great pleasure to have seen him here, and the House itself would have assumed a more good-humored appearance. I certainly did hope that the noble lord would have been enabled to be in his place and prepared to support his policy. According to the animated but not quite accurate account of the right honorable gentleman who has just sat down, all that Lord Derby did was to sanction the humor and caprice of Lord John Russell. It is true that Lord John Russell when Prime Minister recommended that her Majesty in the speech from the throne should call the attention of Parliament to the expediency of noticing the condition of our representative system; but Lord John Russell unfortunately shortly afterward retired from his eminent position.

He was succeeded by one of the most considerable statesmen of our days, a statesman not connected with the political school of Lord John Russell, who was called to power

not only with the assistance of Lord John Russell and the leading members of the Whig party, but supported by the whole class of eminent statesmen who had been educated in the same school and under the same distinguished master. This eminent statesman, however, is entirely forgotten. The right honorable gentleman overlooks the fact that Lord Aberdeen, when Prime Minister, and when all the principal places in his Cabinet were filled with the disciples of Sir Robert Peel, did think it his duty to recommend the same counsel to her Majesty. But this is an important, and not the only important, item in the history of the Reform Bill which has been ignored by the right honorable gentleman. The time, however, came when Lord Aberdeen gave place to another statesman, who has been complimented on his sagacity in evading the subject, as if such a course would be a subject for congratulation. Let me vindicate the policy of Lord Palmerston in his absence. He did not evade the question. Lord Palmerston followed the example of Lord John Russell. He followed the example also of Lord Aberdeen, and recommended her Majesty to notice the subject in the speech from the throne. What becomes, then, of the lively narrative of the right honorable gentleman, and what becomes of the inference and conclusions which he drew from it? Not only is his account inaccurate, but it is injurious, as I take it, to the course of sound policy and the honor of public men. Well, now you have three Prime Ministers bringing forward the question of Parliamentary Reform; you have Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, and you have even that statesman who, according to the account of the right honorable gentleman, was so eminent for his sagacity in evading the subject altogether. Now, let me ask the House to consider the position of Lord Derby

when he was called to power, a position which you cannot rightly understand if you accept as correct the fallacious statements of the right honorable gentleman. I will give the House an account of this subject, the accuracy of which I believe neither side will impugn. It may not possibly be without interest, and will not, I am sure, be without significance. Lord Derby was sent for by her Majesty—an unwilling candidate for office, for let me remind the House that at that moment there was an adverse majority of 140 in the House of Commons, and I therefore do not think that Lord Derby was open to any imputation in hesitating to accept political responsibility under such circumstances.

Lord Derby laid these considerations before her Majesty. I speak, of course, with reserve. I say nothing now which I have not said before on the discussion of political subjects in this House. But when a government comes in on Reform and remains in power six years without passing any measure of the kind, it is possible that these circumstances, too, may be lost sight of. Lord Derby advised her Majesty not to form a government under his influence, because there existed so large a majority against him in the House of Commons, and because this question of Reform was placed in such a position that it was impossible to deal with it as he should wish. But it should be remembered that Lord Derby was a member of the famous Cabinet which carried the Reform Bill in 1832. Lord Derby, as Lord Stanley, was in the House of Commons one of the most efficient promoters of the measure. Lord Derby believed that the bill had tended to effect the purpose for which it was designed, and although no man superior to prejudices could fail to see that some who were entitled to the exercise of the franchise were still debarred from the privilege, yet he

could not also fail to perceive the danger which would arise from our tampering with the franchise. On these grounds Lord Derby declined the honor which her Majesty desired to confer upon him, but the appeal was repeated. Under these circumstances it would have been impossible for any English statesman longer to hesitate, but I am bound to say that there was no other contract or understanding further than that which prevails among men, however different their politics, who love their country and wish to maintain its greatness. I am bound to add that there was an understanding at the time existing among men of weight on both sides of the House that the position in which the Reform question was placed was one embarrassing to the crown and not creditable to the House, and that any minister trying his best to deal with it under these circumstances would receive the candid consideration of the House. It was thought, moreover, that a time might possibly arrive when both parties would unite in endeavoring to bring about a solution which would tend to the advantage and benefit of the country. And yet, says the right honorable gentleman, it was only in 1860 that the portentous truth flashed across the mind of the country—only in 1860, after so many ministers had been dealing with the question for so many years. All I can say is that this was the question, and the only question, which engaged the attention of Lord Derby's Cabinet. The question was whether they could secure the franchise for a certain portion of the working classes, who, by their industry, their intelligence, and their integrity, showed that they were worthy of such a possession, without at the same time overwhelming the rest of the constituency by the numbers of those whom they admitted. That, sir, was the only question which occupied the attention of the

government of Lord Derby, and yet the right honorable gentleman says that it was in 1860 that the attention of the public was first called to the subject, when, in fact, the question of Parliamentary Reform had been before them for ten years, and on a greater scale than that embraced by the measure under consideration this evening.

I need not remind the House of the reception which Lord Derby's bill encountered. It is neither my disposition, nor, I am sure, that of any of my colleagues, to complain of the votes of this House on that occasion. Political life must be taken as you find it, and as far as I am concerned not a word shall escape me on the subject. But from the speeches made the first night, and from the speech made by the right honorable gentleman this evening, I believe I am right in vindicating the conduct pursued by the party with which I act. I believe that the measure which we brought forward was the only one which has tended to meet the difficulties which beset this question. Totally irrespective of other modes of dealing with the question, there were two franchises especially proposed on this occasion, which, in my mind, would have done much toward solving the difficulty. The first was the franchise founded upon personal property, and the second the franchise founded upon partial occupation. Those two franchises, irrespective of other modes by which we attempted to meet the want and the difficulty—these two franchises, had they been brought into committee of this House, would, in my opinion, have been so shaped and adapted that they would have effected those objects which the majority of the House desire. We endeavored in that bill to make proposals which were in the genius of the English constitution. We did not consider the constitution a mere phrase. We knew

that the constitution of this country is a monarchy tempered by co-ordinate estates of the realm. We knew that the House of Commons is an estate of the realm; we knew that the estates of the realm form a political body, invested with political power for the government of the country and for the public good; yet we thought that it was a body founded upon privilege and not upon right. It is, therefore, in the noblest and properest sense of the word, an aristocratic body, and from that characteristic the Reform Bill of 1832 did not derogate; and if at this moment we could contrive, as we did in 1859, to add considerably to the number of the constitutent body, we should not change that characteristic, but it would still remain founded upon an aristocratic principle.

Well, now the Secretary of State [Sir G. Grey] has addressed us to-night in a very remarkable speech. He also takes up the history of Reform, and before I touch upon some of the features of that speech it is my duty to refer to the statements which he made with regard to the policy which the government of Lord Derby was prepared to assume after the general election. By a total misrepresentation of the character of the amendment proposed by Lord John Russell, which threw the government of 1858 into a minority, and by quoting a passage from a very long speech of mine in 1859, the right honorable gentleman most dexterously conveyed these two propositions to the House—first, that Lord John Russell had proposed an amendment to our Reform Bill, by which the House declared that no bill could be satisfactory by which the working classes were not admitted to the franchise—one of our main objects being that the working classes should in a great measure be admitted to the franchise; and, secondly, that after the election I was

prepared, as the organ of the government, to give up all the schemes for those franchises founded upon personal property, partial occupation, and other grounds, and to substitute a bill lowering the borough qualification. That conveyed to the House a totally inaccurate idea of the amendment of Lord John Russell. There was not a single word in that amendment about the working classes. There was not a single phrase upon which that issue was raised, nor could it have been raised, because our bill, whether it could have effected the object or not, was a bill which proposed greatly to enfranchise the working classes. And as regards the statement I made, it simply was this. The election was over —we were still menaced, but we, still acting according to our sense of duty, recommended in the royal speech that the question of a reform of Parliament should be dealt with; because I must be allowed to remind the House that whatever may have been our errors, we proposed a bill which we intended to carry. And having once taken up the question as a matter of duty, no doubt greatly influenced by what we considered the unhappy mistakes of our predecessors, and the difficult position in which they had placed Parliament and the country, we determined not to leave the question until it had been settled. But although still menaced, we felt it to be our duty to recommend to her Majesty to introduce the question of Reform when the Parliament of 1859 met; and how were we, except in that spirit of compromise which is the principal characteristic of our political system, how could we introduce a Reform Bill after that election, without in some degree considering the possibility of lowering the borough franchise? But it was not a franchise of £6, but it was an arrangement that was to be taken with the rest of the bill,

and if it had been met in the same spirit we might have retained our places. But, says the right honorable gentleman, pursuing his history of the Reform question, when the government of Lord Derby retired from office "we came in, and we were perfectly sincere in our intentions to carry a Reform Bill; but we experienced such opposition, and never was there such opposition. There was the right honorable gentleman," meaning myself, "he absolutely allowed our bill to be read a second time."

That tremendous reckless opposition to the right honorable gentleman, which allowed the bill to be read a second time, seems to have laid the government prostrate. If he had succeeded in throwing out the bill, the right honorable gentleman and his friends would have been relieved from great embarrassment. But the bill having been read a second time, the government were quite overcome, and it appears they never have recovered from the paralysis up to this time. The right honorable gentleman was good enough to say that the proposition of his government was rather coldly received upon his side of the House, but he said "nobody spoke against it." Nobody spoke against the bill on this side, but I remember some most remarkable speeches from the right honorable gentleman's friends. There was the great city of Edinburgh, represented by acute eloquence of which we never weary, and which again upon the present occasion we have heard; there was the great city of Bristol, represented on that occasion among the opponents, and many other constituencies of equal importance. But the most remarkable speech, which "killed cock robin," was absolutely delivered by one who might be described as almost a member of the government—the Chairman of Ways and Means [Mr. Massey], who, I believe,

spoke from immediately behind the Prime Minister. Did the government express any disapprobation of such conduct? They have promoted him to a great post, and have sent him to India with an income of fabulous amount. And now they are astonished they cannot carry a Reform Bill. If they removed all those among their supporters who oppose such bills by preferring them to posts of great confidence and great lucre, how can they suppose that they will every carry one?

Looking at the policy of the government, I am not at all astonished at the speech which the right honorable gentleman, the Secretary of State, has made this evening. Of which speech I may observe, that although it was remarkable for many things, yet there were two conclusions at which the right honorable gentleman arrived. First, the repudiation of the rights of man, and, next, the repudiation of the £6 franchise. The first is a great relief, and, remembering what the feeling of the House was only a year ago, when, by the dangerous but fascinating eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we were led to believe that the days of Tom Paine had returned, and that Rousseau was to be rivalled by a new social contract, it must be a great relief to every respectable man here to find that not only are we not to have the rights of man, but we are not even to have the 1862 franchise. It is a matter, I think, of great congratulation, and I am ready to give credit to the Secretary of State for the honesty with which he has expressed himself, and I only wish we had had the same frankness, the same honesty we always have, arising from a clear view of his subject, in the first year of the Parliament as we have had in the last. I will follow the example of the right honorable gentleman and his friends. I have not

changed my opinions upon the subject of what is called Parliamentary Reform. All that has occurred, all that I have observed, all the results of my reflections, lead me to this more and more—that the principle upon which the constituencies of this country should be increased is one not of radical, but I may say of lateral reform—the extension of the franchise, not its degradation. And although I do not wish in any way to deny that we were in the most difficult position when the Parliament of 1859 met, being anxious to assist the crown and the Parliament by proposing some moderate measure which men on both sides might support, we did, to a certain extent, agree to some modification of the £10 franchise—to what extent no one knows; but I may say that it would have been one which would not at all have affected the character of the franchise, such as I and my colleagues wished to maintain. Yet I confess that my opinion is opposed, as it originally was, to any course of the kind. I think that it would fail in its object, that it would not secure the introduction of that particular class which we all desire to introduce, but that it would introduce many others who are totally unworthy of the suffrage. But I think it is possible to increase the electoral body of the country by the introduction of voters upon principles in unison with the principles of the Constitution, so that the suffrage should remain a privilege, and not a right—a privilege to be gained by virtue, by intelligence, by industry, by integrity, and to be exercised for the common good of the country. I think if you quit that ground—if you once admit that every man has a right to vote whom you cannot prove to be disqualified—you would change the character of the Constitution, and you would change it in a manner which will tend to lower the importance of this country. Between the scheme

we brought forward and the measure brought forward by the honorable member for Leeds, and the inevitable conclusion which its principal supporters acknowledge it must lead to, it is a question between an aristocratic government in the proper sense of the term—that is, a government by the best men of all classes—and a democracy. I doubt very much whether a democracy is a government that would suit this country; and it is just as well that the House, when coming to a vote on this question, should really consider if that be the real issue, between retaining the present Constitution—not the present constitutional body, but between the present Constitution and a democracy.

It is just as well for the House to recollect that what is at issue is of some price. You must remember, not to use the word profanely, that we are dealing really with a peculiar people. There is no country at the present moment that exists under the circumstances and under the same conditions as the people of this realm. You have, for example, an ancient, powerful, richly-endowed Church, and perfect religious liberty. You have unbroken order and complete freedom. You have estates as large as the Romans; you have a commercial system of enterprise such as Carthage and Venice united never equalled. And you must remember that this peculiar country with these strong contrasts is governed not by force; it is not governed by standing armies—it is governed by a most singular series of traditionary influences, which generation after generation cherishes and preserves because they know that they embalm customs and represent the law. And, with this, what have you done? You have created the greatest empire that ever existed in modern times. You have amassed a capital of fabulous amount. You have devised and sustained a sys-

tem of credit still more marvellous, and above all, you have established and maintained a scheme, so vast and complicated, of labor and industry, that the history of the world offers no parallel to it. And all these mighty creations are out of all proportion to the essential and indigenous elements and resources of the country. If you destroy that state of society, remember this—England cannot begin again.

There are countries which have been in great peril and gone through great suffering; there are the United States, which in our own immediate day have had great trials; you have had—perhaps even now in the States of America you have—a protracted and fratricidal civil war which has lasted for four years; but if it lasted for four years more, vast as would be the disaster and desolation, when ended the United States might begin again, because the United States would only be in the same condition that England was at the end of the War of the Roses, and probably she had not even 3,000,000 of population, with vast tracts of virgin soil and mineral treasures, not only undeveloped but undiscovered. Then you have France. France had a real revolution in our days and those of our predecessors—a real revolution, not merely a political and social revolution. You had the institutions of the country uprooted, the orders of society abolished—you had even the landmarks and local names removed and erased. But France could begin again. France had the greatest spread of the most exuberant soil in Europe; she had, and always had, a very limited population, living in a most simple manner. France, therefore, could begin again. But England—the England we know, the England we live in, the England of which we are proud—could not begin again. I don't

mean to say that after great troubles England would become a howling wilderness. No doubt the good sense of the people would to some degree prevail, and some fragments of the national character would survive; but it would not be the old England—the England of power and tradition, of credit and capital, that now exists. That is not in the nature of things, and, under these circumstances, I hope the House will, when the question before us is one impeaching the character of our Constitution, sanction no step that has a preference for democracy, but that they will maintain the ordered state of free England in which we live. I do not think that in this country generally there is a desire at this moment for any further change in this matter. I think the general opinion of the country on the subject of Parliamentary Reform is that our views are not sufficiently matured on either side. Certainly, so far as I can judge, I cannot refuse the conclusion that such is the condition of honorable gentlemen opposite. We all know the paper circulated among us before Parliament met, on which the speech of the honorable member from Maidstone commented this evening. I quite sympathize with him; it was one of the most interesting contributions to our elegiac literature I have heard for some time. But is it in this House only that we find these indications of the want of maturity in our views upon this subject? Our tables are filled at this moment with propositions of eminent members of the Liberal party—men eminent for character or talent, and for both—and what are these propositions? All devices to counteract the character of the Liberal Reform Bill, to which they are opposed: therefore, it is quite clear, when we read these propositions and speculations, that the mind and intellect of the party have arrived at no conclusions on the subject.

I do not speak of honorable gentlemen with disrespect; I treat them with the utmost respect; I am prepared to give them the greatest consideration; but I ask whether these publications are not proofs that the active intelligence of the Liberal party is itself entirely at sea on the subject?

I may say there has been more consistency, more calmness and consideration on this subject on the part of gentlemen on this side than on the part of those who seem to arrogate to themselves the monopoly of treating this subject. I can, at least, in answer to those who charge us with trifling with the subject, appeal to the recollection of every candid man, and say that we treated it with sincerity —we prepared our measure with care, and submitted it to the House, trusting to its candid consideration—we spared no pains in its preparation: and at this time I am bound to say, speaking for my colleagues, in the main principles on which that bill was founded—namely, the extension of the franchise, not its degradation, will be found the only solution that will ultimately be accepted by the country. Therefore, I cannot say that I look to this question, or that those with whom I act look to it, with any embarrassment. We feel we have done our duty; and it is not without some gratification that I have listened to the candid admissions of many honorable gentlemen who voted against it, that they feel the defeat of that measure by the Liberal party was a great mistake. So far as we are concerned, I repeat, we, as a party, can look to Parliamentary Reform not as an embarrassing subject; but that is no reason why we should agree to the measure of the honorable member for Leeds. It would reflect no credit on the House of Commons. It is a mean device. I give all credit to the honorable member for Leeds for his conscientious feeling; but it would be

a mockery to take this bill; from the failures of the government and the whole of the circumstances that attended it, it is of that character that I think the House will best do its duty to the country, and will best meet the constituencies with a very good understanding, if they reject the measure by a decided majority.

"CONSERVATISM"

MANCHESTER, APRIL 3, 1872

GENTLEMEN—The chairman has correctly reminded you that this is not the first time that my voice has been heard in this hall. But that was an occasion very different from that which now assembles us together—was nearly thirty years ago, when I endeavored to support and stimulate the flagging energies of an institution in which I thought there were the germs of future refinement and intellectual advantage to the rising generation of Manchester, and since I have been here on this occasion I have learned with much gratification that it is now counted among your most flourishing institutions. There was also another and more recent occasion when the gracious office fell to me to distribute among the members of the Mechanics' Institution those prizes which they had gained through their study in letters and in science. Gentlemen, these were pleasing offices, and if life consisted only of such offices you would not have to complain of it. But life has its masculine duties, and we are assembled here to fulfil some of the most important of these, when, as citizens of a free country, we are assembled together to declare our determination to maintain,

to uphold the Constitution to which we are debtors, in our opinion, for our freedom and our welfare.

Gentlemen, there seems at first something incongruous that one should be addressing the population of so influential and intelligent a county as Lancashire who is not locally connected with them, and, gentlemen, I will frankly admit that this circumstance did for a long time make me hesitate in accepting your cordial and generous invitation. But, gentlemen, after what occurred yesterday, after receiving more than two hundred addresses from every part of this great county, after the welcome which then greeted me, I feel that I should not be doing justice to your feelings, I should not do my duty to myself, if I any longer consider my presence here to-night to be an act of presumption. Gentlemen, though it may not be an act of presumption, it still is, I am told, an act of great difficulty. Our opponents assure us that the Conservative party has no political programme; and, therefore, they must look with much satisfation to one whom you honor to-night by considering him the leader and representative of your opinions when he comes forward, at your invitation, to express to you what that programme is. The Conservative party are accused of having no programme of policy. If by a programme is meant a plan to despoil churches and plunder landlords, I admit we have no programme. If by a programme is meant a policy which assails or menaces every institution and every interest, every class and every calling in the country, I admit we have no programme. But if to have a policy with distinct ends, and these such as most deeply interest the great body of the nation, be a becoming programme for a political party, then I contend we have an adequate programme, and one

which, here or elsewhere, I shall always be prepared to assert and to vindicate.

Gentlemen, the programme of the Conservative party is to maintain the Constitution of the country. I have not come down to Manchester to deliver an essay on the English Constitution; but when the banner of Republicanism is unfurled—when the fundamental principles of our institutions are controverted—I think, perhaps, it may not be inconvenient that I should make some few practical remarks upon the character of our Constitution—upon that monarchy limited by the co-ordinate authority of the estates of the realm, which, under the title of Queen, Lords, and Commons, has contributed so greatly to the prosperity of this country, and with the maintenance of which I believe that prosperity is bound up.

Gentlemen, since the settlement of that Constitution, now nearly two centuries ago, England has never experienced a revolution, though there is no country in which there has been so continuous and such considerable change. How is this? Because the wisdom of your forefathers placed the prize of supreme power without the sphere of human passions. Whatever the struggle of parties, whatever the strife of factions, whatever the excitement and exaltation of the public mind, there has always been something in this country round which all classes and parties could rally, representing the majesty of the law, the administration of justice, and involving, at the same time, the security for every man's rights and the fountain of honor. Now, gentlemen, it is well clearly to comprehend what is meant by a country not having a revolution for two centuries. It means, for that space, the unbroken exercise and enjoyment of the ingenuity of man. It means for that space the

continuous application of the discoveries of science to his comfort and convenience. It means the accumulation of capital, the elevation of labor, the establishment of those admirable factories which cover your district; the unwearied improvement of the cultivation of the land, which has extracted from a somewhat churlish soil harvests more exuberant than those furnished by lands nearer to the sun. It means the continuous order which is the only parent of personal liberty and political right. And you owe all these, gentlemen, to the throne.

There is another powerful and most beneficial influence which is also exercised by the crown. Gentlemen, I am a party man. I believe that, without party, parliamentary government is impossible. I look upon parliamentary government as the noblest government in the world, and certainly the one most suited to England. But without the discipline of political connection, animated by the principle of private honor, I feel certain that a popular assembly would sink before the power or the corruption of a minister. Yet, gentlemen, I am not blind to the faults of party government. It has one great defect. Party has a tendency to warp the intelligence, and there is no minister, however resolved he may be in treating a great public question, who does not find some difficulty in emancipating himself from the traditionary prejudice on which he has long acted. It is, therefore, a great merit in our Constitution, that before a minister introduces a measure to Parliament, he must submit it to an intelligence superior to all party, and entirely free from influences of that character.

I know it will be said, gentlemen, that, however beautiful in theory, the personal influence of the sovereign is now absorbed in the responsibility of the minister. Gentle-

men, I think you will find there is great fallacy in this view. The principles of the English Constitution do not contemplate the absence of personal influence on the part of the sovereign; and if they did, the principles of human nature would prevent the fulfilment of such a theory. Gentlemen, I need not tell you that I am now making on this subject abstract observations of general application to our institutions and our history. But take the case of a sovereign of England who accedes to his throne at the earliest age the law permits, and who enjoys a long reign—take an instance like that of George III. From the earliest moment of his accession that sovereign is placed in constant communication with the most able statesmen of the period, and of all parties. Even with average ability it is impossible not to perceive that such a sovereign must soon attain a great mass of political information and political experience. Information and experience, gentlemen, whether they are possessed by a sovereign or by the humblest of his subjects, are irresistible in life. No man with the vast responsibility that devolves upon an English minister can afford to treat with indifference a suggestion that has not occurred to him, or information with which he had not been previously supplied. But, gentlemen, pursue this view of the subject. The longer the reign, the influence of that sovereign must proportionately increase. All the illustrious statesmen who served his youth disappear. A new generation of public servants rises up, there is a critical conjunction in affairs—a moment of perplexity and peril. Then it is that the sovereign can appeal to a similar state of affairs that occurred perhaps thirty years before. When all are in doubt among his servants, he can quote the advice that was given by the illustrious men of his early

years, and, though he may maintain himself within the strictest limits of the Constitution, who can suppose, when such information and such suggestions are made by the most exalted person in the country, that they can be without effect? No, gentlemen; a minister who could venture to treat such influence with indifference would not be a constitutional minister, but an arrogant idiot.

Gentlemen, the influence of the crown is not confined merely to political affairs. England is a domestic country. Here the home is revered and the hearth is sacred. The nation is represented by a family—the royal family; and if that family is educated with a sense of responsibility and a sentiment of public duty, it is difficult to exaggerate the salutary influence they may exercise over a nation. It is not merely an influence upon manners; it is not merely that they are a model for refinement and for good taste—they affect the heart as well as the intelligence of the people; and in the hour of public adversity, or in the anxious conjuncture of public affairs, the nation rallies round the family and the throne, and its spirit is animated and sustained by the expression of public affection. Gentlemen, there is yet one other remark that I would make upon our monarchy, though had it not been for recent circumstances, I should have refrained from doing so. An attack has recently been made upon the throne on account of the costliness of the institution. Gentlemen, I shall not dwell upon the fact that if the people of England appreciate the monarchy, as I believe they do, it would be painful to them that their royal and representative family should not be maintained with becoming dignity, or fill in the public eye a position inferior to some of the noblest of the land. Nor will I insist upon what is unquestionably the fact, that the revenues of

the crown estates, on which our sovereign might live with as much right as the Duke of Bedford, or the Duke of Northumberland, has to his estates, are now paid into the public exchequer. All this, upon the present occasion, I am not going to insist upon. What I now say is this: that there is no sovereignty of any first-rate state which costs so little to the people as the sovereignty of England. I will not compare our civil list with those of European empires, because it is known that in amount they treble and quadruple it; but I will compare it with the cost of sovereignty in a republic, and that a republic with which you are intimately acquainted—the republic of the United States of America.

Gentlemen, there is no analogy between the position of our sovereign, Queen Victoria, and that of the President of the United States. The President of the United States is not the sovereign of the United States. There is a very near analogy between the position of the President of the United States and that of the Prime Minister of England, and both are paid at much the same rate —the income of a second-class professional man. The sovereign of the United States is the people; and I will now show you what the sovereignty of the United States costs. Gentlemen, you are aware of the constitution of the United States. There are thirty-seven independent States, each with a sovereign Legislature. Besides these, there is a confederation of States, to conduct their external affairs, which consists of the House of Representatives and a Senate. There are two hundred and eighty-five members of the House of Representatives, and there are seventy-four members of the Senate, making altogether three hundred and fifty-nine members of Congress. Now each

member of Congress receives £1,000 sterling per annum. In addition to this he receives an allowance called "mileage," which varies according to the distance which he travels, but the aggregate cost of which is about £30,000 per annum. That makes £389,000, almost the exact amount of our civil list.

But this, gentlemen, will allow you to make only a very imperfect estimate of the cost of sovereignty in the United States. Every member of every Legislature in the thirty-seven States is also paid. There are, I believe, five thousand and ten members of State Legislatures, who receive about $350 per annum each. As some of the returns are imperfect, the average which I have given of expenditure may be rather high, and therefore I have not counted the mileage, which is also universally allowed. Five thousand and ten members of State Legislatures at $350 each make $1,753,500, or £350,700 sterling a year. So you see, gentlemen, that the immediate expenditure for the sovereignty of the United States is between £700,000 and £800,000 a year. Gentlemen, I have not time to pursue this interesting theme, otherwise I could show that you have still but imperfectly ascertained the cost of sovereignty in a republic. But, gentlemen, I cannot resist giving out one further illustration.

The government of this country is considerably carried on by the aid of royal commissions. So great is the increase of public business that it would be probably impossible for a minister to carry on affairs without this assistance. The Queen of England can command for these objects the services of the most experienced statesmen, and men of the highest position in society. If necessary, she can summon to them distinguished scholars or men most celebrated in

science and in arts; and she receives from them services that are unpaid. They are only too proud to be described in the commission as her Majesty's "trusty councillors"; and if any member of these commissions performs some transcendent services, both of thought and of labor, he is munificently rewarded by a public distinction conferred upon him by the fountain of honor. Gentlemen, the government of the United States has, I believe, not less availed itself of the services of commissions than the government of the United Kingdom; but in a country where there is no fountain of honor, every member of these commissions is paid.

Gentlemen, I trust I have now made some suggestions to you respecting the monarchy of England which at least may be so far serviceable that when we are separated they may not be altogether without advantage; and now, gentlemen, I would say something on the subject of the House of Lords. It is not merely the authority of the throne that is now disputed, but the character and the influence of the House of Lords that are held up by some to public disregard. Gentlemen, I shall not stop for a moment to offer you any proofs of the advantage of a second chamber; and for this reason. That subject has been discussed now for a century, ever since the establishment of the government of the United States, and all great authorities, American, German, French, Italian, have agreed in this, that a representative government is impossible without a second chamber. And it has been, especially of late, maintained by great political writers in all countries, that the repeated failure of what is called the French republic is mainly to be ascribed to its not having a second chamber.

But, gentlemen, however anxious foreign countries have

been to enjoy this advantage, that anxiety has only been equalled by the difficulty which they have found in fulfilling their object. How is a second chamber to be constituted? By nominees of the sovereign power? What influence can be exercised by a chamber of nominees? Are they to be bound by popular election? In what manner are they to be elected? If by the same constituency as the popular body, what claim have they, under such circumstances, to criticise or to control the decisions of that body? If they are to be elected by a more select body, qualified by a higher franchise, there immediately occurs the objection, why should the majority be governed by the minority? The United States of America were fortunate in finding a solution of this difficulty; but the United States of America had elements to deal with which never occurred before, and never probably will occur again, because they formed their illustrious Senate from materials that were offered them by the thirty-seven States. We, gentlemen, have the House of Lords, an assembly which has historically developed and periodically adapted itself to the wants and necessities of the times.

What, gentlemen, is the first quality which is required in a second chamber? Without doubt, independence. What is the best foundation of independence? Without doubt, property. The Prime Minister of England has only recently told you, and I believe he spoke quite accurately, that the average income of the members of the House of Lords is £20,000 per annum. Of course there are some who have more, and some who have less; but the influence of a public assembly, so far as property is concerned, depends upon its aggregate property, which, in the present case, is a revenue of £9,000,000 a year. But, gentlemen,

you must look to the nature of this property. It is visible property, and therefore it is responsible property, which every ratepayer in the room knows to his cost. But, gentlemen, it is not only visible property; it is, generally speaking, territorial property; and one of the elements of territorial property is, that it is representative. Now, for illustration, suppose—which God forbid!—there was no House of Commons, and any Englishman—I will take him from either end of the island—a Cumberland, or a Cornish man, finds himself aggrieved, the Cumbrian says: "This conduct I experience is most unjust. I know a Cumberland man in the House of Lords, the Earl of Carlisle or the Earl of Lonsdale; I will go to him; he will never see a Cumberland man ill-treated." The Cornish man will say: "I will go to Lord of Port Eliot; his family have sacrificed themselves before this for the liberties of Englishmen, and he will get justice done me."

But, gentlemen, the charge against the House of Lords is that the dignities are hereditary, and we are told that if we have a House of Peers they should be peers for life. There are great authorities in favor of this, and even my noble friend near me [Lord Derby], the other day, gave in his adhesion to a limited application of this principle. Now, gentlemen, in the first place, let me observe that every peer is a peer for life, as he cannot be a peer after his death; but some peers for life are succeeded in their dignities by their children. The question arises, who is most responsible—a peer for life whose dignities are not descendible, or a peer for life whose dignities are hereditary? Now, gentlemen, a peer for life is in a very strong position. He says: "Here I am; I have got power and I will exercise it." I have no doubt that, on the whole, a

peer for life would exercise it for what he deemed was the public good. Let us hope that. But, after all, he might and could exercise it according to his own will. Nobody can call him to account; he is independent of everybody. But a peer for life whose dignities descend is in a very different position. He has every inducement to study public opinion, and, when he believes it just, to yield; because he naturally feels that if the order to which he belongs is in constant collision with public opinion, the chances are that his dignities will not descend to his posterity.

Therefore, gentlemen, I am not prepared myself to believe that a solution of any difficulties in the public mind on this subject is to be found by creating peers for life. I know there are some philosophers who believe that the best substitute for the House of Lords would be an assembly formed of ex-governors of colonies. I have not sufficient experience on that subject to give a decided opinion upon it. When the Muse of Comedy threw her frolic grace over society, a retired governor was generally one of the characters in every comedy; and the last of our great actors—who, by the way, was a great favorite at Manchester—Mr. Farren, was celebrated for his delineation of the character in question. Whether it be the recollection of that performance or not, I confess I am inclined to believe that an English gentleman—born to business, managing his own estate, administering the affairs of his county, mixing with all classes of his fellowmen, now in the hunting-field, now in the railway direction, unaffected, unostentatious, proud of his ancestors, if they have contributed to the greatness of our common country—is, on the whole, more likely to form a Senator agreeable to English opinion and English taste than any substitute that has yet been produced.

Gentlemen, let me make one observation more on the subject of the House of Lords before I conclude. There is some advantage in political experience. I remember the time when there was a similar outcry against the House of Lords, but much more intense and powerful; and, gentlemen, it arose from the same cause. A Liberal government had been installed in office, with an immense Liberal majority. They proposed some violent measures. The House of Lords modified some, delayed others, and some they threw out. Instantly there was a cry to abolish or to reform the House of Lords, and the greatest popular orator [Daniel O'Connell] that probably ever existed was sent on a pilgrimage over England to excite the people in favor of this opinion. What happened? That happened, gentlemen, which may happen to-morrow. There was a dissolution of Parliament. The great Liberal majority vanished. The balance of parties was restored. It was discovered that the House of Lords had behind them at least half of the English people. We heard no more cries for their abolition or their reform, and before two years more passed England was really governed by the House of Lords, under the wise influence of the Duke of Wellington and the commanding eloquence of Lyndhurst; and such was the enthusiasm of the nation in favor of the second chamber that at every public meeting its health was drunk, with the additional sentiment, for which we are indebted to one of the most distinguished members that ever represented the House of Commons: "Thank God, there is the House of Lords."

Gentlemen, you will, perhaps, not be surprised that, having made some remarks upon the monarchy and the House of Lords, I should say something respecting that House in which I have literally passed the greater part of

my life, and to which I am devotedly attached. It is not likely, therefore, that I should say anything to depreciate the legitimate position and influence of the House of Commons. Gentlemen, it is said that the diminished power of the throne and the assailed authority of the House of Lords are owing to the increased power of the House of Commons, and the new position which of late years, and especially during the last forty years, it has assumed in the English constitution. Gentlemen, the main power of the House of Commons depends upon its command over the public purse, and its control of the public expenditure; and if that power is possessed by a party which has a large majority in the House of Commons, the influence of the House of Commons is proportionately increased, and, under some circumstances, becomes more predominant. But, gentlemen, this power of the House of Commons is not a power which has been created by any reform act, from the days of Lord Grey, in 1832, to 1867. It is the power which the House of Commons has enjoyed for centuries, which it has frequently asserted and sometimes even tyrannically exercised. Gentlemen, the House of Commons represents the constituencies of England, and I am here to show you that no addition to the elements of that constituency has placed the House of Commons in a different position with regard to the throne and the House of Lords from that it has always constitutionally occupied.

Gentlemen, we speak now on this subject with great advantage. We recently have had published authentic documents upon this matter which are highly instructive. We have, for example, just published the census of Great Britain, and we are now in possession of the last registration of voters for the United Kingdom. Gentlemen, it appears

that by the census the population at this time is about 32,000,000. It is shown by the last registration that, after making the usual deductions for deaths, removals, double entries, and so on, the constituency of the United Kingdom may be placed at 2,200,000. So, gentlemen, it at once appears that there are 30,000,000 people in this country who are as much represented by the House of Lords as by the House of Commons, and who, for the protection of their rights, must depend upon them and the majesty of the throne. And now, gentlemen, I will tell you what was done by the last Reform Act.

Lord Grey, in his measure of 1832, which was no doubt a statesmanlike measure, committed a great, and for a time it appeared an irretrievable, error. By that measure he fortified the legitimate influence of the aristocracy, and accorded to the middle classes great and salutary franchises; but he not only made no provision for the representation of the working classes in the Constitution, but he absolutely abolished those ancient franchises which the working classes had peculiarly enjoyed and exercised from time immemorial. Gentlemen, that was the origin of Chartism, and of that electoral uneasiness which existed in this country more or less for thirty years.

The Liberal party, I feel it my duty to say, had not acted fairly by this question. In their adversity they held out hopes to the working classes, but when they had a strong government they laughed their vows to scorn. In 1848 there was a French revolution, and a republic was established. No one can have forgotten what the effect was in this country. I remember the day when not a woman could leave her house in London, and when cannon were planted on Westminster Bridge. When Lord Derby

became Prime Minister affairs had arrived at such a point that it was of the first moment that the question should be sincerely dealt with. He had to encounter great difficulties, but he accomplished his purpose with the support of a united party. And, gentlemen, what has been the result? A year ago there was another revolution in France, and a republic was again established of the most menacing character. What happened in this country? You could not get half a dozen men to assemble in a street and grumble. Why? Because the people had got what they wanted. They were content, and they were grateful.

But, gentlemen, the constitution of England is not merely a constitution in State, it is a constitution in Church and State. The wisest sovereigns and statesmen have ever been anxious to connect authority with religion—some to increase their power, some, perhaps, to mitigate its exercise. But the same difficulty has been experienced in effecting this union which has been experienced in forming a second chamber—either the spiritual power has usurped upon the civil, and established a sacerdotal society, or the civil power has invaded successfully the rights of the spiritual, and the ministers of religion have been degraded into stipendiaries of the State and instruments of the government. In England we accomplish this great result by an alliance between Church and State, between two originally independent powers. I will not go into the history of that alliance, which is rather a question for those archæological societies which occasionally amuse and instruct the people of this city. Enough for me that this union was made and has contributed for centuries to the civilization of this country. Gentlemen, there is the same assault against the Church of England and the union between the State and

the Church as there is against the monarchy and against the House of Lords. It is said that the existence of nonconformity proves that the Church is a failure. I draw from these premises an exactly contrary conclusion; and I maintain that to have secured a national profession of faith with the unlimited enjoyment of private judgment in matters spiritual, is the solution of the most difficult problem, and one of the triumphs of civilization.

It is said that the existence of parties in the Church also proves its incompetence. On that matter, too, I entertain a contrary opinion. Parties have always existed in the Church; and some have appealed to them as arguments in favor of its divine institution, because, in the services and doctrines of the Church have been found representatives of every mood in the human mind. Those who are influenced by ceremonies find consolation in forms which secure to them the beauty of holiness. Those who are not satisfied except with enthusiasm find in its ministrations the exaltation they require, while others who believe that the "anchor of faith" can never be safely moored except in the dry sands of reason find a religion within the pale of the Church which can boast of its irrefragable logic and its irresistible evidence.

Gentlemen, I am inclined sometimes to believe that those who advocate the abolition of the union between Church and State have not carefully considered the consequences of such a course. The Church is a powerful corporation of many millions of her Majesty's subjects, with a consummate organization and wealth which in its aggregate is vast. Restricted and controlled by the State, so powerful a corporation may be only fruitful of public advantage, but it becomes a great question what might be

the consequences of the severance of the controlling tie between these two bodies. The State would be enfeebled, but the Church would probably be strengthened. Whether that is a result to be desired is a grave question for all men. For my own part, I am bound to say that I doubt whether it would be favorable to the cause of civil and religious liberty. I know that there is a common idea that if the union between Church and State was severed, the wealth of the Church would revert to the State; but it would be well to remember that the great proportion of ecclesiastical property is the property of individuals. Take, for example, the fact that the great mass of Church patronage is patronage in the hands of private persons. That you could not touch without compensation to the patrons. You have established that principle in your late Irish bill, where there was very little patronage. And in the present state of the public mind on the subject, there is very little doubt that there would be scarcely a patron in England—irrespective of other aid the Church would receive—who would not dedicate his compensation to the spiritual wants of his neighbors.

It was computed some years ago that the property of the Church in this manner, if the union was terminated, would not be less than between £80,000,000 and £90,000,000, and since that period the amount of private property dedicated to the purposes of the Church has very largely increased. I therefore trust that when the occasion offers for the country to speak out, it will speak out in an unmistakable manner on this subject; and, recognizing the inestimable services of the Church, that it will call upon the government to maintain its union with the State. Upon this subject there is one remark I would make.

Nothing is more surprising to me than the plea on which the present outcry is made against the Church of England. I could not believe that in the nineteenth century the charge against the Church of England should be that churchmen, and especially the clergy, had educated the people. If I were to fix upon one circumstance more than another which redounded to the honor of churchmen, it is that they should fulfil this noble office; and, next to being "the stewards of divine mysteries," I think the greatest distinction of the clergy is the admirable manner in which they have devoted their lives and their fortunes to this greatest of national objects.

Gentlemen, you are well acquainted in this city with this controversy. It was in this city—I don't know whether it was not in this hall—that that remarkable meeting was held of the Nonconformists to effect important alterations in the Education Act, and you are acquainted with the discussion in Parliament which arose in consequence of that meeting. Gentlemen, I have due and great respect for the Nonconformist body. I acknowledge their services to their country, and though I believe that the political reasons which mainly called them into existence have entirely ceased, it is impossible not to treat with consideration a body which has been eminent for its conscience, its learning, and its patriotism; but I must express my mortification that, from a feeling of envy or of pique, the Nonconformist body, rather than assist the Church in its great enterprise, should absolutely have become the partisans of a merely secular education. I believe myself, gentlemen, that without the recognition of a superintending Providence in the affairs of this world all national education will be disastrous, and I feel confident

that it is impossible to stop at that mere recognition. Religious education is demanded by the nation generally and by the instincts of human nature. I should like to see the Church and the Nonconformists work together; but I trust, whatever may be the result, the country will stand by the Church in its efforts to maintain the religious education of the people. Gentlemen, I foresee yet trials for the Church of England; but I am confident in its future. I am confident in its future because I believe there is now a very general feeling that to be national it must be comprehensive. I will not use the word "broad," because it is an epithet applied to a system with which I have no sympathy. But I would wish churchmen, and especially the clergy, always to remember that in our "Father's home there are many mansions," and I believe that comprehensive spirit is perfectly consistent with the maintenance of formularies and the belief in dogmas without which I hold no practical religion can exist.

Gentlemen, I have now endeavored to express to you my general views upon the most important subjects that can interest Englishmen. They are subjects upon which, in my mind, a man should speak with frankness and clearness to his countrymen, and although I do not come down here to make a party speech, I am bound to say that the manner in which those subjects are treated by the leading subject of this realm is to me most unsatisfactory. Although the Prime Minister of England is always writing letters and making speeches, and particularly on these topics, he seems to me ever to send forth an "uncertain sound." If a member of Parliament announces himself a Republican, Mr. Gladstone takes the earliest opportunity of describing him as a "fellow-worker" in public life. If an inconsiderate

multitude calls for the abolition or reform of the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone says that it is no easy task, and that he must think once or twice, or perhaps even thrice, before he can undertake it. If your neighbor, the member for Bradford, Mr. Miall, brings forward a motion in the House of Commons for the severance of Church and State, Mr. Gladstone assures Mr. Miall with the utmost courtesy that he believes the opinion of the House of Commons is against him, but that if Mr. Miall wishes to influence the House of Commons he must address the people out of doors; whereupon Mr. Miall immediately calls a public meeting, and alleges as its cause the advice he has just received from the Prime Minister.

But, gentlemen, after all, the test of political institutions is the condition of the country whose fortunes they regulate; and I do not mean to evade that test. You are the inhabitants of an island of no colossal size; which, geographically speaking, was intended by nature as the appendage of some continental empire—either of Gauls and Franks on the other side of the Channel, or of Teutons and Scandinavians beyond the German Sea. Such, indeed, and for a long period, was your early history. You were invaded; you were pillaged and you were conquered; yet amid all these disgraces and vicissitudes there was gradually formed that English race which has brought about a very different state of affairs. Instead of being invaded, your land is proverbially the only "inviolate land"—"the inviolate land of the sage and free." Instead of being plundered, you have attracted to your shores all the capital of the world. Instead of being conquered, your flag floats on many waters, and your standard waves in either zone. It may be said that these achievements are due to the race

that inhabited the land, and not to its institutions. Gentlemen, in political institutions are the embodied experiences of a race. You have established a society of classes which give vigor and variety to life. But no class possesses a single exclusive privilege, and all are equal before the law. You possess a real aristocracy, open to all who desire to enter it. You have not merely a middle class, but a hierarchy of middle classes, in which every degree of wealth, refinement, industry, energy, and enterprise is duly represented.

And now, gentlemen, what is the condition of the great body of the people? In the first place, gentlemen, they have for centuries been in the full enjoyment of that which no other country in Europe has ever completely attained—complete rights of personal freedom. In the second place, there has been a gradual, and therefore a wise, distribution on a large scale of political rights. Speaking with reference to the industries of this great part of the country, I can personally contrast it with the condition of the working classes forty years ago. In that period they have attained two results—the raising of their wages and the diminution of their toil. Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man. That the working classes of Lancashire and Yorkshire have proved not unworthy of these boons may be easily maintained; but their progress and elevation have been during this interval wonderfully aided and assisted by three causes, which are not so distinctively attributable to their own energies. The first is the revolution in locomotion, which has opened the world to the working man, which has enlarged the horizon of his experience, increased his knowledge of nature and of art, and added immensely to the salutary recreation, amusement, and

pleasure of his existence. The second cause is the cheap postage, the moral benefits of which cannot be exaggerated. And the third is that unshackled press which has furnished him with endless sources of instruction, information, and amusement.

Gentlemen, if you would permit me, I would now make an observation upon another class of the laboring population. This is not a civic assembly, although we meet in a city. That was for convenience, but the invitation which I received was to meet the county and all the boroughs of Lancashire; and I wish to make a few observations upon the condition of the agricultural laborer. That is a subject which now greatly attracts public attention. And, in the first place, to prevent any misconception, I beg to express my opinion that an agricultural laborer has as much right to combine for the bettering of his condition as a manufacturing laborer or a worker in metals. If the causes of his combination are natural—that is to say, if they arise from his own feelings and from the necessities of his own condition—the combination will end in results mutually beneficial to employers and employed. If, on the other hand, it is factitious and he is acted upon by extraneous influences and extraneous ideas, the combination will produce, I fear, much loss and misery both to employers and employed; and after a time he will find himself in a similar, or in a worse, position.

Gentlemen, in my opinion, the farmers of England cannot, as a body, afford to pay higher wages than they do, and those who will answer me by saying that they must find their ability by the reduction of rents are, I think, involving themselves with economic laws which may prove too difficult for them to cope with. The profits of a farmer

are very moderate. The interest upon capital invested in land is the smallest that any property furnishes. The farmer will have his profits and the investor in land will have his interest, even though they may be obtained at the cost of changing the mode of the cultivation of the country. Gentlemen, I should deeply regret to see the tillage of this country reduced, and a recurrence to pasture take place. I should regret it principally on account of the agricultural laborers themselves. Their new friends call them Hodge, and describe them as a stolid race. I must say that, from my experience of them, they are sufficiently shrewd and open to reason. I would say to them with confidence, as the great Athenian said to the Spartan who rudely assailed him: "Strike, but hear me."

First, a change in the cultivation of the soil of this country would be very injurious to the laboring class; and second, I am of opinion that that class, instead of being stationary, has made, if not as much progress as the manufacturing class, very considerable progress during the last forty years. Many persons write and speak about the agricultural laborer with not so perfect a knowledge of his condition as is desirable. They treat him always as a human being who in every part of the country finds himself in an identical condition. Now, on the contrary, there is no class of laborers in which there is greater variety of condition than that of the agricultural laborers. It changes from north to south, from east to west, and from county to county. It changes even in the same county, where there is an alteration of soil and of configuration. The hind in Northumberland is in a very different condition from the famous Dorsetshire laborer; the tiller of the soil in Lincolnshire is different from his fellow-agriculturalist in Sussex. What the effect

of manufactures is upon the agricultural districts in their neighborhood it would be presumption in me to dwell upon; your own experience must tell you whether the agricultural laborer in North Lancashire, for example, has had no rise in wages and no diminution in toil. Take the case of the Dorsetshire laborer—the whole of the agricultural laborers on the southwestern coast of England for a very long period worked only half the time of the laborers in other parts of England, and received only half the wages. In the experience of many, I dare say, who are here present, even thirty years ago a Dorsetshire laborer never worked after three o'clock in the day; and why? Because the whole of that part of England was demoralized by smuggling. No one worked after three o'clock in the day, for a very good reason—because he had to work at night. No farmer allowed his team to be employed after three o'clock, because he reserved his horses to take his illicit cargo at night and carry it rapidly into the interior. Therefore, as the men were employed and remunerated otherwise, they got into a habit of half work and half play so far as the land was concerned, and when smuggling was abolished—and it has only been abolished for thirty years—these imperfect habits of labor continued, and do even now continue to a great extent. That is the origin of the condition of the agricultural laborer in the southwestern part of England.

But now, gentlemen, I want to test the condition of the agricultural laborer generally; and I will take a part of England with which I am familiar, and can speak as to the accuracy of the facts—I mean the group described as the south-midland counties. The conditions of labor there are the same, or pretty nearly the same, throughout. The group may be described as a strictly agricultural com-

munity, and they embrace a population of probably a million and a half. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that the improvement in their lot during the last forty years has been progressive and is remarkable. I attribute it to three causes. In the first place, the rise in their money wages is no less than fifteen per cent. The second great cause of their improvement is the almost total disappearance of excessive and exhausting toil, from the general introduction of machinery. I don't know whether I could get a couple of men who could or, if they could, would thresh a load of wheat in my neighborhood. The third great cause which has improved their condition is the very general, not to say universal, institution of allotment grounds. Now, gentlemen, when I find that this has been the course of affairs in our very considerable and strictly agricultural portion of the country, where there have been no exceptional circumstances, like smuggling, to degrade and demoralize the race, I cannot resist the conviction that the condition of the agricultural laborers, instead of being stationary, as we are constantly told by those not acquainted with them, has been one of progressive improvement, and that in those counties—and they are many—where the stimulating influence of a manufacturing neighborhood acts upon the land, the general conclusion at which I arrive is that the agricultural laborer has had his share in the advance of national prosperity. Gentlemen, I am not here to maintain that there is nothing to be done to increase the well-being of the working classes of this country, generally speaking. There is not a single class in the country which is not susceptible of improvement; and that makes the life and animation of our society. But in all we do we must remember, as my noble friend told them at Liverpool, that

much depends upon the working classes themselves; and what I know of the working classes in Lancashire makes me sure that they will respond to this appeal. Much, also, may be expected from that sympathy between classes which is a distinctive feature of the present day; and, in the last place, no inconsiderable results may be obtained by judicious and prudent legislation. But, gentlemen, in attempting to legislate upon social matters, the great object is to be practical—to have before us some distinct aims and some distinct means by which they can be accomplished.

Gentlemen, I think public attention as regards these matters ought to be concentrated upon sanitary legislation. That is a wide subject, and, if properly treated, comprises almost every consideration which has a just claim upon legislative interference. Pure air, pure water, the inspection of unhealthy habitations, the adulteration of food—these and many kindred matters may be legitimately dealt with by the legislature; and I am bound to say the legislature is not idle upon them; for we have at this time two important measures before Parliament on the subject. One—by a late colleague of mine, Sir Charles Adderley—is a large and comprehensive measure, founded upon a sure basis, for it consolidates all existing public acts, and improves them. A prejudice has been raised against that proposal, by stating that it interferes with the private acts of the great towns. I take this opportunity of contradicting that. The bill of Sir Charles Adderley does not touch the acts of the great towns. It only allows them, if they think fit, to avail themselves of its new provisions.

The other measure by the government is of a partial character. What it comprises is good, so far as it goes, but it shrinks from that bold consolidation of existing

acts which I think one of the great merits of Sir Charles Adderley's bill, which permits us to become acquainted with how much may be done in favor of sanitary improvement by existing provisions. Gentlemen, I cannot impress upon you too strongly my conviction of the importance of the legislature and society uniting together in favor of these important results. A great scholar and a great wit, three hundred years ago, said that, in his opinion, there was a great mistake in the Vulgate, which, as you all know, is the Latin translation of the Holy Scriptures, and that, instead of saying "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"—*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*—the wise and witty king really said: "*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas.*" Gentlemen, it is impossible to overrate the importance of the subject. After all, the first consideration of a minister should be the health of the people. A land may be covered with historic trophies, with museums of science and galleries of art, with universities and with libraries; the people may be civilized and ingenious; the country may be even famous in the annals and action of the world, but, gentlemen, if the population every ten years decreases, and the stature of the race every ten years diminishes, the history of that country will soon be the history of the past.

Gentlemen, I said I had not come here to make a party speech. I have addressed you upon subjects of grave, and I will venture to believe of general, interest; but to be here and altogether silent upon the present state of public affairs would not be respectful to you, and, perhaps, on the whole, would be thought incongruous. Gentlemen, I cannot pretend that our position either at home or abroad is in my opinion satisfactory. At home, at a period of immense prosperity, with a people contented and naturally loyal,

we find to our surprise the most extravagant doctrines professed and the fundamental principles of our most valuable institutions impugned, and that, too, by persons of some authority. Gentlemen, this startling inconsistency is accounted for, in my mind, by the circumstances under which the present administration was formed. It is the first instance in my knowledge of a British administration being avowedly formed on a principle of violence. It is unnecessary for me to remind you of the circumstances which preceded the formation of that government. You were the principal scene and theatre of the development of statesmanship that then occurred. You witnessed the incubation of the portentous birth. You remember when you were informed that the policy to secure the prosperity of Ireland and the content of Irishmen was a policy of sacrilege and confiscation. Gentlemen, when Ireland was placed under the wise and able administration of Lord Abercorn, Ireland was prosperous, and I may say content. But there happened at that time a very peculiar conjuncture in politics. The Civil War in America had just ceased; and a band of military adventurers—Poles, Italians, and many Irishmen—concocted in New York a conspiracy to invade Ireland, with the belief that the whole country would rise to welcome them. How that conspiracy was baffled—how those plots were confounded, I need not now remind you. For that we were mainly indebted to the eminent qualities of a great man who has just left us. You remember how the constituencies were appealed to to vote against the government which had made so unfit an appointment as that of Lord Mayo to the viceroyalty of India. It was by his great qualities when Secretary for Ireland, by his vigilance, his courage,

his patience, and his perseverance that this conspiracy was defeated. Never was a Minister better informed. He knew what was going on at New York just as well as what was going on in the city of Dublin.

When the Fenian conspiracy had been entirely put down, it became necessary to consider the policy which it was expedient to pursue in Ireland; and it seemed to us at that time that what Ireland required after all the excitement which it had experienced was a policy which should largely develop its material resources. There were one or two subjects of a different character, which, for the advantage of the State, it would have been desirable to have settled, if that could have been effected with a general concurrence of both the great parties in that country. Had we remained in office, that would have been done. But we were destined to quit it, and we quitted it without a murmur. The policy of our successors was different. Their specific was to despoil churches and plunder landlords, and what has been the result? Sedition rampant, treason thinly veiled, and whenever a vacancy occurs in the representation a candidate is returned pledged to the disruption of the realm. Her Majesty's new Ministers proceeded in their career like a body of men under the influence of some delirious drug. Not satiated with the spoliation and anarchy of Ireland, they began to attack every institution and every interest, every class and calling in the country.

It is curious to observe their course. They took into hand the army. What have they done? I will not comment on what they have done. I will historically state it, and leave you to draw the inference. So long as constitutional England has existed there has been a jealousy among

all classes against the existence of a standing army. As our empire expanded, and the existence of a large body of disciplined troops became a necessity, every precaution was taken to prevent the danger to our liberties which a standing army involved.

It was a first principle not to concentrate in the island any overwhelming number of troops, and a considerable portion was distributed in the colonies. Care was taken that the troops generally should be officered by a class of men deeply interested in the property and the liberties of England. So extreme was the jealousy that the relations between that once constitutional force, the militia, and the sovereign were rigidly guarded, and it was carefully placed under local influences. All this is changed. We have a standing army of large amount, quartered and brigaded and encamped permanently in England, and fed by a considerable and constantly increasing reserve.

It will in due time be officered by a class of men eminently scientific, but with no relations necessarily with society; while the militia is withdrawn from all local influences, and placed under the immediate command of the Secretary of War. Thus, in the nineteenth century, we have a large standing army established in England, contrary to all the traditions of the land, and that by a Liberal government, and with the warm acclamations of the Liberal party.

Let us look what they have done with the Admiralty. You remember, in this country especially, the denunciations of the profligate expenditure of the Conservative government, and you have since had an opportunity of comparing it with the gentler burden of Liberal estimates. The navy was not merely an instance of profligate expenditure, but of incompetent and inadequate management. A

great revolution was promised in its administration. A gentleman [Mr. Childers] almost unknown to English politics was strangely preferred to one of the highest places in the councils of her Majesty. He set to at his task with ruthless activity. The Consulative Council, under which Nelson had gained all his victories, was dissolved. The secretaryship of the Admiralty, an office which exercised a complete supervision over every division of that great department—an office which was to the Admiralty what the Secretary of State is to the kingdom—which, in the qualities which it required and the duties which it fulfilled, was rightly a stepping-stone to the Cabinet, as in the instances of Lord Halifax, Lord Herbert, and many others—was reduced to absolute insignificance. Even the office of Control, which of all others required a position of independence, and on which the safety of the navy mainly depended, was deprived of all its important attributes. For two years the Opposition called the attention of Parliament to these destructive changes, but Parliament and the nation were alike insensible. Full of other business, they could not give a thought to what they looked upon merely as captious criticism. It requires a great disaster to command the attention of England; and when the "Captain" was lost, and when they had the detail of the perilous voyage of the "Megara," then public indignation demanded a complete change in this renovating administration of the navy.

And what has occurred? It is only a few weeks since that in the House of Commons I heard the naval statement made by a new First Lord [Mr. Goschen], and it consisted only of the rescinding of all the revolutionary changes of his predecessor, the mischief of every one of which during the last two years has been pressed upon the attention of

Parliament and the country by that constitutional and necessary body, the Opposition. Gentlemen, it will not do for me—considering the time I have already occupied, and there are still some subjects of importance that must be touched—to dwell upon any of the other similar topics, of which there is a rich abundance. I doubt not there is in this hall more than one farmer who has been alarmed by the suggestion that his agricultural machinery should be taxed. I doubt not there is in this hall more than one publican who remembers that last year an act of Parliament was introduced to denounce him as a "sinner." I doubt not there are in this hall a widow and an orphan who remember the profligate proposition to plunder their lonely heritage. But, gentlemen, as time advanced it was not difficult to perceive that extravagance was being substituted for energy by the government. The unnatural stimulus was subsiding. Their paroxysms ended in prostration. Some took refuge in melancholy, and their eminent chief alternated between a menace and a sigh. As I sat opposite the Treasury bench the ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coast of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea.

But, gentlemen, there is one other topic on which I must touch. If the management of our domestic affairs has been founded upon a principle of violence, that certainly cannot be alleged against the management of our external relations. I know the difficulty of addressing a body of Englishmen on these topics. The very phrase "Foreign Affairs" makes an Englishman convinced that I am about to treat of sub-

jects with which he has no concern. Unhappily the relations of England to the rest of the world, which are "Foreign Affairs," are the matters which most influence his lot. Upon them depends the increase or reduction of taxation. Upon them depends the enjoyment or the embarrassment of his industry. And yet, though so momentous are the consequences of the mismanagement of our foreign relations, no one thinks of them till the mischief occurs and then it is found how the most vital consequences have been occasioned by mere inadvertence.

I will illustrate this point by two anecdotes. Since I have been in public life there has been for this country a great calamity and there is a great danger, and both might have been avoided. The calamity was the Crimean War. You know what were the consequences of the Crimean War: A great addition to your debt, an enormous addition to your taxation, a cost more precious than your treasure—the best blood of England. Half a million of men, I believe, perished in that great undertaking. Nor are the evil consequences of that war adequately described by what I have said. All the disorders and disturbances of Europe, those immense armaments that are an incubus on national industry and the great obstacle to progressive civilization, may be traced and justly attributed to the Crimean War. And yet the Crimean War need never have occurred.

When Lord Derby acceded to office, against his own wishes, in 1852, the Liberal party most unconstitutionally forced him to dissolve Parliament at a certain time by stopping the supplies, or at least by limiting the period for which they were voted. There was not a single reason to justify that course, for Lord Derby had only accepted office, having once declined it, on the renewed application

of his sovereign. The country, at the dissolution, increased the power of the Conservative party, but did not give to Lord Derby a majority, and he had to retire from power. There was not the slightest chance of a Crimean War when he retired from office; but the Emperor of Russia, believing that the successor of Lord Derby was no enemy to Russian aggression in the East, commenced those proceedings, with the result of which you are familiar. I speak of what I know, not of what I believe, but of what I have evidence in my possession to prove—that the Crimean War never would have happened if Lord Derby had remained in office.

The great danger is the present state of our relations with the United States. When I acceded to office I did so, so far as regarded the United States of America, with some advantage. During the whole of the Civil War in America both my noble friend near me and I had maintained a strict and fair neutrality. This was fully appreciated by the government of the United States, and they expressed their wish that with our aid the settlement of all differences between the two governments should be accomplished. They sent here a plenipotentiary, an honorable gentleman, very intelligent and possessing general confidence. My noble friend near me, with great ability, negotiated a treaty for the settlement of all these claims. He was the first minister who proposed to refer them to arbitration, and the treaty was signed by the American Government. It was signed, I think, on November 10, on the eve of the dissolution of Parliament. The borough elections that first occurred proved what would be the fate of the Ministry, and the moment they were known in America the American Government announced that Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the American Minister, had mistaken his instruc-

tions, and they could not present the treaty to the Senate for its sanction—the sanction of which there had been previously no doubt.

But the fact is that, as in the case of the Crimean War, it was supposed that our successors would be favorable to Russian aggression, so it was supposed that by the accession to office of Mr. Gladstone and a gentleman you know well, Mr. Bright, the American claims would be considered in a very different spirit. How they have been considered is a subject which, no doubt, occupies deeply the minds of the people of Lancashire. Now, gentlemen, observe this—the question of the Black Sea involved in the Crimean War, the question of the American claims involved in our negotiations with Mr. Johnson, are the two questions that have again turned up, and have been the two great questions that have been under the management of his government.

How have they treated them? Prince Gortschakoff, thinking he saw an opportunity, announced his determination to break from the Treaty of Paris, and terminate all the conditions hostile to Russia which had been the result of the Crimean War. What was the first movement on the part of our government is at present a mystery. This we know, that they selected the most rising diplomatist of the day and sent him to Prince Bismarck with a declaration that the policy of Russia, if persisted in, was war with England. Now, gentlemen, there was not the slightest chance of Russia going to war with England, and no necessity, as I shall always maintain, of England going to war with Russia. I believe I am not wrong in stating that the Russian Government was prepared to withdraw from the position they had rashly taken; but suddenly her Majesty's

Government, to use a technical phrase, threw over the plenipotentiary, and, instead of threatening war, if the Treaty of Paris were violated, agreed to arrangements by which the violation of that treaty should be sanctioned by England, and, in the form of a congress, showed themselves guaranteeing their own humiliation. That Mr. Odo Russell made no mistake is quite obvious, because he has since been selected to be her Majesty's ambassador at the most important court of Europe. Gentlemen, what will be the consequence of this extraordinary weakness on the part of the British Government it is difficult to foresee. Already we hear that Sebastopol is to be refortified, nor can any man doubt that the entire command of the Black Sea will soon be in the possession of Russia. The time may not be distant when we may hear of the Russian power in the Persian Gulf, and what effect that may have upon the dominions of England and upon those possessions on the productions of which you every year more and more depend, are questions upon which it will be well for you on proper occasions to meditate.

I come now to that question which most deeply interests you at this moment, and that is our relations with the United States. I approved the government referring this question to arbitration. It was only following the policy of Lord Stanley. My noble friend disapproved the negotiations being carried on at Washington. I confess that I would willingly have persuaded myself that this was not a mistake, but reflection has convinced me that my noble friend was right. I remember the successful negotiation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by Sir Henry Bulwer. I flattered myself that treaties at Washington might be successfully negotiated; but I agree with my noble friend that

his general view was far more sound than my own. But no one, when that commission was sent forth, for a moment could anticipate the course of its conduct under the strict injunctions of the government. We believed that commission was sent to ascertain what points should be submitted to arbitration, to be decided by the principles of the law of nations. We had not the slightest idea that that commission was sent with power and instructions to alter the law of nations itself. When that result was announced, we expressed our entire disapprobation; and yet, trusting to the representations of the government that matters were concluded satisfactorily, we had to decide whether it were wise, if the great result was obtained, to wrangle upon points, however important, such as those to which I have referred.

Gentlemen, it appears that, though all parts of England were ready to make those sacrifices, the two negotiating states—the government of the United Kingdom and the government of the United States—placed a different interpretation upon the treaty when the time had arrived to put its provisions into practice. Gentlemen, in my mind, and in the opinion of my noble friend near me, there was but one course to take under the circumstances, painful as it might be, and that was at once to appeal to the good feeling and good sense of the United States, and, stating the difficulty, to invite confidential conference whether it might not be removed. But her Majesty's Government took a different course. On December 15, her Majesty's government were aware of a contrary interpretation being placed on the Treaty of Washington by the American Government. The Prime Minister received a copy of their counter case, and he confessed he had never read

it. He had a considerable number of copies sent to him to distribute among his colleagues, and you remember, probably, the remarkable statement in which he informed the House that he had distributed those copies to everybody except those for whom they were intended.

Time went on, and the adverse interpretation of the American Government oozed out, and was noticed by the press. Public alarm and public indignation were excited; and it was only seven weeks afterward, on the very eve of the meeting of Parliament—some twenty-four hours before the meeting of Parliament—that her Majesty's Government felt they were absolutely obliged to make a "friendly communication" to the United States that they had arrived at an interpretation of the treaty the reverse of that of the American Government. What was the position of the American Government? Seven weeks had passed without their having received the slightest intimation from her Majesty's Ministers. They had circulated their case throughout the world. They had translated it into every European language. It had been sent to every court and cabinet, to every sovereign and prime minister. It was impossible for the American Government to recede from their position, even if they had believed it to be an erroneous one. And then, to aggravate the difficulty, the Prime Minister goes down to Parliament, declares that there is only one interpretation to be placed on the treaty, and defies and attacks everybody who believes it susceptible of another.

Was there ever such a combination of negligence and blundering? And now, gentlemen, what is about to happen? All we know is that her Majesty's Ministers are doing everything in their power to evade the cognizance

and criticism of Parliament. They have received an answer to their "friendly communication"; of which, I believe, it has been ascertained that the American Government adhere to their interpretation; and yet they prolong the controversy. What is about to occur it is unnecessary for one to predict; but if it be this—if after a fruitless ratiocination worthy of a Schoolman, we ultimately agree so far to the interpretation of the American Government as to submit the whole case to arbitration, with feeble reservation of a protest, if it be decided against us, I venture to say that we shall be entering on a course not more distinguished by its feebleness than by its impending peril. There is before us every prospect of the same incompetence that distinguished our negotiations respecting the independence of the Black Sea; and I fear that there is every chance that this incompetence will be sealed by our ultimately acknowledging these direct claims of the United States, which, both as regards principle and practical results, are fraught with the utmost danger to this country. Gentlemen, don't suppose, because I counsel firmness and decision at the right moment, that I am of that school of statesmen who are favorable to a turbulent and aggressive diplomacy. I have resisted it during a great part of my life. I am not unaware that the relations of England to Europe have undergone a vast change during the century that has just elapsed. The relations of England to Europe are not the same as they were in the days of Lord Chatham or Frederick the Great. The Queen of England has become the sovereign of the most powerful of Oriental States. On the other side of the globe there are now establishments belonging to her, teeming with wealth and population, which will, in due time, exercise their influence over the distribution of power. The old establishments of this

country, now the United States of America, throw their lengthening shades over the Atlantic, which mix with European waters. These are vast and novel elements in the distribution of power. I acknowledge that the policy of England with respect to Europe should be a policy of reserve, but proud reserve; and in answer to those statesmen —those mistaken statesmen—who have intimated the decay of the power of England and the decline of its resources, I express here my confident conviction that there never was a moment in our history when the power of England was so great and her resources so vast and inexhaustible.

And yet, gentlemen, it is not merely our fleets and armies, our powerful artillery, our accumulated capital, and our unlimited credit on which I so much depend, as upon that unbroken spirit of her people, which I believe was never prouder of the imperial country to which they belong. Gentlemen, it is to that spirit that I above all things trust. I look upon the people of Lancashire as fairly representative of the people of England. I think the manner in which they have invited me here, locally a stranger, to receive the expression of their cordial sympathy, and only because they recognize some effort on my part to maintain the greatness of their country, is evidence of the spirit of the land. I must express to you again my deep sense of the generous manner in which you have welcomed me, and in which you have permitted me to express to you my views upon public affairs. Proud of your confidence, and encouraged by your sympathy, I now deliver to you, as my last words, the cause of the Tory party, of the English Constitution, and of the British Empire.

ON THE BERLIN CONGRESS

[On his return from the Berlin Congress Lord Beaconsfield was at the summit of his popularity. Enthusiastic crowds cheered his progress through the city to the Foreign Office, from one of the windows of which he addressed the multitude, saying, "I have brought you peace, but, I trust, peace with honor." These words became memorable. The speech delivered by him July 27, 1878, at the Carlton Club banquet, was a development of that brief address to the people. The Duke of Buccleuch occupied the chair.]

MY LORD DUKE AND GENTLEMEN,—I am sure that you will acquit me of affectation if I say that it is not without emotion that I have received this expression of your good will and sympathy. When I look around this chamber I see the faces of some who entered public life with myself, as my noble friend the noble duke has reminded me, more than forty years ago; I see more whose entrance into public life I witnessed when I had myself gained some experience of it; and lastly, I see those who have only recently entered upon public life and whom it has been my duty and my delight to encourage and to counsel when they entered that public career so characteristic of this country and which is one of the main securities of our liberty and welfare.

My lords and gentlemen, our chairman has referred to my career, like that of all public men in this country, as one of change and vicissitude; but I have been sustained even in the darkest hours of our party by the conviction that I possessed your confidence, I will say your indulgent confidence; for in the long course of my public life, that I may have committed many mistakes is too obvious a truth to touch upon; but that you have been indulgent there is no doubt,

for I can, I hope, I may say proudly, remember that it has been my lot to lead in either House of Parliament this great party for a longer period than has ever fallen to the lot of any public man in the history of this country.

That I have owed that result to your generous indulgence more than to any personal qualities of my own no man is more sensible than myself; but it is a fact that I may recur to with some degree of proud satisfaction. Our noble chairman has referred to the particular occasion which has made me your guest to-day. I attended that high assembly which has recently dispersed with much reluctance. I yielded to the earnest solicitations of my noble friend near me [the Marquis of Salisbury], my colleague in that great enterprise. He thought that my presence might be of use to him in the vast difficulties he had to encounter; but I must say now, as I shall ever say, that to his lot fell the laboring oar in that great work, and that you are, I will not say equally, but more indebted to him than to myself for the satisfactory results which you kindly recognize.

I share the conviction of our noble chairman that it is one which has been received with satisfaction by the country, but I am perfectly aware that that satisfaction is not complete or unanimous, because I know well that before eight and forty hours have passed the marshalled hosts of opposition will be prepared to challenge what has been done and to question the policy we hope we have established.

My lords and gentlemen, as I can no longer raise my voice in that House of Parliament where this contest is to take place, as I sit now in a house where our opponents never unsheath their swords, a house where, although the two chief plenipotentiaries of the Queen sit, they are met only by innuendo and by question, I hope you will permit me, though

with extreme brevity, to touch on one or two of the points which in a few hours may much engage the interest and attention of the Parliament.

My lords and gentlemen, it is difficult to describe the exact meaning of the charge which is brought against the plenipotentiaries of the Queen, as it will be introduced to the House of Commons on Monday. Drawn as it is it appears at first sight to be only a series of congratulatory regrets.

But, my lords and gentlemen, if you penetrate the meaning of this movement it would appear that there are two points in which it is hoped that a successful onset may be made on her Majesty's government, and on those two points and those alone I hope with becoming brevity at this moment perhaps you will allow me to make one or two remarks. It is charged against her Majesty's government that they have particularly deceived and deserted Greece.

Now, my lords and gentlemen, this is a subject which is I think capable of simpler treatment than hitherto it has encountered in public discussion. We have given at all times, in public and in private, to the government of Greece and to all who might influence its decisions but one advice—that on no account should they be induced to interfere in those coming disturbances which two years ago threatened Europe and which concluded in a devastating war. And we gave that advice on these grounds, which appear to me incontestable.

If, as Greece supposed, and as we thought erroneously supposed, the partition of the Ottoman empire was at hand, Greece, morally, geographically, ethnographically, was sure of receiving a considerable allotment of that partition when it took place.

It would be impossible to make a re-settlement of the east

of Europe without largely satisfying the claims of Greece; and great as those claims might be, if that were the case, it was surely unwise in Greece to waste its treasure and its blood.

If, on the other hand, as her Majesty's government believed, the end of this struggle would not be a partition of the Ottoman empire, but that the wisdom and experience of all the powers and governments would come to the conclusion that the existence and strengthening of the Ottoman government was necessary to the peace of Europe, and without it long and sanguinary and intermitting struggles must inevitably take place, it was equally clear to us that when the settlement occurred, all those rebellious tributary principalities that have lavished their best blood and embarrassed their finances for generations would necessarily be but scurvily treated, and that Greece even under this alternative would find that she was wise in following the advice of England and not mixing in a fray so fatal.

Well, my lords and gentlemen, has not the event proved the justice and accuracy of that view? At this moment, though Greece has not interfered, fortunately for herself—though she has not lavished the blood of her citizens and wasted her treasure, under the Treaty of Berlin she has the opportunity of obtaining a greater increase of territory than will be obtained by any of the rebellious principalities that have lavished their blood and wasted their resources in this fierce contest. I should like to see that view answered by those who accuse us of misleading Greece.

We gave to her the best advice; fortunately for Greece she followed it and I will hope that following it with discretion and moderation she will not lose the opportunity we have secured for her in the advantages she may yet reap.

I would make one more remark on this subject which will

soon occupy the attention of many who are here present. It has been said we have misled and deserted Greece because we were the power which took steps that Greece should be heard before the Congress.

Why did we do that?

Because we have ever expressed our opinion that in the elevation of the Greek race—not merely the subjects of the King of Greece—one of the best chances of the improvement of society under the Ottoman rule would be found, and that it was expedient that the rights of the Greek race should be advocated by that portion of it which enjoyed an independent political existence; and all this time, too, let it be recollected that my noble friend was unceasing in his efforts to obtain such a settlement of the claims, or rather, I should say, the desires of Greece with the Porte as would conduce greatly to the advantage of that kingdom. And not without success.

The proposition of Lord Salisbury for the rectification of the frontiers of Greece really includes all that moderate and sensible men could desire; and that was the plan that ultimately was adopted by the Congress and which Greece might avail herself of if there be prudence and moderation in her councils. Let me here make one remark—which indeed is one that applies to other most interesting portions of this great question; it refers to the personal character of the Sultan. From the first the Sultan of Turkey has expressed his desire to deal with Greece in a spirit of friendliness and conciliation. He has been perfectly aware that in the union of the Turkish and Greek races the only balance could be obtained and secured against the Pan-Slavic monopoly which was fast invading the whole of his dominions. Therefore there was every disposition on his part to meet the proposals

of the English government with favor, and he did meet them with favor. Remember the position of that prince. It is almost unprecedented. No prince probably that ever lived has gone through such a series of catastrophes. One of his predecessors commits suicide; his immediate predecessor is subject to a visitation more awful even than suicide The moment he ascends the throne his ministers are assassinated. A conspiracy breaks out in his own palace, and then he learns that his kingdom is invaded; his armies, however valiant, are defeated, and that the enemy is at his gates; yet with all these trials and during all this period he has never swerved in the expression and I believe the feeling of a desire to deal with Greece in a spirit of friendship. Well, what happened? —what was the last expression of feeling on his part? He is apparently a man whose every impulse is good; however great the difficulties he has to encounter, however evil the influences that may sometimes control him his impulses are good; and where impulses are good there is always hope. He is not a tyrant—he is not dissolute—he is not a bigot or corrupt. What was his last decision?

When my noble friend, not encouraged, I must say by Greece but still continuing his efforts, endeavored to bring to some practical result this question of the frontiers the Sultan said that what he was prepared to do he wished should be looked on as an act of grace on his part, and of the sense of the friendliness of Greece in not attacking him during his troubles; but as a Congress was now to meet he should like to hear the result of the wisdom of the Congress on the subject.

The Congress has now spoken; and though it declared that it did not feel justified in compelling the Sultan to adopt the steps it might think advantageous even for its own interests

the Congress expressed an opinion which I doubt not the Sultan is prepared to consider in the spirit of conciliation he has so often displayed.

And this is the moment when a party for factious purposes, and a party unhappily not limited to England, is egging on Greece to violent courses! I may perhaps have touched at too much length on this topic; but the attacks made on her Majesty's government are nothing compared with the public mischief that may occur if misconception exists on this point.

There is one other point on which I would make a remark, and that is with regard to the Convention of Constantinople of the 4th of June. When I study the catalogue of congratulatory regrets with attention this appears to be the ground on which a great assault is to be made on the government. It is said that we have increased and dangerously increased our responsibilities by that Convention. In the first place I deny that we have increased our responsibilities by that Convention. I maintain that by that Convention we have lessened our responsibilities. Suppose now for example the settlement of Europe had not included the Convention of Constantinople and the occupation of the Isle of Cyprus? Suppose it had been limited to the mere Treaty of Berlin, what under all probable circumstances might then have occurred? In ten, fifteen, it might be in twenty years the power and resources of Russia having revived some quarrel would again have occurred, Bulgarian or otherwise, and in all probability the armies of Russia would have been assailing the Ottoman dominions both in Europe and Asia and enveloping and enclosing the city of Constantinople and its all-powerful position.

Well, what would be the probable conduct under these circumstances of the government of this country whoever the

ministers might be—whatever party might be in power? I fear there might be hesitation for a time—a want of decision—a want of firmness; but no one doubts that ultimately England would have said: "This will never do; we must prevent the conquest of Asia Minor; we must interfere in this matter and arrest the course of Russia."

No one I am sure in this country who impartially considers this question can for a moment doubt what under any circumstances would have been the course of this country. Well, then, that being the case, I say it is extremely important that this country should take a step beforehand which should indicate what the policy of England would be; that you should not have your ministers meeting in a council chamber, hesitating and doubting, and considering contingencies and then acting at last, but acting perhaps too late.

I say therefore that the responsibilities of this country have not been increased; the responsibilities already existed, though I for one would never shrink from increasing the responsibilities of this country if they are responsibilities which ought to be undertaken. The responsibilities of this country are practically diminished by the course we have taken.

My lords and gentlemen, one of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove what I always suspected to be an absolute fact, that neither the Crimean war nor this horrible devastating war which has just terminated would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness. Russia has complaints to make against this country that neither in the case of the Crimean war nor on this occasion—and I do not shrink from my share of the responsibility in this matter—was the voice of England so clear and decided as to exercise a due share in the guidance

of European opinion. Well, gentlemen, suppose my noble friend and myself had come back with the Treaty of Berlin, and had not taken the step which is to be questioned within the next eight and forty hours, could we with any self-respect have met our countrymen when they asked, what securities have you made for the peace of Europe?—How far have you diminished the chance of perpetually recurring war on this question of the East by the Treaty of Berlin? Why they could say all we have gained by the Treaty of Berlin is probably the peace of a few years and at the end of that time the same phenomenon will arise and the ministers of England must patch up the affair as well as they could.

That was not the idea of public duty entertained by my noble friend and myself. We thought the time had come when we should take steps which would produce some order out of the anarchy and chaos that had so long prevailed. We asked ourselves, Was it absolutely a necessity that the fairest provinces of the world should be the most devastated and most ill-used, and for this reason that there is no security for life or property so long as that country is in perpetual fear of invasion and aggression?

It was under these circumstances that we recommended the course we have taken, and I believe that the consequence of that policy will tend to and even secure peace and order in a portion of the globe which hitherto has seldom been blessed by these celestial visitants. I hold that we have laid the foundation of a state of affairs which may open a new continent to the civilization of Europe, and that the welfare of the world and the wealth of the world may be increased by availing ourselves of that tranquillity and order which the more intimate connection of England with that country will now produce. But I am sorry to say that, though we taxed

our brains and our thought to establish a policy which might be beneficial to the country, we have not satisfied those who are our critics. I was astonished to learn that the Convention of the 4th of June has been described as an "insane" convention. It is a strong epithet. I do not myself pretend to be as competent a judge of insanity as my right honorable opponent [Mr. Gladstone]. I will not say to the right honorable gentleman "Naviget Anticyram,"[1] but I would put this issue to an English jury—Which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane convention, a body of English gentlemen, honored by the favor and the confidence of their fellow subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence and not altogether without success, or a sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself?

My lords and gentlemen, I leave the decision upon that convention to the Parliament and people of England. I believe that in that policy are deeply laid the seeds of future welfare, not merely to England, but to Europe and to Asia; and confident that the policy we have recommended is one that will be supported by the country, I and those that act with me can endure these attacks.

My lords and gentlemen, let me thank you once more for the manner in which you have welcomed me to-day. These are the rewards of public life that never pall—the sympathy of those who have known you long, who have worked with you long, who have the same opinions upon the policy that ought to be pursued in this great and ancient empire.

[1] "Let him set sail for Anticyra." Anticyra was an island much frequented by hypochondriacs on account of the hellebore which grew there.

These are sentiments which no language can sufficiently appreciate—which are a consolation under all circumstances, and the highest reward that a public man can attain. The generous feeling that has prompted you to welcome my colleague and myself on our return to England will inspire and strengthen our efforts to serve our country; and it is not merely that in this welcome you encourage those who are doing their best for what they conceive to be the public interests, but to tell to Europe also that England is a grateful country, and knows how to appreciate the efforts of her public servants, who are resolved to maintain to their utmost the empire of Great Britain.

COBDEN

RICHARD COBDEN, a distinguished English statesman and political economist, was born at Heyshott, near Midhurst, Sussex, June 3, 1804. He was the son of a small farmer, and at fifteen became a clerk in his uncle's warehouse in London, and subsequently a commercial traveller. With two friends he started in business in London in 1828, and in 1831 the partners established print works in Manchester and prospered greatly. Cobden, in order to supply the deficiencies in his early education, read and studied much in the years 1834-38, and also traveled extensively on the Continent and visited the United States. In 1838 he joined the newly formed Anti-Corn Law League in Manchester, and, being elected to Parliament as member for Stockport in 1841, persistently labored for the repeal of the corn laws, which was accomplished in 1846. The strongest of Cobden's many able speeches was delivered in support of this measure, March 13, 1845, and to him its success was largely due. As a testimonial of the general recognition of his services he was presented with a national subscription of eighty thousand pounds. For the ten years following 1847 he represented the West Riding of Yorkshire in Parliament, supporting electoral reform, a peaceful foreign policy, and non-intervention in foreign entanglements. During a second visit to the United States in 1859 he was returned to Parliament for Rochdale and was offered a cabinet position by Lord Palmerston, an honor which he declined on account of his disapproval of Palmerston's foreign policy. In 1860 he negotiated a commercial treaty with France on a free-trade basis, which continued in force for ten years. In return for this important service Palmerston offered him the choice of a baronetcy or the rank of a privy councillor, which Cobden also declined. During the American civil war Cobden was an outspoken sympathizer with the party which was struggling to preserve the Union. He died in London April 2, 1865. Cobden was the chief free-trade apostle of his time, and his influence was felt in all civilized countries. He was not an original thinker on the subject, but he brought it very forcibly to men's minds as an ethical question. His published works include "Political Writings" (1867); "Speeches on Questions of Public Policy" (1870).

ON THE CORN LAWS

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY 24, 1842

SIR,—The right honorable gentleman who has just sat down [Sir Howard Douglas] would have given still greater satisfaction to the House if he had assured us that he would, when he spoke, always keep strictly to the subject-matter under discussion. I must be allowed to say

that my honorable friend the member for Wolverhampton [The Hon. C. P. Villiers] has very just grounds for complaining that in all this discussion, to which I have been listening for seven nights, while there has been much talk of our trade with China and of the war with Syria, while there has been much contest between parties and partisans, there has been very little said upon the question really in hand.

I may safely say that, on the other side, not one speaker has grappled with the question so ably laid down by my honorable friend. That question simply is, how far it is just, honest, and expedient that any tax whatever should be laid upon the food of the people. This is the question we have to decide; and when I heard the right honorable baronet [Sir Robert Peel] so often express the deep sympathy he felt for the working classes, I did expect that he would not have finished his last speech without giving some little consideration to the case of the working man in connection with this question. I will venture to call the attention of the committee to the question of the Bread Tax as connected with the laboring classes, as it bears upon the wages of labor; and I call upon you all to meet me upon neutral ground while we discuss the interests of those working people who have no representatives in this House. As I hear from the other side so many and such strong expressions of sympathy, I call upon them to give practical proof of the existence of that sympathy with the hard laboring population, and not to delay until they are reduced to that state when they can only receive the benefits of your legislation in the abject condition of pauperism.

Sir, in reading, which I have done with some attention, the reports of the debates which took place in 1815, prior to the

passing of the Corn Bill of that year, I have been struck with the observation that all who took part in that discussion agreed on one point of the subject, namely, that the price of food regulated the rate of wages. That principle was not only laid down by one side of the House, but it met with the concurrence of both. Men the most opposite in political opinions I find agreeing upon that principle. Mr. Horner, Mr. Baring, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Mr. Philips, Mr. Western, those who opposed the Corn Law, and those who strenuously advocated its principle, all alike agreed upon the same point, that the price of food regulated the price of labor.

So completely did they agree that one speaker laid down the principle mathematically, and framed a computation in figures to show the relative proportions in which the principle would work, and to what extent the payment of labor would rise or fall in ratio to the rise or fall of the price of food. The same delusions existed amongst the capitalists out of doors. There was a petition presented in 1815, signed by the most intelligent merchants and manufacturers in Manchester, praying that the Corn Law should not pass, because it would so raise the rate of wages that the British manufacturers would no longer be able to compete with those aboard, who had to pay wages so much less in amount. That delusion certainly did then exist; but I have been struck with the deepest sorrow to observe that the minds of many men who bear their part in the discussion now should still be laboring under the same erroneous impression.

The great body of those who legislated in 1815 passed their bill in the honest delusion that the operation of the law would be such as I have described. I believe that if the fact, if the true state of the case had been then known, if they had known what now we know, that law would never have

been passed in 1815. Every party in the House, and many out of doors, were deceived; but there was one party which was not deluded—the party most interested in the question—namely, the working classes. They were not deluded, for they saw with instinctive sagacity, without the aids of learning and education, without the pretence of political wisdom, what would be the operation of the law upon the rate of wages.

Therefore it was, that when that law was passed your House was surrounded by the excited populace of London, and you were compelled to keep back an enraged people from your doors by the point of the bayonet. When that law passed murder ensued. Yes, I call it murder, for a coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the soldiers. The disturbances were not confined to London; but throughout the north of England, from 1815 to 1819, when the great meeting took place on Peter's-field, there never was a meeting in the north of England in which banners were not displayed with inscriptions of "No Corn Laws!"

There was no mistake in the minds of the multitudes upon this question. It was always understood by them. Do not let honorable gentlemen suppose that there is any mistake in the minds of the working classes upon this topic. There never was, and there is not now. They may not indeed cry out exclusively for the repeal of the corn laws; they have looked beyond the question, and they have seen at the same time other evils greater than this which they are now calling upon you to remedy; and when they raise the cry of Universal Suffrage and The People's Charter, do not let honorable gentlemen opposite suppose, because the Anti-Corn Law League may, perchance, have run into collision with the

masses upon some points, that the people are consequently favorable to the existence of the corn laws.

What has surprised me more than anything is to find that in this House, where lecturers are, of all men, so much decried, there exists on the other side such an ignorance upon this subject. Yes, I say, an ignorance upon this subject that I never saw equalled in any body of working men in the north of England. Do you think that the fallacy of 1815, which, to my astonishment, I heard put forth in the House last week, namely, that wages rise and fall with the price of food, can prevail with the minds of the working men after the experience of the last three years? Have you not had bread higher during that time than during any three years during the last twenty years?

Yes. Yet during those three years the wages of labor in every branch of industry have suffered a greater decline than in any three years before. Still, honorable gentlemen opposite, with the reports of committees before them, which, if they would take the trouble to consult them, would prove the decline of wages within those three years, are persisting in maintaining the doctrine that the price of food regulates the rate of wages under the belief that this new law will keep up the price of labor. Then I am told that the price of labor in this country is so much higher than the wages abroad that the corn laws must be kept up in order to keep up labor to the proper level.

Sir, I deny that labor in this country is higher paid than on the continent. On the contrary, I am prepared to prove, from documents on the table of your own House, that the price of labor is cheaper here than in any other part of the globe. I hear an expression of dissent on the other side, but I say to honorable gentlemen, when they measure the

labor of an Englishman against the labor of the foreigner, they measure a day's labor indeed with a day's labor, but they forget the relative quality of the labor. I maintain that if quality is to be the test, the labor of England is the cheapest in the world. The committee which sat on machinery in the last session but one demonstrated by their report that labor on the Continent is dearer than in England.

You have proof of it. Were it not so, do you think you would find in Germany, France, or Belgium so many English workmen? Go into any city from Calais to Vienna containing a population of more than 10,000 inhabitants and will you not find numbers of English artisans working side by side with the natives of the place and earning twice as much as they do, or even more? Yet the masters who employ them declare, notwithstanding the pay is higher, that the English labor is cheaper to them than the native labor.

Yet we are told that the object of the manufacturers in repealing the corn laws is to lower wages to the level of the Continent. It was justly said by the honorable member for Kilmarnock that the manufacturers did not require to lower the rate of wages in order to gain high profits. If you want proof of the prosperity of manufacturers you will find it when wages are high; but when wages drop the profits of the manufacturer drop also. I think manufacturers take too intelligent and enlightened a view of their own position and interest to suppose that the impoverishment of the multitudes they employ can promote or increase manufacturing prosperity.

Sir, by deteriorating such a vast population as that employed in manufactures, you run the risk of spoiling not the animal man only, but the intellectual creature also. It is not from the wretched that great things can emanate; it is not a

potato-fed population that ever led the world in arts or arms, in manufactures or commerce. If you want your people to be virtuous or happy, you must take care that they are well fed.

Upon this assumption, then, that the manufacturers want to reduce wages, and upon the assumption that the corn laws keep up the price of labor, we are going to pass a law to tax the food of the hardworking, deserving population! What must be the result? You have heard, from the right honorable baronet [Sir Robert Peel] an answer to the fallacy about our competing with foreign manufacturers. He has told you we export forty or fifty millions. We do then already compete with foreigners. You tax the bones and muscles of your people. You put a double weight upon their shoulders, and then you turn round upon them and tell them to run a race with Germany and France. I would ask, with Mr. Deacon Hume, who has been before quoted in this House, "To whom do the energies of the British people belong? Are they theirs or are they yours?"

Think you that these energies were given to the English people that they might struggle for a bare existence, whilst you take from them half of what they earn? Is this doing justice to the "high-mettled racer"? Why, you don't treat your horses so. You give your cattle food and rest in proportion to their toil, but men in England are now actually treated worse. Yes, tens of thousands of them were last winter treated worse than your dogs and your horses. What is the pretence upon which you tax the people's food? We have been told by the right honorable baronet that the object of the law is to fix a certain price for corn. Since I have been listening to this debate, in which I heard it proposed by a prime minister to fix the price of corn, I doubted

whether or not we had gone back to the days of our Edwards again, and whether we had or had not travelled back some three or four centuries, when they used to fix the price of a table-cloth or a pair of shoes.

What an avocation for a legislator! To fix the price of corn! Why, that should be done in the open market by the dealers. You don't fix the price of cotton, or silk, or iron, or tin. But how are you going to fix this price of corn? Going back some ten years, the right honorable baronet finds the average price of corn is 56s. 10d., and therefore, says he, I propose to keep up the price of wheat from 54s. to 58s. The right honorable baronet's plan means that or nothing.

I have heard something about the prices which it has been proposed by legislation to affix to wheat. I remember that Lord Willoughby D'Eresby said the minimum price ought to be 58s., and I see by the newspapers that the Duke of Buckingham has just announced his opinion that 60s. ought to be the lowest. There is one honorable gentleman in this House who, I hope, will speak on the subject—for I have seen him endeavoring to catch the Speaker's eye—and who has gone a little more into particulars respecting the market price he intends to procure for commodities by act of Parliament. I see in a useful little book called "The Parliamentary Pocket Companion," in which there are some nice little descriptions given of ourselves under the head "Cayley," that that gentleman is described as being the advocate of "such a course of legislation with regard to agriculture as will keep wheat at 64s. a quarter, new milk cheese at 52s. to 60s. per cwt., wool and butter at 1s. per lb. each, and other produce in proportion."

Now it might be very amusing that there were to be found some gentlemen still at large who advocated the principle of

the interposition of Parliament to fix the price at which articles should be sold; but when we find a prime minister coming down to Parliament to avow such principles, it really becomes anything but amusing. I ask the right honorable baronet, and I pause for a reply: Is he prepared to carry out that principle in the articles of cotton and wool?

[Sir Robert Peel: It is impossible to fix the price of food by legislation.]

Then on what are we legislating? I thank the right honorable baronet for his avowal. Perhaps, then, he will oblige us by not trying to do so. Supposing, however, that he will make the attempt, I ask the right honorable gentleman, and again I pause for a reply: Will he try to legislate so as to keep up the prices of cotton, silk, and wool? No reply.

Then we have come to this conclusion—that we are not legislating for the universal people. We are openly avowing that we are met here to legislate for a class against the people. When I consider this I don't marvel, although I have seen it with the deepest regret, and I may add indignation, that we have been surrounded during the course of the debates of the last week by an immense body of police.

I will not let this subject drop, even though I may be greeted with laughter. It is no laughing matter to those who have got no wheat to sell, nor money to purchase it from those who have. If the agriculturists are to have the benefit of a law founded on the calculation of ten years' average, to keep up their price at that average, I ask, are the manufacturers to have it too? Take the manufacturers of the midland counties, the manufacturers of the very articles the agriculturists consume. Their goods have depreciated thirty per cent in the last ten years. Are they to continue to exchange

their commodities for the corn of the landlord, who has the benefit of a law keeping up his price on a calculation of a ten years' average, without the iron manufacturer having the benefit of the same calculation?

I have great doubts whether this is legislation at all. I deny that it is honest legislation. It is no answer for the right honorable baronet to say that he cannot, even if he wished, pass a law to keep up the price of manufactures. It is no satisfaction for being injured by a prime minister to be told that he has not the power, even if he has the will, to make amendment. I only ask him to abstain from doing that for which he cannot make atonement, and surely there is nothing unreasonable in that request. I have but touched upon the skirts of this subject. I ask the right honorable baronet whether, while he fixes the scale of prices to secure the landowners 56s. a quarter, he has got also a sliding scale for wages.

I know but of one class of laborers in this country whose interests are well secured by the sliding scale of corn duties, and that class is the clergy of the Established Church, whose tithes are calculated upon the averages. But I want to know what you will do with the hardworking classes of the community, the laboring artisans, if the price of bread is to be kept up by act of Parliament. Will you give them a law to keep up their rate of wages? You will say that you cannot keep up the rate of wages; but that is no reason why you should pass a law to mulct the working man of one third of the loaf he earns. I know well the way in which the petitions of the hand-loom weavers were received in this House.

"Poor ignorant men," you said, "they know not what they ask, they are not political economists, they do not know that the price of labor, like other commodities, finds its own level

by the ordinary law of supply and demand. We can do nothing for them."

But I ask, then, why do you pass a law to keep up the price of corn, and at the same time say you cannot pass a law to keep up the price of the poor man's labor? This is the point of view in which the country are approaching this question; and the flimsy veil of sophistry you are throwing over the question, and the combination of figures put together and dovetailed to answer a particular purpose will not satisfy the people of England till you show them that you are legislating impartially for the advantage of all classes, and not for the exclusive benefit of one.

What are the pretexts upon which this corn tax is justified? We have heard, in the first place, that there are exclusive burdens borne by the agriculturists. I heard one explanation given of those burdens by a facetious gentleman who sits near me. He said that the only exclusive burden upon the land which he knew of were mortgages. I think the country has a right to know, and indeed I think it would have been no more than what was due to this House if those burdens of which we have heard so much had been named and enumerated.

The answer I heard from the right honorable gentleman [Sir R. Peel] opposite was that there was a great variety of opinions on the subject of these burdens. That I could myself have told the right honorable baronet. As a law is to be framed, founded expressly upon these alleged burdens, it would have been but fair at least to tell us what they are. I shall not enter upon the subject now; but this I will tell the right honorable gentleman, that for every particular burden he can show me as pressing upon the land, I will show him ten exemptions. Yes, ten for his one.

There is one burden that was referred to by the right honorable member for Renfrewshire [Mr. P. M. Stewart], which is the land tax. I am surprised we have not yet got the returns moved for many months since relative to the land tax of other countries. What are our ambassadors and diplomatists about that we cannot have the returns of the revenue and expenditure of foreign countries? Our own bureaux must be badly kept or we ought to have this information already here in London. Being without official information, however, I will not run the risk of making a general statement lest I should fall into error. I have, however, one document which is authentic as it is on the authority of M. Humann, the finance minister of France; and he states that the land tax in that country is forty per cent. on the whole revenue, and twenty-five per cent on the revenue of the proprietors of the soil; so that in France the landowner pays five shillings in the pound, while in this country you have a land tax of £1,900,000, not five per cent. of the income, and you call for a fresh tax upon the poor man's loaf to compensate you for the heavy burden you bear.

I will tell the prime minister that in laying on this tax without first stating his views on this point he is not treating the House and the country with proper respect. I have seen with some satisfaction that admissions have been made (and indeed it has not been denied) that the profits of the bread tax go to the landowners.

Now in all the old committees on agricultural concerns it was alleged that it was a farmer's question—an agricultural laborer's question; and never till lately did I hear it admitted that the bread tax did contribute to the benefit of the landowners on account of those exclusive burdens that are set up as a pretence for its continuance. Ought we not to know what

these burdens were when this Corn Law was passed? Having patiently waited for twenty-five years I think we are entitled at last to a clear explanation of the pretext upon which you tax the food of the people for the acknowledged benefit of the landowners.

The right honorable baronet tells us we must not be dependent upon foreigners for our supply, or that that dependence must be supplementary, that certain years produce enough of corn for the demand, and that we must legislate for the introduction of corn only when it is wanted. Granted. On that point the right honorable baronet and I are perfectly agreed. Let us only legislate, if you please, for the introduction of corn when it is wanted. Exclude it as much as you please when it is not wanted.

But all I supplicate for on the part of the starving people is, that they and not you shall be the judges of when corn is wanted. By what right do you pretend to gauge the appetites and admeasure the wants of millions of people? Why, there is no despotism that ever dreamed of doing anything so monstrous as this; yet you sit here and presume to judge when people want food, dole out your supply when you condescend to think they want it, and stop it when you choose to consider that they have had enough. Are you in a position to judge of the wants of artisans, of hand-loom weavers? you, who never knew the want of a meal in your lives, do you presume to know when the people want bread? Why, in the course of the present debate the right honorable baronet said that from 1832 to 1836 sufficient corn was produced at home for the population, and yet in his last speech he told us that there were 800,000 hand-loom weavers who in 1836 were unable to supply themselves with the commonest wants and necessaries of existence, even though they worked sixteen and eighteen

hours a day. Was it not also of that period that Mr. Inglis, the traveller in Ireland, wrote, when he wound up his account of that country by the emphatic and startling declaration that one third part of the population perished prematurely from diseases brought on by the want of the necessaries of life? Yet, in that state of things, the right honorable baronet gravely comes forward and tells us that the country produces a sufficiency of food!

I have heard other admissions too; one in particular by the right honorable paymaster of the forces [Sir E. Knatchbull], who said the landlords were entitled to the Corn Law to enable them to maintain a high station in the land.

[Sir E. Knatchbull: To enable them to maintain their present station in society.]

A noble lord [Lord Stanley] also admitted that the price of food did keep up the rent of land, but did not raise wages. What does that mean but that the rent of land is kept up at the expense of the working classes, who are unrepresented in this House? I say that the right honorable paymaster of the forces and the noble lord do not deal fairly with the people, for they are giving themselves an outdoor relief which they deny to the poor in the union workhouses. It is not merely an extension of the pension list to the landed proprietors, as was said by "The Times" some years ago, when that paper stigmatized the corn laws as an extension of the pension list to the whole of the landed aristocracy; it is the worst form of pauperism; it is the aristocracy submitting to be fed at the expense of the poorest of the poor. If this is to be so, if we are to bow our necks to a landed oligarchy, let things be as they were in ancient Venice; let the nobles inscribe their names in a golden book, and draw their money direct from the exchequer.

It would be better for the people thus to suffer our aristocracy than to circumscribe our trade, destroy our manufactures, and draw the money from the pockets of the poor by indirect and insidious means. Such a course would be more easy for us, and more honest for you. But have the honorable gentlemen who maintain a system like this considered that the people of this country are beginning to understand it a little better than they did?

And do they think that the people with a better understanding of the subject will allow one class not only to tax the rest of the community for their own exclusive advantage, but to be living in a state of splendor upon means obtained by indirect taxation from the pockets of the poor? The right honorable baronet [Sir R. Peel], I apprehend, knows more of the state of the country than most of his followers, and I would exhort him to bear in mind that there is a widespread feeling extending into every part of the country that upon him, and him alone, will rest the responsibility of the manner in which he shall legislate upon this subject.

He has now been in the possession of a great power for many months; he had due warning when he took office of the course it would be necessary for him to pursue. He knows the existing state of commerce and manufactures. He has had ample opportunities of acquainting himself with the actual condition of the people. He is not legislating in the dark, and this I will venture to tell him, that, bad as he finds trade now, he will live (if he follows out the course in which he purposes to embark) to find it much worse. I hope, sincerely hope, that he is prepared for the consequence. We have never heard of an honest English merchant coming forward to say that this law would give him a trade in corn. The corn traders alone have been appealed to.

The right honorable baronet tells us that we must force forward this discussion, that we must proceed at once to the settlement of this question, because, forsooth, he has heard from many corn traders that it is very important that the matter should remain no longer in abeyance. If the trade in corn is still to be left in the hands of a peculiar class of dealers, in the hands of a class who are habitual gamblers, will that be an alteration of the law calculated to mend the situation of those who are engaged in the general trade and commerce of the country? Why should there be corn merchants any more than tea merchants or sugar merchants? Why should not the general merchant be enabled to bring back corn in exchange for his exports as well as cotton, tea, or sugar?

Until you pass a law enabling the merchant to make a direct exchange for corn as well as for other commodities of foreign production you will give no substantial relief to commerce. Nor is your law calculated to lower the price of food. You will have people amongst you maintaining the same wolfish competition to raise the price of bread and you will have capitalists day by day struggling against bankruptcy.

For this state of things the right honorable baronet [Sir Robert Peel] will be responsible. I own, indeed, that I heard in the right honorable baronet's second speech something like an apologetic tone of reasoning; something deprecatory as to his present position, not being able to do all that he would do. That tone would be very well if the right honorable baronet had been forced into the present position by the people or summoned there by the queen; then with some shadow of fairness he might resort to the plea that his position was a difficult one and that he would do more if his party would permit him.

But let me remind the right honorable baronet that he

sought the position he now fills, and though I am no friend, no political partisan, of the noble lord the member for London [Lord John Russell], though I have no desire to see him again in power, governed by his old opinions, this I must say, that the measure which the noble lord proposed upon the Corn Law, though in itself not good, was still infinitely better than that of the right honorable baronet.

And I beg to call to the right honorable baronet's mind that if he is now placed in a situation of difficulty that difficulty was sought by himself and consequently cannot now be pleaded in extenuation of his present measure. He told us at Tamworth that for years and years, aye, even from the passing of the Reform Bill, he had been engaged in reconstructing his party. I presume he knew of what materials that party was composed. I presume he was not ignorant of the fact that it consisted of monopolists of every kind; of monopolists of religion, monopolists of the franchise, monopolists of sugar, monopolists of corn, monopolists of timber, monopolists of coffee.

These were the parties that gathered around him and out of which he was to construct his new Parliament. They were fully alive to the occasion. They set to work to revive the old system of corruption. They bribed and they bought. Yes, they bribed, they bought, and they intimidated until they found themselves in office and the right honorable baronet at their head as their leader and champion.

Did he expect that this party had expended their funds and their labor in the registration courts—for there, as the right honorable baronet himself has stated, I believe the constitution will henceforth be fought—did he think that they had expended this labor and this money in order that they might come into office and assist him to take away their monopolies?

The right honorable baronet must have known the party he had to deal with, for he had a very old connection with them; and therefore I presume he was not disappointed when he came into office, having thrust out men who, with all their faults, were still far better than those who succeeded them.

Having thrown those men out of office and being unable to carry the measure which they proposed and were ready to carry into effect, I say that he has now no right to set up the difficulty of his position as a bar to the universal condemnation which his proposition must receive in the estimation of every just politician in the country. He is the cause, yes, I say he is the cause, of our present position, and upon his shoulders will the people rest the whole of the responsibility.

I will now say a word to the gentlemen on this side of the House who have such great difficulties, such bogglings and startings, at the danger of giving their assent to the motion of my honorable friend the member for Wolverhampton [The Hon. C. P. Villiers]. I will say a word or two to the noble lord the member for London [Lord John Russell] and to my noble and right honorable neighbors as to the difficulties of conscience which they appear to entertain about a total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws. I hear on this side of the House, in almost all directions, an acknowledgment of the principle for which I and others contend, that is, the principle of perfect freedom in the trade in corn. But there are some of my noble and right honorable neighbors who think there should be a duty on corn for the purpose of revenue. How can there be a duty for revenue unless it be a duty for protection? I ask my noble and right honorable neighbors who entertain that view of the subject to reconsider it before they go to a division.

With that word of advice to those who sit near me I proceed

to make a remark in reference to the little word "now," about which many gentlemen on this side of the House seem also to feel a considerable difficulty. There are gentlemen here who think that the corn laws ought to be repealed, but they cannot reconcile themselves to the immediate repeal of them. They do not like to repeal them now. "We admit," say they, "the injustice which these laws inflict upon twenty-five millions of the people for the advantage of a select few; but inasmuch as some thousands of persons have a beneficial interest in this wrong inflicted upon the millions, we cannot suddenly deprive them of the advantage they possess."

Now, with all due deference to gentlemen who use that argument, I must be permitted to say that I think they are showing a very great sympathy for the few who are gaining and vastly little sympathy indeed for the many who are suffering from the operation of these laws. I would put it to those gentlemen whether, if it had been in their power, immediately after the passing of the Corn Law in 1815, to repeal that law, they would have given any compensation to the landed interest in the shape of an eight or ten years' diminishing duty upon the importation of foreign grain?

No; they would have repealed them at once. Then, I ask, do they think that twenty-seven years' possession of the wrong —twenty-seven years of exclusive advantage—twenty-seven years of injustice to the rest of the community,—entitles this interested and selfish party to increase its demand in the shape of compensation? I give the honorable gentlemen who are near me credit for being quite sincere in their scruples. I have heard such scruples very often expressed before, but I once heard them met at a public meeting of electors in what appeared to me to be a very satisfactory manner. There was great difficulty on the platform among the Whig gentlemen

who were assembled there about the repeal of the corn laws and they were arguing about the danger and hardship of an immediate repeal of them. They were at length interrupted by a sturdy laboring man in a fustian coat who called out, "Whoi, mun! where's the trouble of taking them off? You put them on all of a ruck," meaning that they had been put on all of a sudden. And so they were. The law was passed without notice in 1815, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the people.

Then I say, let us abolish this law and the sooner the better. I will not trespass further upon the patience of the House. I consider that this question is now drawn within such narrow limits as to depend upon these two points: "Are you, the landed interest, able to show that you are subjected to exclusive burdens?" If so, then the way to relieve you is not to put taxes on the rest of the community, but to remove your burdens. Secondly, "Are you prepared to carry out even-handed justice to the people?" If not your law will not stand; nay, your House itself, if based upon injustice, will not stand!

HOWE

JOSEPH HOWE, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Puritan divine, John Howe, was born in Halifax in December, 1804, and died on June 1, 1873, about a month after he had attained the well-earned position of governor of his native province. He was a member of the Assembly from 1836. In 1840-41 he was speaker. In 1842-43 he was collector of customs, and from 1848-54 provincial secretary. In 1855 he was defeated in Cumberland by Dr. Charles Tupper, and remained out of Parliament till 1856. In 1860 he again accepted the provincial secretaryship, which office he held till 1863. In the session of 1866 a resolution was moved in the Nova Scotia House (the Conservatives being in the majority) authorizing the appointment of a delegate to London to co-operate with those from the other provinces in order to make arrangements with the British government for the confederation of the North American provinces. The resolution was carried in the absence of Mr. Howe, who was strongly opposed to the project. He was accordingly appointed to proceed to England to lay the case of Nova Scotia before the British government. He was answered in substance: "Mr. Howe, it is too late, the papers are signed, and the Act of Confederation will immediately go into effect." The result was that the tribune of the people, or "the father of his country," as he was often called, lost his marvellous popularity, and stood in his new position "like a shattered idol upon its pedestal." The realization of this fact ultimately, it is said, broke his heart, and though he returned to Halifax a few years later as the first native lieutenant-governor of his province, he lived only a short while to enjoy the honor. He had fully done his duty. Up to the point of absolute rebellion he had struggled against destiny as few others have done, and only drew back in the face of lurid possibilities which entailed enormous responsibility upon a man who seemed to hold the people in the hollow of his hand. He was not reckless like W. L. Mackenzie, and therefore stopped at the brink, turned back, almost of necessity, and made the best terms possible for his province. To an inflamed public mind it looked like treachery; to the historian who knows the pure and honorable character of the man it looks like patriotism of the highest type. In 1858 the Honorable W. Annand published two large octavo volumes containing the "Speeches and Public Letters of the Honorable Joseph Howe," and in 1896 Mr. G. E. Henety published in St. John, Nova Scotia, the "Life and Times of the Honorable Joseph Howe" in one volume. Most of the great "Detroit Speech," which was kindly furnished by Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec, appears in Mr. Henety's book.

SPEECH BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL COMMERCIAL CONVENTION

DELIVERED AT DETROIT ON JULY 14, 1865

I NEVER prayed for the gift of eloquence till now. Although I have passed through a long public life I never was called upon to discuss a question so important in the presence of a body of representative men so large. I see before me merchants who think in millions, and whose daily transactions would sweep the harvest of a Greek island or of a Russian principality. I see before me the men who whiten the ocean and the great lakes with the sails of commerce—who own the railroads, canals, and telegraphs, which spread life and civilization through this great country, making the waste plains fertile and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. I see before me the men whose capital and financial skill form the bulwark and sustain the government in every crisis of affairs.

On either hand I see the gentlemen who control and animate the press, whose laborious vigils mold public sentiment, whose honorable ambition I can estimate from my early connection with the profession. On those benches, sir, or I mistake the intelligence to be read in their faces, sit those who will yet be governors and ministers of state. I may well feel awed in presence of an audience such as this; but the great question which brings us together is worthy of the audience and challenges their grave consideration.

What is that question? Sir, we are here to determine how best we can draw together in the bonds of peace, friendship, and commercial prosperity, the three great branches of the

British family. In the presence of this great theme all petty interests should stand rebuked. We are not dealing with the concerns of a city, a province or a state, but with the future of our race in all time to come. Some reference has been made to "elevators" in your discussions. What we want is an elevator to lift our souls to the height of this great argument. Why should not these three great branches of the family flourish under different systems of government it may be, but forming one grand whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced civilization? We are taught to reverence the mystery of the Trinity, and our salvation depends on our belief. The clover lifts its trefoil to the evening dew, yet they draw their nourishment from a single stem. Thus distinct and yet united let us live and flourish.

Why should we not? For nearly two thousand years we were one family. Our fathers fought side by side at Hastings and heard the curfew toll. They fought in the same ranks for the sepulchre of our Saviour—in the earlier and later civil wars. We can wear our red and white roses without a blush and glory in the principles those conflicts established. Our common ancestors won the Great Charter and the Bill of Rights—established free Parliaments, the habeas corpus, and trial by jury. Our jurisprudence comes down from Coke and Mansfield to Marshall and Story, rich in knowledge and experience which no man can divide. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our literature is a common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language which is enriched by the genius developed on either side of the Atlantic. In the great navigators from Cortereal to Hudson and in all their "moving accidents by flood and field" we have a common interest.

On this side of the sea we have been largely reinforced by the Germans and the French, but there is strength in both elements. The Germans gave to us the sovereigns who established our freedom and they give to you industry, intelligence, and thrift; and the French who have distinguished themselves in arts and arms for centuries now strengthen the Provinces which the fortune of war decided they could not control.

But it may be said we have been divided by two wars. What then? The noble Saint Lawrence is split in two places,—by Goat Island and by Anticosti,—but it comes down to us from the same springs in the same mountain sides; its waters sweep together past the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior and encircle in their loving embrace the shores of Huron and Michigan. They are divided at Niagara Falls as we were at the revolutionary war, but they come together again on the peaceful bosom of Ontario. Again they are divided on their passage to the sea, but who thinks of divisions when they lift the keels of commerce or when drawn up to heaven they form the rainbow or the cloud?

It is true that in eighty-five years we have had two wars—but what then? Since the last we have had fifty years of peace, and there have been more people killed in a single campaign in the late civil war than there were in the two national wars between this country and Great Britain. The people of the United States hope to draw together the two conflicting elements and make them one people. And in that task I wish them God speed.

And in the same way I feel that we ought to rule out everything disagreeable in the recollection of our old wars and be united together as one people for all time to come. I see around the doors the flags of the two countries. United as

they are there I would ever have them draped together, fold within fold, and let "their varying tints unite, and form in heaven's light one arch of peace." . . .

The most important question to be considered at this great meeting of the commercial men of North America involves the relations which are to subsist between the inhabitants of the British empire and the citizens of the United States. Before we can deliver a rational judgment upon this question it becomes us to consider what those relations are now. The British government controls the destinies and regulates the trade of two hundred and fifty millions of people distributed over the four quarters of the globe, and in the British Islands alone the machinery in constant running order does the work of eight hundred millions more. Now, in what spirit has the British government, controlling this great empire, dealt in commercial matters with the United States? It has extended to them all the privileges of the most favored nation and has opened up to them, on the most easy terms, the consumption, for everything that they can produce, of all these people. Millions of emigrants and hundreds of millions of money have flowed in here without any attempt, by unwise laws, to dam up the streams of industry and capital. Leaving those of her provinces that have legislatures free to regulate their own tariffs, Great Britain restrains them from discriminating, as against the productions of this country, even in favor of her own. Though burdened with an enormous debt, and always compelled to confront the military monarchies of Europe with a powerful force by land and sea, the people of England prefer to pay direct taxes to burdening commerce with heavy import duties.

Year by year the highest financial skill of the nation has been employed to discover how its tariff could be simplified,

port charges reduced, obsolete regulations removed; and year by year, as trade extends and revenue increases, taxes are reduced or abolished upon articles of prime necessity, consumed by the great body of the people. I notice that some writers in the West complain that wheat is sent into this country from Canada duty free; but it should be remembered that the surplus of all the cereals, ground or unground, is not only admitted to the British Islands duty free from the United States, but to almost if not to all the ports in our widely extended empire. It is sometimes said that because this country admits breadstuffs from Canada, manufactures free of duty should be taken in return. But Great Britain and the Provinces take annually an enormous quantity of bread-stuffs and meat from this country, but do not ask from you the privileges that some persons would claim from us.

In three departments of economic science Great Britain has made advances far outstripping in liberality the policy of this or of any foreign country. France and the United States continue to foster and extend their fisheries by high bounties, but she leaves her people without any special encouragement to meet on the sea and in foreign markets the unfair competition to which they are subjected by this system. Great Britain throws open to the people of this country the coasting trade of the entire empire. . . . I assert that Great Britain, with a liberality which would do honor to any government, has thrown open this whole trade without any restriction. She says to us, if not in so many words, "You are all children of mine, and are dear to me; you are all on the other side of the Atlantic, possessing a common heritage; make the best of it."

Your vessels are permitted to run to Halifax, from Halifax to St. John, from St. John to British Columbia, and from

British Columbia to England, Scotland or Ireland. They are allowed to go coasting around the British empire until they rot. But you do not give us the privilege of coasting anywhere from one end of your Atlantic cost to the other. And now I hope that our friend from Maine will acknowledge that in granting this privilege, with nothing in return, Great Britain gave you a pretty large slice.

When the civil war broke out one half the seaboard of the United States was blockaded, and all the advantages of the reciprocity treaty, so far as the consumption of the ten millions of people in the southern States was a benefit to the Provinces, were withdrawn. Assuming that the treaty runs over ten years, it will be seen that for the whole of that period the people of this country have enjoyed all the benefits for which they stipulated, while the British Americans for one year of the ten have derived no benefits at all, and for four entire years have lost the consumption of one third of the people with whom, by the treaty, they were entitled to trade. Recognizing the political necessities of the period, British subjects have made no complaints of this exclusion, but it ought to be borne in mind now that the whole subject is about to be revised.

Mr. Chairman, let me now turn your attention to some of the topics touched upon by other gentlemen in the course of this three days' debate. Some gentlemen seem to be apprehensive that if this treaty is renewed it will lead to illicit trade along the frontier. For a long time your duties were lower than ours. Mr. Sabine said he was once a smuggler. At that time he could not carry on trade or business at Eastport and be anything else. The traders on the whole coast of Maine were engaged in the same business, and so was Massachusetts; and small blame to them.

The smuggler is a check upon the extravagance of governments or the increase of taxation. Any country that raises its tariff too high or increases its taxation too far will be kept in check by smugglers. The boot was formerly on your leg; it is now perhaps on the other. You have been driven into a war which has created a large expenditure and increased your taxation. It would perhaps pay at this moment to smuggle some articles from the Provinces into this country. You are entitled to defend yourself against it.

But at the same time bear this in mind, that one of the main objections in the maritime Provinces to this treaty was that it gave to your people the power of smuggling. And that power you possess and may use to any extent you please.

Over thousands of miles of coast we cannot afford to keep revenue officers. Down come cutters from Maine with flour, pork, salt, etc., but who can tell what they have in the salt? Why, sir, we sometimes laugh at Yankee notions; one of those is what is called white-eye in the Provinces, a life-destroying spirit which these coasters bring and deluge our coasts with, and it comes in the salt. So in like manner with the tea, tobacco, and manufactures.

Why, a fisherman can land on any part of our five thousand miles of coast, and when challenged by our custom-house officers he can answer that he has a right to land there. The custom-house officer withdraws and the white-eye is landed. And I tell you what we do to adapt ourselves to the circumstances. We are free traders and we maintain our government, have an overflowing treasury, and carry on our public works with a tariff of ten per cent. The only way we can keep out smuggling is to keep our tariff so low as to make it not worth while for any one to smuggle.

Let me now draw your attention for a moment to the value of these North American fisheries. You have behind and around you here boundless prairies, which an all-bountiful Creator annually covers with rich harvests of wheat and corn. The ocean is our prairie, and it stretches away before and around us, and Almighty God, for the sustenance of man, annually replenishes it with fish in myriads that cannot be counted, having a commercial value that no man can estimate. The fecundity of the ocean may be estimated by the fact that the roes of thirty codfish annually replace all the fish that are taken by the British, French, and American fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland. In like manner the schools of mackerel, herring, and of all other fish that swim in the bays and trim around the shores, are replaced year by year. These great storehouses of food can never be exhausted.

But it may be said, does not the free competition which now exists lower the prices? No! Codfish have never been higher in the markets of the world than they were last summer. Herrings are now selling in Baltimore for $13 a barrel. Thirty years ago I used to buy No. 1 mackerel in Halifax for $4 a barrel. They now cost $18, and I have seen them selling since the reciprocity treaty was signed for $22. The reason of this is, that relative to all other employments, fishing is a perilous and poor business, and that with the progress of settlement and growth of population, in all these great States and Provinces, to say nothing of the increased consumption in Spain, the Mediterranean, the Brazils, and the West Indies,—all that your fishermen and ours can catch will scarcely supply the demand. I placed before the committee a paper, signed by two American merchants carrying on trade in Prince Edward Island, which proves that under

the treaty your mackerel fishery has flourished and expanded to an extent unexampled in its former history.

Taking two years prior to the existence of the treaty, and contrasting them with the last two years, they show that your mackerel fishery has grown from 250 vessels, measuring 18,150 tons, valued at $750,000, and manned by 2,750 men, and securing a catch worth $850,000, to 600 vessels, measuring 54,000 tons, employing 9,000 men and securing 315,000 barrels worth $4,567,500. So with the herring fishery, it is equally prosperous.

I have seen two American seine boats take 500 barrels of herrings, at Baltimore prices worth $6,500, on the coast of Labrador in a summer afternoon.

The net fishing is also profitable. The bank earns and the mill grinds while the banker and the miller sleep. The fisherman sets his nets at night and finds in the morning that a kind Providence without a miracle, except the "wealth of seas,"—that standing miracle,—has loaded them with a liberal hand. These fisheries, sir, are sufficient for us all. The French, who are anxious to build up a powerful navy, maintain 10,000 men by their bounties in these North American waters, and it is most creditable to our fishermen, that in the face of these bounties and of yours, they have been able, by strict economy and hardy endurance, to wrestle for a share of these ocean treasures to maintain their families and increase their numbers. . . .

I must now touch upon a subject of some delicacy and importance. It has been urged by Mr. Morrill in Congress and by the people of the United States that the treaty ought not to be renewed, because it had bred no friendship toward them across the lakes; that in their struggle the sympathies of the provinces were against them. Well, if that were true

in its fullest extent, which it was not,—if they had not had one sympathizer among the native people and British residents of the provinces, it could fairly be pleaded in response that when Great Britain was at war with Russia the sympathies of the American people were very generally with the latter country. I was in the United States at the time and was perfectly astonished at the feeling. Russia was at that time a country full of slaves, for the serfs had not been emancipated, and England was at war with her to prevent her aggressions upon and making slaves of the weak neighboring countries. How the American people could sympathize with Russia was a perfect puzzle at first sight, and could only be explained in the same manner that much of the sympathy for the South on the part of the British subjects could be explained.

And when the Canadians once had a rebellion within their borders where were the sympathies of the American people then? Were they with the Canadian government or were they with the rebels? Why they (the Americans) not only sympathized with them but, I am sorry to have to say it, they gave them aid along the frontier in many ways, and to a very large extent.

I am happy to have it to say, that during the whole four years of the late rebellion in the United States there has not been developed a particle of evidence to show that a single citizen of any British North American province had put a hostile foot upon your soil.

Everything of which complaint could be made has been the act of your own rebellious people in violation of the hospitality and right of asylum everywhere extended to them on the soil of Great Britain and her dependencies.

I make these remarks in no spirit of anger or of excitement

but to show how unfair it is to hold any government or people responsible for the actions of a few evil-disposed individuals, as well as how natural it was for the sympathy to be aroused in the minds of people on one side or another.

In our rebellion, when its attention was called to their acts, the United States government exerted itself to keep its own citizens within bounds, and all that could have been asked of the provincial authorities has been freely done to prevent any cause of complaint against them. It is something to be able to say, that during the four long, disastrous years of the war just ended not a single act of which complaint could be made has been committed by a Canadian. Notwithstanding the false reports that were circulated I do not believe there was a single intelligent citizen of my Province at least who did not believe that the capture of the "Chesapeake" off the coast of Maine, by rebellious citizens of the United States, was nothing less or more than an act of piracy. And so of the St. Alban's raid.

The government of Canada acted most promptly and nobly in connection with that affair; and has repaid the money which rebellious citizens of the United States had carried into their territory from the States' banks.

As to their harboring the rebels and extending to them the right of asylum, is there a single American here who would have his government surrender that right? There was not an Englishman, nor an Irishman, nor a Scotchman, nor an American who would not fight three wars rather than give up that sacred right. How many excellent citizens of the United States were there among them at this moment, and how many were there who had helped them to fight their battles, who dare not go back to their own native lands across the ocean on account of political offences? The American

people would not give these people up to their respective governments and thus surrender their right of asylum; they would every man of them fight first. It is very proper that criminals should be given up, and a treaty for that purpose has been made between England and the United States. They could sympathize with political offenders but need not sympathize with criminals.

When Abraham Lincoln fell by the hand of the assassin the act was reprobated throughout the provinces as well as throughout the British empire.

But admitting that a large number of people in the Provinces sympathized with the rebels, what of that? Did not a very large number in the northern States sympathize with them? Nobody ever saw two dogs fighting in the street, or two cocks fighting in a back yard, without having his sympathies aroused, he scarcely knew why, in favor of one or the other of the combatants, and generally the weakest. Suppose a good deal of feeling was excited in some portions of the British provinces, was that any good reason for refusing to allow us to trade with our brethren south of the lakes? The sympathy expressed for the South ought to be well balanced by the young men whom they had drawn from the colonies into their conflict.

For one ton of goods sent to the Southerners, and for one young man sent to aid their cause, we have sent fifty tons and fifty able-bodied soldiers to the North. The people of the Provinces might lay the charge against you of having seduced their young men away from their homes and left their bodies bleaching on southern plains or rotting in southern prisons.

Only a short time ago I met no less than thirty British Americans going home on a single vessel, after having served

three years in the war, and having left scores of their companions behind to enrich the soil. At Washington I met with a brave son of one of my colleagues in the legislature of Nova Scotia, who held the rank of lieutenant in a Massachusetts regiment, with only one leg to take back to his home instead of two. I met another veteran from my Province who had fought in twenty battles and was on his way home.

In my own family and person I have suffered not a little by this unhappy rebellion. I have five boys, and one of them took it into his head to enter your army. He has now been for nearly two years in the Twenty-third Ohio regiment, and has fought in all the battles in which that regiment has been engaged during that period. He was in both the great battles under Sheridan, in which Early's forces were scattered and the Shenandoah Valley cleared. All the personal benefit that I have derived from the reciprocity treaty or hope to derive from its renewal will never compensate me or that boy's mother for the anxiety we have had with regard to him; but when he produced the certificates of his commanding officers showing that he had conducted himself like a gentleman and had been faithful and brave it was some consolation for all our anguish to know that he had performed his duty.

I know that it has been asserted by some and I have heard it uttered since I came to the convention that if the reciprocity treaty is annulled the British Provinces will be so cramped that they will be compelled to seek annexation to the United States. I beg to be allowed to say on that point that I know the feeling in the Lower Provinces pretty thoroughly and believe I am well enough acquainted with the Canadians to speak for them also, and I speak for them all, with such

exceptions as must be made when speaking for any entire population, when I make the assertion that no consideration of finance, no question of balance for or against them upon interchange of commodities can have any influence upon the loyalty of the inhabitants of the British Provinces or to tend in the slighest degree to alienate the affections of the people from their country, their institutions, their government and their queen.

There is not a loyal man in the British American Provinces, not a man worthy of the name, who, whatever may happen to the treaty, will become any the less loyal, any the less true to his country on that account. There is not a man who dare, on the abrogation of the treaty, if such should be its fate, take the hustings and appeal to any constituency on annexation principles throughout the entire domain. The man who avows such a sentiment will be scouted from society by his best friends. What other treatment would a man deserve who should turn traitor to his sovereign and his government and violate all obligations to the country which gave him birth?

You know what you call copperheads, and a nice life they have of it. Just such a life will the man have who talks treason on the other side of the lines. The very boy to whom I have alluded as having fought manfully for the Stars and Stripes would rather blow his own father's brains out than haul down the honored flag under which he has been born, the flag of his nation and of his fatherland.

I do not believe there is a young Canadian in the American army who does not honor his own flag as you honor yours, and they would be worthy of being despised if they did not. If any member of the convention harbors the idea that by refusing reciprocity to British America they will undermine the

loyal feelings of the people of those colonies he is laboring under a delusion and fostering an imputation upon the character and integrity of a great and honorable people of the most dastardly kind that can by any possibility receive a lodgment in the breast.

Some gentlemen from Maine asked me if we were not building fortifications in the Provinces.

Well, after so many threats from Northern newspapers that so soon as the rebellion had been put down and Mexico attended to the face of the army would be turned toward Canada, it was not to be wondered at that the mother country should become a little anxious about her children so far from home and send out an experienced officer to report upon the situation. The officer did not report any armed force in sight but reported that if they did come Canada was in a very poor condition to receive them; and it was resolved to build some talk about places farther westward, but no action has been taken. But what do we see on the other hand? I passed down the Penobscot River a few weeks ago and what did I see there? A great frowning fort of the most approved pattern, looking as new and pretty as if it had just come from the mint. At Portland also I observed some extensive fortifications in progress, and have been informed that you are at work in the same line at other points, so that nothing need be said if Canada did invest some money in costly fortifications. I do not rely on military defences:

> "We need no bulwarks
> No towers along the steep;
> Our march is o'er the mountain wave,"

and our homes are in the mart, on the mountain and the prairie, wherever there is good work to be done and God's gifts to be appropriated.

I have faith in our common brotherhood—in such meetings as this, in such social gatherings as that magnificent demonstration which we all enjoyed so much last night. I sincerely hope that all thought of forcing annexation upon the people of Canada will be abandoned and that if not you will seek a more pleasant sort of annexation for your children and children's children. It was a novel mode of attaching them that the people of Detroit adopted in lashing a fleet of their steamers together and getting up such a grand entertainment that there was no question that it had a strong tendency to promote one kind of annexation, especially among the young people. As a measure of self-protection I put myself under the care of a pretty little New Brunswick woman and charged her to take good care of me until we got safe ashore.

In conclusion let me say that in dealing with this subject I have spoken in an open, plain manner and kept back nothing that ought to be said upon it, considering the limited time at my disposal. My friend Mr. Hamlin wished us to show our hands; we have done so and shown our hearts also in all sincerity.

This subject is of vast importance to us all. Though living away down east I take a deep interest in the great west and I trust God will spare my life long enough to permit me to explore its vastness more thoroughly than I have as yet been able to do, that I may the better discuss the great interests created by its commerce. British America has a great west, as yet almost entirely undeveloped, out of which four or five states or provinces may yet be formed, to pour their wealth down the great Lake Huron into Canada and through the straits, past the city of Detroit to the ocean, while the manufactures of the United States, of England, and of the provinces

go back to supply the wants. The moment Providence gives me an opportunity I will return to the west and examine its resources and understand its position, in order that I may lay before my own people and the people of the Provinces generally and the capitalists of the mother country an adequate idea of its importance, with a view of promoting a more active settlement and development of the territory on both sides of the boundary line, for the trade would be as valuable to the world on one side as on the other.

MAZZINI

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI was born in 1805 at Genoa, where his father was a physician in good practice, and a professor at the university. The boy's first tutor was an old priest who taught him Latin. At the age of thirteen Giuseppe began to attend classes in the faculty of arts at the university; he afterward studied anatomy with a view of following his father's profession, but finally graduated in law and was admitted to the bar. He never overcame his repugnance, however, to the dry and technical details of legal practice, and even during the four years of his nominal connection with his profession he wrote a considerable number of essays and reviews. His literary articles became more and more suggestive of advanced liberalism in politics, and led to the suppression of two of the newspapers in which they were published. Having joined the Carbonari, he soon rose to one of the higher grades in their hierarchy, but, shortly after the French Revolution of 1830, he was betrayed, while initiating a new member, to the authorities of Piedmont. He was imprisoned in a fortress for about six months, and, when he was released, it was upon conditions involving so many restrictions upon his liberty that he preferred the alternative of leaving his country. He withdrew accordingly to France, where he lived chiefly in Marseilles. He now began to shape the programme of the organization which was destined to become famous throughout Europe, that of "La Giovine Italia," or Young Italy. Its avowed aims were the liberation of Italy both from foreign and domestic tyranny and its unification under a republican form of government. Mazzini devoted his life to the promotion of these objects, and he lived to see them practically fulfilled in 1859–60, though he was never entirely reconciled to the substitution of a monarchical government for the republic which he had desired. He declined to profit in 1866 by the amnesty, which relieved him from the sentence of death that had been pronounced against him in earlier days. In May, 1869, he was expelled from Switzerland at the instance of the Italian government for having conspired with Garibaldi. After a few months spent in England, he set out in 1870 for Sicily, but was arrested at sea and carried to Gaota, where he was imprisoned for two months. Victor Emmanuel made the birth of a prince the occasion for restoring Mazzini to liberty. The remainder of the agitator's life was spent partly in London and partly at Lugano. He died at Pisa on March 10, 1872. The Italian Parliament, by a unanimous vote, expressed the national sorrow at his death.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY

DELIVERED AT MILAN, JULY 25, 1848

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words sacred to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some of those who heard me might exclaim with noble indignation: "Wherefore lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt by foreign foes. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save words of war."

But another thought arose: "Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, while we are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in the south? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months, with the slow uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by a circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every action a thought, and of our every thought an action; had we de-

voutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that Liberty and Independence are one, that God and the People, the Fatherland and Humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can have no true life till she be One, holy in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe—we should now have had, not war, but victory; Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, gathered here together, might gladly invoke their sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and say to those precursor souls: "Rejoice! for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you."

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The sublime programme which they, dying, bequeathed to the rising Italian generation, is yours; but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines, which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge among us. I look around, and I see the struggles of desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and of unworthy repose; of shouts for freedom and of formulæ of servitude, throughout all parts of our Peninsula; but the soul of the country, where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement—where is the Word that should dominate the hundred diverse and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear phrases usurping the national omnipo-

tence—"The Italy of the North—the league of the States —Federative compacts between Princes," but Italy, where is it? Where is the common country, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice Initiatrix of a new era of European civilization?

Intoxicated with our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffered; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my countrymen, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars that lead Europe toward the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask inspiration of those who died for us all, and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glance meets between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises from the cradle or the tomb, evangelist or prophet.

I will sum up for you in a few words this faith of our martyrs; their external life is known to you all; it is now a matter of history, and I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was and is our own, was based upon a few simple incontrovertible truths, which few, indeed, venture to declare false, but which are, nevertheless, forgotten or betrayed by most:

God and the People.

God at the summit of the social edifice; the people, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the Father and Educator; the people, the progressive interpreter of his law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief, and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle, politics the application. There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is one law for all those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being and of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties—our faculties and liberty are the means, not the end—not to work out our own happiness upon earth; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine law; to practice it as far as our individual circumstances and powers allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and love of it among our brethren.

We are here below to labor fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it shall represent a single sheepfold with a single shepherd—the spirit of God, the Law.

To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition and the voice of our own conscience. Wherever they are opposed, is error. To attain harmony and consistence between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. The family, the city, the fatherland, and humanity are but

different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice toward this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time he raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of his truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles—indicated in their letters, in their proclamations, and in their conversation—with a profound sense of the mission intrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, the guide and comfort of a weary life; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, these principles sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm certainty of the realization of their immortal hopes for the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense love which informed their faith. And could they now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer to you.

Love! love is the flight of the soul toward God; toward the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows; love the dead who were dear to you and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us—the love of souls that aspire together; do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature to reach here below; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love is to

give and take a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up on the path of duty; but it cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Act always—even at the price of increasing her earthly trials—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come when, from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that, by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men, and see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude; unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-five millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; possessing a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe. An immense future is before you; you lift your eyes to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries traced out by the finger of God for a people of giants—you are bound to be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-five millions re-

main excluded from the fraternal bond destined to join you together; let not a glance be raised to that heaven which is not the glance of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, are superposed like the double jewels of a diadem; draw from these a third world greater than the two. From Rome, the holy city, the city of love (Amor), the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote and fortified by the inspiration of a whole people, shall dictate the Pact that shall make us one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you will either have no country, or have her contaminated and profaned.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, and humanity as mother; you cannot rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not the common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal—improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy and re-link earth to heaven; an authority which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them; they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm will suffice to conquer; but say to them that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience of suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these to-day, you would fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and, while laboring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, yet ever bear your own banner erect and boldly promulgate your own faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living among you; and here, where it may be that, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; storms which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

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